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DRIVING

BY

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY OTHER AUTHORITIES

ILLUSTRATED BY G. D. GILES AND JOHN STURGESS

Fourth Edition

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1894

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DEDICATION

TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BADMINTON : *March*, 1889.

HAVING received permission to dedicate these volumes, the BADMINTON LIBRARY of SPORTS and PASTIMES, to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, I do so feeling that I am dedicating them to one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time. I can say, from personal observation, that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen, when a fox breaks covert, more dexterously and quickly than His Royal Highness ; and that when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better. Also, when the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen His Royal Highness knocking over driven grouse and partridges and high-rocketing pheasants in first-rate

workmanlike style. He is held to be a good yachtsman, and as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron is looked up to by those who love that pleasant and exhilarating pastime. His encouragement of racing is well known, and his attendance at the University, Public School, and other important Matches testifies to his being, like most English gentlemen, fond of all manly sports. I consider it a great privilege to be allowed to dedicate these volumes to so eminent a sportsman as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and I do so with sincere feelings of respect and esteem and loyal devotion.

BEAUFORT

BADMINTON.

PREFACE.

A FEW LINES only are necessary to explain the object with which these volumes are put forth. There is no modern encyclopædia to which the inexperienced man, who seeks guidance in the practice of the various British Sports and Pastimes, can turn for information. Some books there are on Hunting, some on Racing, some on Lawn Tennis, some on Fishing, and so on; but one Library, or succession of volumes, which treats of the Sports and Pastimes indulged in by Englishmen—and women—is wanting. The Badminton Library is offered to supply the want. Of the imperfections which must be found in the execution of such a design we are

conscious. Experts often differ. But this we may say, that those who are seeking for knowledge on any of the subjects dealt with will find the results of many years' experience written by men who are in every case adepts at the Sport or Pastime of which they write. It is to point the way to success to those who are ignorant of the sciences they aspire to master, and who have no friend to help or coach them, that these volumes are written.

To those who have worked hard to place simply and clearly before the reader that which he will find within, the best thanks of the Editor are due. That it has been no slight labour to supervise all that has been written he must acknowledge; but it has been a labour of love, and very much lightened by the courtesy of the Publisher, by the unflinching, indefatigable assistance of the Sub-Editor, and by the intelligent and able arrangement of each subject by the various writers, who are so thoroughly masters of the subjects of which they treat. The reward we all hope to reap is that our work may prove useful to this and future generations.

THE EDITOR.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

A FEW EXPLANATORY WORDS seem advisable in issuing the present volume—the eleventh of the Badminton Library.

The task of writing the book on Driving was originally undertaken by the late Major Henry Dixon, whose lamented death occurred when he had only written or sketched out a comparatively few pages. It was not an easy matter to select another author possessed of the necessary qualifications, among which I deemed essential an experience of the road in the old coaching days, together with a knowledge of modern developments and practice; and, finally, I decided to write myself such reminiscences of former days and comments on the coachmanship of to-day as seemed to further the object of the book, and to ask those of my friends who had special knowledge of particular subjects to contribute chapters on matters which they were peculiarly competent to treat.

I may anticipate a possible criticism that, in the 'Hints to Beginners' and in one or two other places,

something in the nature of repetition will be found. As just explained, however, the work of writing chapters on the art of driving was committed to several hands. If the various writers all agree in emphasising certain points and rules, it will be understood that these are matters upon which it seems desirable that emphasis should be laid; and it has been thought well, therefore, to let the different contributors offer their advice and experience in their own words. In the present volume there will be found more anecdote and personal reminiscence than in the previous books, the reason being that we have believed instruction and advice were thus conveyed in more interesting and agreeable fashion than if a balder and more didactic style had been employed.

My thanks are due to those who have so readily come forward to assist me in the composition of this volume; to my old friend Lord Algernon St. Maur, whose experience of bygone days cannot fail to entertain all who are interested in driving; to Lady Georgiana Curzon, who speaks with authority as well as lucidity on the subject of Tandem-driving; to Lord Onslow, for his practical chapter; to Sir Christopher Teesdale, for his amusing and graphic reminiscences; to Colonel H. Smith-Baillie, for the instructive summary of the principles of coachmanship; to Mr. G. N. Hooper, for a treatise full of information; and to the late Major Dixon.

BEAUFORT.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

By the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

Whether we look upon Driving from the point of view of business or of pleasure, it is certain that no man who has had much of it but feels his pulse quicken, and a sense of enjoyment pervade him, when sitting behind one, two, or four quick and well-put-together horses. What is more delightful than a good and picturesque road, a well-built and well-running carriage, harness properly fitted, horses bitted and put-to so that they go with ease to themselves and do their fair share of work? It is to give to the uninitiated a chance of enjoying a drive under the above conditions that we offer this volume to the public. It is much easier to show practically to a young coachman

those little 'dodges' and tricks that are so necessary to the comfort of both coachman and horses than it is to convey them to the tiro's mind with ink and paper: still there are many things which may be learnt, and conveyed to the beginner, by those who have had good instruction from past-masters in the art of driving (most of them, alas! no more on this earth), and who have had long and varied experience, both on public coaches and in driving privately, alike in town and country.

It is said that in this present age young gentlemen usually begin by trying to drive four horses before they have learnt to drive one; and observation has shown us that this is partially true. Let us hope, however, that some of those we have noticed represent the exceptions and not the rule. One of them, on being asked what the probable result of his attempt would be, replied, 'I believe it is a very difficult thing to upset a coach'! After the numerous attempts I have seen, I begin to think the young gentleman was right.

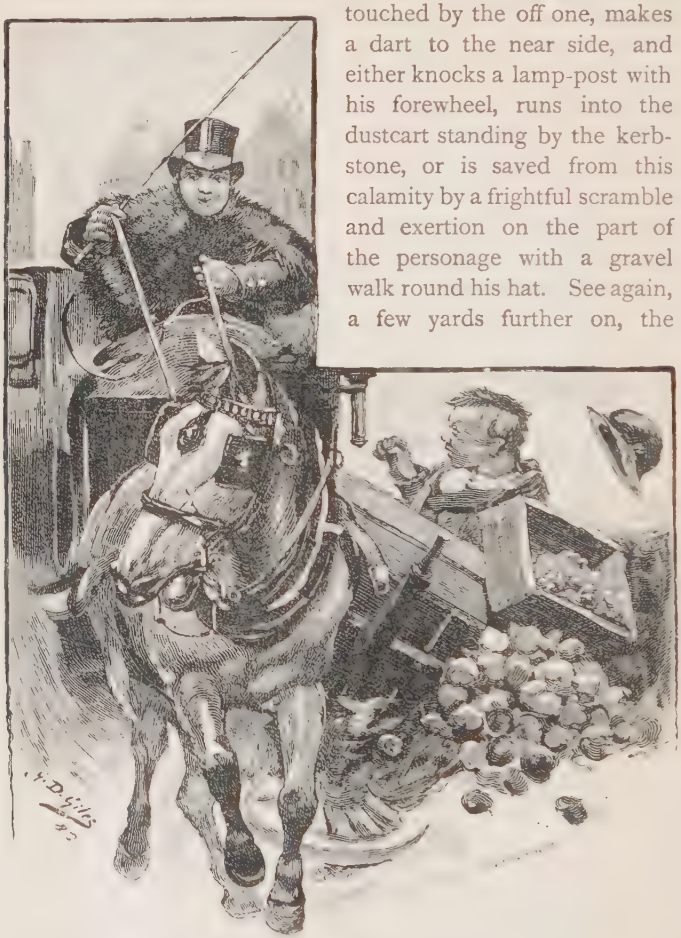
Let us more modestly start with one horse, and begin by remarking that the harness must fit perfectly; the shafts must be wide enough and not too wide; the traces of exactly the right length, so that the horse shall draw with them, and not with his back band. Above all, let the coachman see, before he gets on to his seat, that the loop of the back band is in front of the stop on the shaft; for on that, whether it be a two-wheeled or a four-wheeled carriage, depends the safety of the driver and those who accompany him. The bitting of the horse the beginner must leave to some one else. If he is a man of ordinary common sense, he will soon find out, or some friend accustomed to driving will tell him, that his bit is too sharp, or the reverse; that his horse, having a one-sided mouth, will go better at the check one side and the middle the other; or that some other alteration or arrangement is desirable. In short, he must find out for himself, or by the aid of some one else's experience, how to bit his horse, and must continue to change the bit, or alter the reins up or down on the bit, till the horse goes pleasantly. The width and thickness of the

reins make a great difference to the comfort of the coachman, and their size must depend on the length of his fingers and the size of his hands. Also the fit of a man's gloves—a subject dealt with in its place—is an important item in the comfort or discomfort of driving.

And now supposing everything to be all right for a start, our coachman, *always* with reins in hand, mounts his dogcart or buggy. When he wants to start, 'Let him go!' or a nod to the ostler or helper or groom at the horse's head, should be simultaneous with drawing his reins shorter, and just feeling his horse's mouth lightly, thus giving the animal 'the office' to start. Here we may remark that this is the correct mode of starting all horses in harness, whether one, two, or four. Our coachman, starting with the reins in his left hand and his whip in his right, must bear in mind that nature gave him that left hand for this particular purpose, and that the right hand has no sort of business to touch the reins, except for the purpose of shortening or lengthening one or both of them, or of supporting the left hand, should it require assistance; and that when the right hand renders this assistance, it should do so in such a manner as to be able to leave go again without altering the length of either of the reins. That dreadful sight, which is to be seen a hundred and more times every day in the streets of London, of gentlemen and their coachmen (gardeners, I ought to say) driving one or a pair with their hands close up to their noses, and a rein in each hand, the two hands being from six to twelve inches apart, is enough to give anyone, with the least notion of how a man should drive, a fit of the shivers.

Watch them! See the man with the gold hatband, with a very long crop to his whip, light-coloured with dark knots all the way up, and at the end of his thong a red whipcord lash (horror!)—see him fetch the old brougham horse one from his ear to his high goose rump. Mark the effect! The off rein being held with the whip in the right hand, there comes suddenly two feet of slack on that rein. Our poor

friend the brougham horse having received this vicious cut, being still held by the near rein, and not having his mouth touched by the off one, makes a dart to the near side, and either knocks a lamp-post with his forewheel, runs into the dustcart standing by the kerb-stone, or is saved from this calamity by a frightful scramble and exertion on the part of the personage with a gravel walk round his hat. See again, a few yards further on, the



gentleman driving himself in a phaeton with his hands up close to his nose. The omnibus in front of him pulls up short: our

friend must do the same. He has reins in both hands instead of only in his left hand—in which latter case he would simply catch hold of his reins behind his left hand with his right hand, shorten them quickly and at once, and pull his horse or pair of horses up with the left hand. Being, however, in the same position as the coachman of the brougham we have just seen, what does he do? The only thing possible. His hands go up above the top of his hat. But that does not stop his horses, and he leans back and back and back still more. What is the matter with the poor gentleman? Is he in a fit? Or does he wish to shake hands with the groom sitting behind him? Or is there a balloon passing overhead that he wishes to see? Let our young friend take warning by what he may observe daily in the streets, and say to himself, 'I mean to become a coachman, and I see that to do so I must obey the laws of nature, which have decreed that the left hand shall be used for driving.' Establish a freemasonry between your hand and your horse's mouth. When you want to go round a corner to the right (having previously, without touching the reins with your right hand, given your horse 'the office' that you are soon going to turn in that direction), bend your wrist over so as to bring your thumb undermost towards your left hip. Should it be towards the left hand you wish to turn, bring your little finger undermost and incline it towards your right hip. The driving hand should be straight in the centre of your body, with the knuckles of your hand to the front and your forearm exactly square to the upper arm ; the elbow and back of the fingers, when shut over the reins, lightly touching your coat. Avoid squaring your elbows and swagger of any sort when driving. Hold your whip in your right hand—not at the end, but where it will balance nicely either for carrying or using. You will probably find that to be about where the collar is. (To the uninitiated we would remark that the collar is the silver plate about fourteen or sixteen inches from the thick end of the stick.) Remember that your comfort depends on keeping on good terms with your horse. This is to be done by being

gentle with him—driving with as light a hand as you can, never hitting him with the whip unnecessarily, or jobbing him in the mouth with the bit. From long experience, and having saved many broken knees by their use, we advocate bearing reins—especially in single harness—put on with sense and discretion, so as never to be so short as to annoy a horse in any way, and always when standing still for any time to be unborne.

In course of time, when the beginner has had some experience—under good guidance if it can possibly be obtained, but otherwise after careful observation of the circumstances and conditions under which the horse goes most comfortably to himself and his driver—he may take a step in advance and essay the task of driving a pair. On that we can only say that the putting the horses properly to the carriage, as regards the length of their traces and pole pieces, as well as of the coupling reins, is the most important factor in enabling a coachman to drive with satisfaction to himself and comfort to his horses: points which, it cannot be too strongly emphasised, must always be considered together. One great thing, which is much practised nowadays and is specially to be avoided, is poling up the horses so tightly that they are like animals fixed in a vice. This is alike cruel to the horse and dangerous to the driver and his passengers. The greatest care should be taken always to leave sufficient play upon the pole pieces. By the word 'play' we mean slackness when the horses are drawing with the traces and also when the animals are holding back.

In another part of this work we shall touch upon the question of the application of the break for stopping the carriage: but we must here particularly impress upon the young (and in not a few cases the hint may be judiciously and usefully extended to the old) coachman that, as a general rule, a great deal too much use is made of the break. It is a great relief to a horse when he makes a slight descent to come out of his collar so that the carriage travels along behind him without any exertion on his part. Almost invariably, however, the spectator will observe that the moment the carriage goes down

ever so slight a declivity, the coachman claps on his break ; and the consequence is that the horse is always pulling, the practical effect of which, so far as he is concerned, is that he always seems to be going uphill. It should be the object of the driver to make the horse's work as easy as possible and to relieve him from this unnecessary strain. If the descent be severe the break should of course be applied ; but coachmen must discriminate, and there can be no doubt that most of them are far too apt to employ this comparatively modern convenience.

With regard to the question of the proper length of the coupling reins, they should be so adjusted that you can touch both sides of your horse's mouth at the same moment. In fitting this portion of the harness it is to be noticed that a great deal depends upon the horse's neck. You may have a pair of horses apparently the same length from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, and yet one horse's neck may be four or five inches shorter than the other ; and it is extraordinary what a considerable difference to the adjustment of the coupling reins this makes. Without being present to point out these things, it is impossible for any author to lay down a hard-and-fast rule : it must be left to the common sense of those who drive or put the horses to.

A coachman will often find that, for some inexplicable reason, a horse will wear himself in a different form one day from what he will another, and when this is found to be the case, the driver, if he has time, should pull up and alter the coupling reins to meet the requirements for the moment.

The rule already laid down with regard to driving with one (the left) hand, so that the right may be available for shortening or lengthening the reins, applies here as in the case of driving one horse—indeed, is more important with two or with four horses than it is with one.

In former times, when there was no break for carriages, it was absolutely necessary for a man to drive with one hand, because when going down a steep hill with a heavy load, and

with tired and jaded horses, it was very often only possible to keep in the road by the use of the whip. Horses have a habit of hanging, so to speak, to one side or the other, to such an extent that nothing but a smart flick over the shoulder or the neck will straighten them, or prevent the vehicle from running into the ditch; and if, before the days of breaks, a coachman had attempted the wretched modern practice of driving with a rein in each hand, he would most assuredly have upset his load.

I will now proceed to give some short directions as to the proper mode of driving four horses, and in doing that I shall cover the ground which otherwise would have had to be covered over a second time as regards the driving of a pair.

To start from the beginning. In former days coachmen, particularly in public coaches, generally had the whip laid across the wheel-horses' backs and the reins just looped up on the outside terret of the off wheel-horse. This is hardly necessary in these days for an amateur on his own coach with his own servants, although he may get his whip broken by putting it into the whip-bucket. The coachman, going to mount in the old fashion, would proceed by taking the leading reins and drawing them to him without actually touching the leaders' mouths, though in order to have ready command over them the touch should only be just avoided. He takes these reins in his left hand and places them on either side of the middle finger of his right hand. He then takes the wheel reins and places them on either side of the third finger of his right hand. In doing this he should have the off-side leading rein and the off-side wheel rein twelve to eighteen inches longer than the near side, and he will then find that when he mounts his box the reins will be level in his hand. With the whip and reins both in the right hand, he must catch hold of the loop hanging from the box, should there be one, or of the lamp iron, raise his left foot to the wheel-box, put his right foot on the outside roller bolt on the splinter-bar, his left foot he will then place on the step, his right foot brings him up to the foot-

board of the box, and he should then immediately sit down upon his driving seat. Some people are in the habit of standing up after they reach the footboard, but this is an aimless, and, indeed, a dangerous proceeding, for the simple reason that if the horses should make a sudden move forward the driver is very likely to be jerked off the box, when the horses, already in motion, will be left without government or guidance, and, unless by some fortunate accident they are promptly stopped, the passengers will find themselves in a very uncomfortable situation.

Before proceeding to point out what the driver should do next, I will take the opportunity of making a few remarks as to what the box-seat of a coach should be. Observers will perceive that many of the coachbuilders turn out gentlemen's coaches with a box at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that it is utterly impossible for a coachman to sit upon it; and therefore his position is that of a man leaning against a wall with his legs stuck out. A coachman thus placed has no firmness or security. If the wheel-horses should fall, he would certainly be plucked over; if he happened to run over a heap of stones or some such obstacle, he would almost inevitably be shot over on to his horses' backs. It is very essential that the box should be suited to the driver: that it should be sloped according to his height, and length of leg. Nothing is more absolutely necessary to good driving than that the coachman should be placed with ease and comfort to himself on his seat; and when we say 'seat' we do not mean a structure placed behind him so that he may lean against it. There must be a slight slope. Speaking rather at a venture, I should be inclined to say that the back of the box should be three inches, or from that to four inches, higher than the front part of the cushion. This is ample slope for anybody.

Having seated himself on the box, the coachman should put both his feet close together. His left hand should be about where the top of his trousers would come—that is, the forearm pretty nearly or absolutely horizontal—the hand

almost, if not quite, in the centre of the body, touching his body with the backs of his fingers, and his knuckles straight to the front ; he will find that his wrist makes a natural dumb-jockey, because the wrist will work backwards and forwards like a spring, whereas if he sits with his forearm straight to the front none of the hinges which nature has given him in his elbow and his wrist will act on the horses' mouths.

The gentleman, being already placed, must recollect never, under any circumstances, to omit calling out in a loud voice, 'Sit fast !' Fearful accidents have happened when coachmen have started without the necessary precaution of such a warning. It is a long way from the roof of a coach to the ground, and many men have been pitched off and seriously injured through the carelessness or ignorance of coachmen in setting off without a caution. Having thus warned his passengers, he must then give the hint to his horses to start ; and that is done by very slightly drawing the reins so as to touch every horse's mouth ; then, with a nod to the man at the wheelers' heads, or with a cry of 'Stand away !' off he will find all the horses go together.

An unworkmanlike trick, which the coachman cannot be too careful to avoid, is that of suddenly slacking his reins and pushing out his hands before him when he wants to start ; a trick, however, which is much affected by many men who find themselves on a driving seat which they do not adorn. The result of this proceeding is that the horses, not knowing what is wanted -and, being sensible animals, it is not to be expected that they can know stick their heads up and stand still. Some one of the team, finding himself suddenly released, perhaps a wheel-horse, starts off and rams the bars under the leaders' tails—an occurrence which they naturally resent ; in their excitement and alarm the chances are that they will at once begin kicking, and a considerable amount of confusion and difficulty, if not of danger, is likely to arise before things are set straight again : so easily do accidents happen, and by such simple precautions may they be avoided.

As a rule, a beginner may take it pretty well for granted that when once he gets under way with good horses, even though he has never driven four horses before, he is pretty safe—barring, of course, mishaps which cannot be foreseen—until he wishes to pull up ; and it may be said that almost all the accidents which occur, though fortunately in coaching these are rare, take place either in starting or in pulling up.

We have not alluded, either when talking of driving one horse or driving two horses, to the pace at which it is advisable to go. This must of course depend very much upon a variety of circumstances. If anyone is going to catch a train, and has only fifty minutes to do ten miles in, he must necessarily gallop if his horses cannot trot fast enough ; but until the gentleman has driven some years, and is quite master of the business, we should recommend him to restrict himself to a trot. If he has naturally fast horses, they would be not unlikely to trot at the rate of ten miles an hour with greater ease to themselves than at the rate of eight miles ; but a good principle to observe through life is to save your cattle as much as you can, and if you have very fine free horses, well bred, and naturally fast, not to allow them to go at the top of their speed, though at the same time to take them at such a pace that they will not be wearied and annoyed by efforts at holding them back. With the generality of horses, coachmen will find that about nine miles an hour is as much as they care to do, though, as we said before, the pace must necessarily be adjusted to the requirements of the moment.

Many people will be apt to say, 'How do you know at what pace you are going?' And it must be admitted that the speed of horses is very deceptive to the eye ; it will often seem to the observer that a big team of sixteen-hand horses are apparently going along very slowly, but with their long stride they will in reality be going a good ten miles an hour when they look as if they were not travelling more than eight miles. The converse is often equally the case : small quick-stepping horses will induce the driver to fancy that they are going at a

much greater pace than that at which they really are progressing.

In former days all the big roads had milestones, and there are

Take draught off them going downhill.

still many of them remaining ; and a very useful lesson with regard to pace would be learnt if all coachmen, even when only out for a drive of pleasure along a road where milestones still remain, would take their watches out on passing one and note how

many minutes it takes them to reach the next. There is another way by which a practised eye can tell at what rate he is going, and that is by looking down at his front wheel and seeing at what rate it is revolving. By this he can judge far better than by looking at the horses, though the unpractised eye would learn nothing till experience taught the lesson.

The way to drive a stage, and particularly a long one, is, not to allow the leaders to do too much work on the flat, to be sure and take the draught off them on going down a hill, and only to call upon them for a little extra assistance in going

Only call on them for extra assistance going uphill.

uphill. A man who comes to a short pitch when driving fast will find that, if he takes the draught off his leaders by pulling his reins, say, two inches or two and a half inches back, and placing them on the top finger of his left hand and pressing them down with his thumb, when he comes to the bottom of the hill, he will have nothing to do but just raise his thumb, and there are the horses, having caught hold of their bars, ready to assist in mounting the next hill.

Very often in driving, especially about the narrow streets of towns, it is not a bad plan, supposing you are turning to the left, to shorten the off-wheel rein in front, just under your thumb, in the same way, almost at the same moment that you are shortening your near rein, to turn round the corner. Be very sure that the assistance given by the right hand is only momentary, and that it is free to use the whip when you are turning the corner. The shortening of the off-wheel rein is to prevent the wheel-horses from turning too sharp round the corner, and knocking the coach on the post or stone that will probably be found at the edge of the pavement; because wheel-horses that have been much driven get very cunning, and they feel the office given to the leaders by the rein which runs alongside of their heads. Of course the same rule applies when turning to the right, only then the near-wheel rein must be shortened.

We have already cautioned the beginner against indulging in the gallop, but it will sometimes happen unavoidably, if a coachman has gone a little fast off the top of a pitch, that when the horses get near to the bottom, or are absolutely at the bottom, they will break into a gallop. On such occasions, unless the coachman understands how to keep his horses steady, it will very often be found that the coach is set rocking, which is a danger that might end in a swing over. The natural impulse of a coachman who feels the vehicle thus swaying is to check his horses and try to pull them all up, but to do this is only to increase the danger. The safest plan of avoiding an accident when such a thing occurs is rather to increase the pace, and especially to give a little more rein to the leaders, who will then catch hold of the pole, and, pulling the coach straight, will steady it; and then is the time to get fast hold of all four horses and gradually pull them into a trot.

The intending coachman, when he is in the country, should walk about with a four-in-hand whip until he has made himself quite at home in the art of catching the thong. Many men who can drive very fairly are hampered by a want of

knowledge how to dispose of their whip when on the coach-box. Having learned how to catch the thong, one great principle is to learn to do it without looking at it, and to catch it without making any noise. A man who looks at his thong, when it is going up to the stick, is sure to cut at it with his stick, and invariably misses the catch; whereas, if he has been taught properly, a slight turn of the wrist is all that is necessary to send the thong up to the stick.

Safest to increase the pace.

In these days, when such well-bred and lightly-worked horses are generally driven, there is very little necessity for the use of the whip. Still occasions may arise when upon a proper application of the whip the safety of the coach may depend, and its proper employment, therefore, is a most essential element of the art of driving. One thing that a coachman should recollect, if he desires to let go his thong to hit one of the leaders when there are a great many passengers on the back of the coach, is the

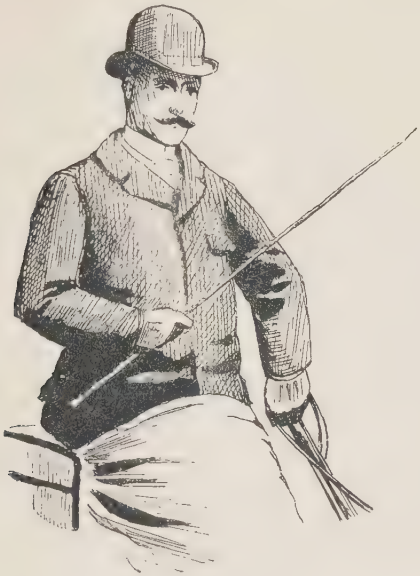
desirability of avoiding such mishaps as flicking a gentleman under the ear, or sending the dirty end of the whip round someone's face, when the object in view has simply been to touch a leader. In the first place, the coachman must remember that he cannot hit his leaders too quietly. He should manage to do so in such a way that the wheel-horses may not be aware that he is using his whip at all. Not a sound must be heard, and it is specially desirable not to hit the wheel-horses on the nose instead of just dropping the point of the whip on the leaders' hocks. The upper cut—by which we mean making the point of the whip go upwards from under the bar—is the correct way of hitting a leader. Many a time I have seen a beginner smack his leader all down the back, with the result that, much to the astonishment of the owner of the whip, it flies off the horse's back straight across his own face.

In hitting a wheeler, unless he is a most arrant slug and warranted not to kick, the whip should be applied in front of the pad. This will obviate a difficulty in which coachmen not seldom get themselves placed, arising from the fact that in hitting a horse behind the pad he is apt to flick his tail and get a double thong tight in under it.

I once saw a gentleman in that predicament: the result being that there were two large holes in the front boot of his coach, one young lady on the roof fainted, the greater part of the harness was broken, and his load had to be taken on to the racecourse to which he was driving by the assistance of two other coaches, his own coach having to be led ignominiously home.

Before leaving the subject of driving I would add, that in the remarks made with regard to the driving of one horse, the turn of the wrist either way is equally applicable to drivers with four horses; and it is even more important to learn to go from the right to the left of the road or from the left to the right without the assistance of the right hand. In making the horses incline or turn to the right, the thumb disappears from view, the back of the hand and knuckles show, and the little finger is upper-

most. In making them incline or turn to the left it is just the reverse. The little finger disappears, the thumb becomes visible, the back of the hand cannot be seen, and the ends and back of the fingers come into view.



The incline to the right.

A few words may here be said about the manner of putting the horses to the carriage One great thing to be avoided is frightening the horse on bringing him up to the vehicle ; and another is knocking his hind legs up against the splinter-bar or against the pole, as many grooms are apt to do in bringing them up and turning them short round. If the horses hit themselves, an accident is not an improbability. The groom should not lead the horse about by the bottom of the bit. If any difference of opinion occurs between the man and the animal, it causes a sharp jerk to be administered to the horse's mouth, whereupon he generally throws his head up

and runs back; the proper course is to put the hand inside the check-piece or the nose-band and to lead the horse along by that. When the horse is in proper position alongside the pole (it is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that the wheel-horse should always be put to first), the man standing at the horse's head should run the pole chain, or pole piece, as the case may be, through the ring at the bottom of the hames, and hold that with one hand so as to prevent the horse from running back on to the splinter-bar, while the other man places him a little back to put the trace on, the outside trace being invariably put on first, and the inside one afterwards. So in taking the horse off, the inside trace is taken off first, and the outside one last; otherwise you may find yourself in the position of having the horse fastened to the coach or carriage by the inside trace, and flying round and getting his head towards the carriage—a position which may lead to considerable difficulty, if not accident.

Having got both traces over the roller bolt, it is then time to pole the horse up. Immediately that is done, the leaders' traces should be hooked on to the bars. I consider it a very good plan to loop the traces—that is, to pass one trace through the other and bring it back on to each horse's own bar. It steadies the bars and prevents them from swinging. Should any gentleman wish to fasten his two small bars together (a proceeding which I do not in any way advocate), let him at all events refrain from doing so with a chain, a fashion which I perceive is very much in vogue. The simple reason against the course deprecated is that, should a leader kick and get his legs between the main bar and the swing bars, it would be necessary, in order to extricate him from that position, to saw one of the bars in two, and he may break the pole before this can be done. I prefer that there should be no fastening of the bars together, or, at all events, if they are fastened, nothing but a strap should be used, as there is a possibility of cutting the strap.

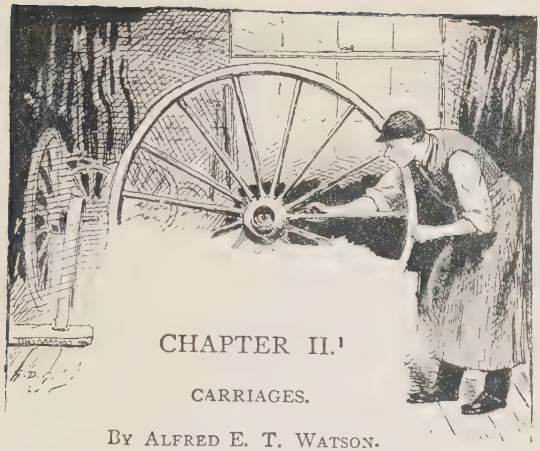
Having got the leaders put to, the leading reins are then placed through the terret on the outside of the bridle of the

wheel-horse through the centre terret of the pad, and the horses are ready to start. Some gentlemen have a fancy for running the leading rein over the wheel-horse's head, and it certainly looks better and smarter, but there are many reasons why running them on the outside is preferable. In the first place, if a leader pulls, there is considerable pressure on the top of

the wheel-horse's head ; and, in the second place, if the wheel-horse throws his head up much, it perpetually checks the leaders. With the exception that it is keeping the rein further away from the wheelers' tails, I do not know that there is any advantage in running the rein over their heads. Should one of the leaders be in the habit of getting his tail over his rein, and

then setting to work to kick, it is not a bad plan to run his rein, if he is off side, through the ring on the inside of the near wheel-horse's head, and if he is near side, through the ring on the inside of the off wheel-horse's head. This keeps the rein out of his way. In taking the horses off, it is often the custom, directly a man pulls up, to throw the reins down on their backs: I think it is better to wait before doing so.

In these luxurious days, when everybody has two grooms with a team of four horses, it may scarcely seem necessary to say where the place of the groom ought to be when the horses are standing; but in the event of a gentleman having only one man with him, let him remember above all things that that man must not go to the leaders' heads; he should go straight to the wheel-horses' heads and catch hold of both leading reins with one hand whilst he is standing there, and make use of the other to stop the wheel-horses should they move. Should he go to the leaders' heads with no one standing at the wheel-horses, the latter might jump forward, and the leaders knock the man down standing in front of them, when away would go the coach and horses; whereas one man at the wheel-horses' heads is perfectly competent to control the whole four.



CHAPTER II.[1]

CARRIAGES.

By Alfred E. T. Watson.

The thing which chiefly puzzled Charles Darwin in his researches and speculations with regard to the development of species was the evolution of the eye. He could not even guess plausibly how the eye was generated; and what perplexes the inquirer into the subject of the origin of carriages is the question when the wheel originally came into existence. When first horses were domesticated and pressed into the service of man, superseding, as there is reason to suppose, the use first of oxen and then of asses, the man doubtless put what he wanted to be carried on his horse's back, fastening it there as best he could. But some keen observer, as we must suppose, watching his horse thus burdened, hit on the idea that a more convenient method might be adopted, and the horse's strength better utilised. He had, in fact, evolved the earliest notion of the carriage.

His mode of procedure was to take a couple of poles and so fasten them round the horse's neck that they dragged on

[1] For assistance in the compilation of the following chapter, the writer is much indebted to Mr. G. N. Hooper, of the firm of Hooper & Co., carriage builders, of 113 Victoria Street.

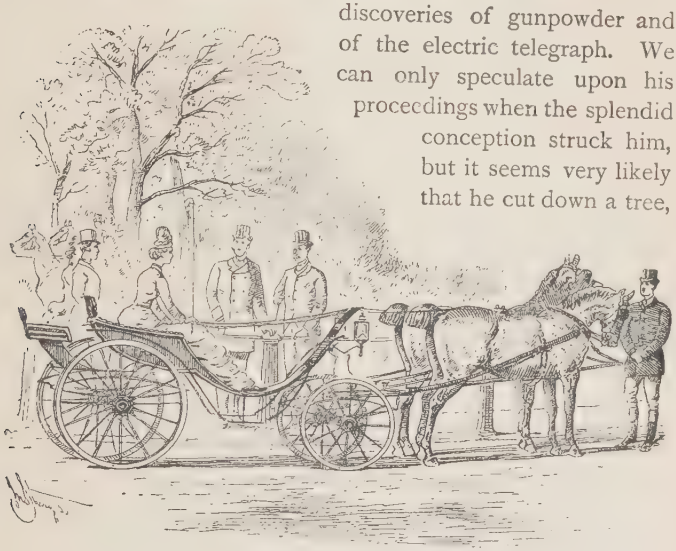
the ground behind his heels, and on these poles he placed, and in some way or other fastened so that it would not fall off, what he wanted to carry. We can, of course, only imagine dimly the sensation which was caused when the proud inventor first exhibited his carriage—for that this was the original carriage seems to be proved by the circumstances that a similar contrivance is still in use among the red men of America. For

The first carriage.

the sake of contrast let us step over a few thousands of years and glance from the earliest carriage to the latest.

We are apt to consider these the days of marvellous inventions, but we cannot by any possibility realise the magnitude and brilliance of the idea of the first wheel. There is nothing to guide us even to about the century when by degrees some man of active mind first began to perceive that

improvements in carriage-building– something more convenient and serviceable than these dragging poles, that is to say —were within the bounds of possibility. If the poles could be raised to the horizontal it would be something. Articles would not fall off; a man might sit comfortably and rest himself when he was tired of walking by the horse's side. Then some mighty genius in a flash of vivid imagination devised the wheel. His name, even his country, has been lost in the mist of ages, though it should rank on a level with the discoveries of gunpowder and of the electric telegraph. We can only speculate upon his proceedings when the splendid conception struck him, but it seems very likely that he cut down a tree,



'1839.'

chopped two slices or circles of wood from the trunk, and—probably sat down overwhelmed by the evident fact that there was still a vast deal to be done; for how were his round pieces of wood to be so fastened that they would turn? If the reader cares to amuse himself by following out these fancies, he may speculate as to whether the early inventor strove to work out the problem for himself, or whether he

called his friends into consultation — in what strange and forgotten language did they discuss the question of wheels and how to make them turn? — showed them his round sections of tree, and explained the difficulties which had to be solved. Imagine a meeting of the wise men bent on the arduous task of discovering the first crude suggestion of the axle-tree! We cannot ask the artists to draw the picture, for they would not know whether to clothe the group in the skins of wild beasts or in some species of robe, and then again the sort of tree which was thus cut down would be only guesswork, as no one can tell in what clime the discussion took place.

All that can be ascertained is that the wheel must have been invented thousands of years before the Christian era, for the reason that when the chariot first makes its appearance in the Egyptian monuments it is so complete that there can be no doubt as to wheeled vehicles having been long in use, not perhaps by the monument-building Egyptians themselves, but by their conquerors the Hyksos and the people whence the Shepherd Kings came. From the first appearance of the chariot we find many representations of wheeled vehicles upon the monuments of Egypt, of Asia Minor, of Greece, and of Rome. These early chariots were primarily used for war, though it is natural to assume that considerable progress in driving and familiarity with wheeled vehicles must have been made before men would risk their lives in battle on anything but their own legs. There is reason to suppose, however, that chariots were used for journeys and for the ordinary purposes for which carriages are employed, and doubtless at a very early period of their existence for races. The same spirit which in this year of grace draws vast crowds to Epsom and Ascot doubtless moved men five thousand years and more ago, though whether in the chariot races spectators backed their fancies, tried to pick out the best team of two, four, or more horses, as the case might be, and to judge whether the superiority of one champion's driving would enable him to beat a somewhat

better chariot driven by a notoriously less expert warrior, lands us again in the region of speculation.

The earliest wheeled vehicles—chariots—of which traces exist on the monuments to which reference has been made, were drawn by two horses, and here, again, it is obvious that there must have been a lapse of time during which events happened of which there is no record; for it seems only natural to suppose that men must for a long period have driven one horse before somebody hit on the notion of a pair, though when once the pair was started the natural vanity of man and his desire to display his wealth and consequence rather, perhaps, than consideration as to the work horses were required to do, length of their journeys, the weight they had to draw, would suggest teams of four, six, eight, and even a greater number. Another discovery, which no doubt created a stir at the time, was the four-wheeled carriage—in all probability the roughest possible form of waggon. Bible history may here be drawn upon. In the 41st chapter of Genesis, which is dated 1715 B.C., we read that 'Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had.' Some eight years later Pharaoh sent for Jacob. Joseph was bidden to say to his brethren, 'Take you waggons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones and for your wives, and bring your father and come.' Joseph gave them waggons accordingly, and we can only suppose that waggons were known in Canaan, for when Jacob saw them he perfectly understood what they were and why they had been sent.

We thus have the record of the waggon nearly 2,000 years B.C. Four-wheeled waggons were used by the Greeks and by the Romans, but the two-wheeled chariot was always the favourite vehicle of the ancients for war or for pomp, perhaps because there was more elegance about it, and it was much speedier. The poets and historians of old took delight in

describing the glories of a chariot adorned with ivory, with gold and silver, and with precious stones. The discomforts of a journey in any of the early vehicles can, however, be imagined when one remembers that carriage springs are of comparatively modern invention, and that even in cities of the first consequence the art of road-making was in its infancy. The Appian Way, B.C. 331, may have been fairly good for vehicles; but as a rule the rate of progress must have been so slow that the chariot was comparatively as far behind the modern coach as the best-horsed vehicle is in speed behind the express train; accidents in the nature of a break-down were surely common, and the fatigue of a journey must have been great from the jolts and bumps which marked every pace.

Over these periods, however, we must not linger. Advancing at a bound to the middle ages—a necessarily shifty date, but near enough for the purpose of the present discussion—we find that little use was made of wheeled vehicles. The country was less enclosed than at present, of course, but there were few roads along which heavy carriages could make good way. McAdam was not to appear for several centuries, and it must have been terribly hard work for horses to pull loads, as we may say, practically across country. A man could get on incomparably better on horseback than in a carriage, and goods were chiefly carried on pack-horses. About the thirteenth century the use of carriages became somewhat common among the higher nobility, though it seems to have been considered effeminate for men to use them, and women usually preferred the saddle or the pillion. We can easily understand that carriages must have been slow and uncomfortable, and liable to accident, notwithstanding that the exceedingly moderate pace would prevent such accidents from being of a very dangerous description. That carriages were, if not easy, at any rate gorgeous, is shown by the author of the poem called 'The Squyr of Low Degree,' written certainly before the time of Chaucer. A passage from this writer runs :—

To-morrow ye shall on hunting fare,
And ride, my daughter, in a chare.
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And cloth of fine gold all about your head ;
With damask white and azure blue,
Well diaper'd with lilies new.

A luxuriously appointed 'chare,' truly, though one would suppose too delicately finished to be used for following the hunt through the mire and slush of the country. The chare may probably be taken as the rough and early form of the vehicle which afterwards came to be known as the chariot.

With all the decorations described by the poet, who we may suppose had seen something like such a carriage, and did not evolve it all out of his imagination, it must be assumed that the 'chare' was not open—if it were, indeed, one shudders at the thought of rain ; but it seems to be noted as a curiosity that the carriage in which Frederick III. entered Frankfort in 1474 was closed. Probably in days long before umbrellas were thought of, our ancestors did not mind the wet, though, to provide a shelter for a carriage, a cover or awning of some kind or other cannot have been any severe tax on the inventive powers of the early carriage-builders.

Jumping again into the seventeenth century—for, interesting as are many of the records of primitive carriages, we must not linger too long with so extensive a subject before us—we find that, partly because roads had a little improved, and partly because the country was growing generally richer, wheeled vehicles were becoming, or indeed had become, so common that a bill was introduced to restrain the excessive use of carriages. If with prophetic eye some man who read the bill could have imagined what Hyde Park Corner would be like on a June afternoon towards the end of the nineteenth century, the result would have been amazing indeed. One would be glad to know what Bacon thought of the bill, and whether it was discussed by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, John Fletcher—Beaumont was too young to know anything of state policy in

1601—and the company which was accustomed then to meet. One plea in favour of the bill was, that the watermen in the river lost custom when people travelled by road. The bill was, however, rejected on the second reading, and if there were no better argument against it than that of the watermen, this was obviously just, for with equal pertinence the coach-builders might have complained that their trade was injured by men who plied for hire in boats.

On this head much might be added as to the mischievous effects of taxing carriages in these days, for this is a tax on the products of industry which greatly restrains its development, reduces the number of skilled artisans who would be employed, and renders precarious the employment of those actually engaged.

The defeat of the motion inspired new vigour into the little class which may be spoken of as the coaching men of the early seventeenth century, and in 1610 an enterprising person hit on the germ of that idea the development of which has filled the streets with cabs and omnibuses, and covered the world with railways. All that is known of him is that he was a Pomeranian; what he did was to establish a line of coaches and waggons to run between Edinburgh and Leith, and about the year named he obtained a Royal patent, allowing him the sole right of the running for fifteen years. The sort of coach which the Pomeranian put on the road may be judged by an engraving published by Visscher at Antwerp in 1616. The wheels are very broad, the tires stout, and so far as can be made out there are no springs. There seems to be room inside for six or eight persons. It is covered by a sort of canopy with the ends hanging down over the sides of the coach—the material cannot be made out. A baggage rack is shown, let down much after the fashion of the back of a contemporary dog-cart. It must have been a terribly heavy vehicle, especially of course on such roads as those which it was doomed to travel, and yet it is drawn by only one horse, which moreover is ridden by the driver—if the term may be employed. What makes the picture

puzzling, is the statement in 'Fyne Morrison's Itinerary,' published the year after Visscher's engraving was issued, that travellers in the south and west of England, in Scotland, and elsewhere, hired post horses at stations which were established some ten miles from each other, and sometimes covered a distance between these post-houses at the rate of ten miles an hour. These post-horses must have been ridden; the coach in the engraving would surely have taken nearly thrice the time mentioned.

Soon after this, about 1623, appeared the most desperate onslaught on the coaches that has ever been published. John Taylor, the 'Water Poet,' was the author of the attack—a pamphlet called 'The World runnes on Wheeles; or, Oddes betwixt Carts and Coaches'—but it is to be feared that his savage satire was based on the grievance which induced the watermen to support the bill already mentioned, and of course the Water Poet felt strongly on the subject. Carts he would permit. Certain things had to be carried, no doubt, but as to coaches, the reader is bidden to 'beware of a coach as you would doe of a tyger, a wolfe, or a leuiathan.' There is not space here even to hint at a tithe of the evils which the coach was asserted to do, though the pleas on behalf of 'us poor watermen' make the meaning of the assault plain enough. It is odd, however, to read the catalogue of the dangers which are declared to be brought about by coaches, and to compare it with the sort of thing that was written about railway trains when they were first introduced, to the detriment of coaches. The reader is doubtless familiar with the picture—there are indeed more than one of the same subject—which shows the driver of a coach pointing to a train which has run off the line and is toppling down an embankment. The coach was then regarded as the safest of conveyances, but Taylor cries out that 'the mischiefes that have bin done by them are not to be numbred, as breaking of legges and armes, overthrowing downe hilles, over bridges, running ouer children, lame and old people; as Henrie the Fourth of France (the father of the king that

now reigneth) he and his queen were once like to have beene drowned, the coach overthrowing beside a bridge, and to prove that a coach owed him an vnfortunate tricke, he was some few yeears after his first niche, most unhumanely and traetrously murdered in one by Rauiliache in the streets at Paris.' To alight after a long journey in a springless coach, battered, aching and shaken, and then to read John Taylor's pamphlet, must have been a distressing day's work.

It was most probably in consequence of the absence of springs that horse-litters continued in vogue so long. The litter seems to have been introduced by the Normans in the eleventh century, and mention is made of this style of conveyance at least as late as 1680. The 'litter' was slung on long poles, and borne by two horses, the hind one occasionally having his head almost touching the body of the 'carriage.' One can imagine how this must have shaken. We know how the action of a single horse would shake, in fact, and the jolting of the pair must have been rough indeed. If then a wounded man was sometimes carried in a litter rather than in a coach or carriage of some kind, it can only be presumed that the average carriage was an exceedingly uncomfortable conveyance.

The precise date of the invention of springs does not seem to be traceable, and this is unfortunate, for their introduction was of the utmost importance, and indeed revolutionised carriage-building, making what had hitherto been a rough business into an art. The approach to perfection—if it has been already reached, indeed—was slow. Springs, however, were known —of what sort is not clear—and employed in 1665; for Pepys, in his 'Diary,' writing in that year, speaks of having ridden for curiosity in the carriage thus equipped of one Colonel Edward Blount. The diarist went in the newly fitted coach uphill and over cart ruts, 'and found it pretty well, but not so easy as he pretends.' This is very cool commendation, and seems to imply that there was not so much difference between springless and springed carriages. The days of the luxurious

C spring were not yet. It is clear, however, that men who were connected with carriages—that is to say, builders, owners, and drivers—were hard put to it to overcome certain obvious discomforts and inconveniences, and of all the new devices tried, perhaps the oddest spectacle is suggested by another writing in the immortal 'Diary;' indeed, the word 'odd' is actually applied to it by Pepys. The idea was to let the coachman 'sit astride upon a pole over the horses.' This, Pepys thought, was 'a pretty odd thing,' and he seems to employ the word 'pretty' in its most accurate significance, and not as a sort of satirical 'very.' The pole in question must have been a sort of bowsprit fixed on to the front of the carriage, and one can only faintly imagine the Four-in-Hand Club meeting at the Magazine with all the members in this seamanlike attitude. The notion does not seem to have lingered, but there was a period, long prior of course to the days when the worthies whose careers on the box are recorded in other chapters were in their prime, when a conveyance from Devon to London was drawn by six horses harnessed one before the other, and driven by a man who walked. This was admittedly a waggon, and not a coach.

By degrees it was perceived that the best place for the driver is that in which he is now usually found, and late in the seventeenth century we find him on an early substitute for the box with a footboard amongst other luxuries. There were no windows to the vehicle, but there were curtains, and the vague idea of springs had been so far improved upon that the body of the carriage was suspended as if with a regard for the comfort of the occupants. At that time also carriages were often lavishly decorated with elaborate carvings, paintings, and gildings. This was far from new; indeed, many of almost the earliest chariots of unknown dates were distinguished by efforts of artists; but for a good many years the main idea of the carriage seems to have remained unaltered. The varieties of carriages which are now common were not dreamed of: there appears, in fact, to have been very little variety. If a man wanted a carriage to ride in, it was assumed that he wanted something

in the nature of a coach. If the conveyance of packages was desired, there were waggons, but for all purposes of human transport there was 'the coach;' and one coach was very much like another, except that royal and distinguished personages had more luxurious vehicles than those who were less wealthy or less anxious about maintaining their position, for the last century was marked by much display. If a great man rode in his carriage there was something to show that he was a great man, something about his carriage, and horse, and attendants, as well as his dress; unpretentiousness and disregard of outward show were fashions of a later day and have so remained. Now the Prince of Wales goes about in his brougham, and except to the critical eye which may discern that it is a remarkably well-turned-out equipage—though this is not entirely a distinguishing mark, as very many other gentlemen's carriages are in the most perfect taste also—there is nothing to suggest that a royal personage is the occupant. Two-wheeled carriages were not, of course, unknown after having been used for thousands of years. There was, for instance, 'the sedan cart,' a sedan chair with the poles extended so as to form shafts and also continued at the back so as to meet an axle. There was just room inside for one sitter, who must have been jolted terribly, for the chair was fastened on to the pole with nothing in the shape of a spring to ease the motion. The 'driver' rode the single horse, his legs outside the shafts.

It may possibly have been some ingenious but suffering traveller in a sedan cart who devised the gig, an illustration of which in 1754 shows the germ of a whole array of two-wheeled carriages. The early gig may easily have been developed from the vehicle just described. Instead of the sternly straight shafts, there is a curve in those fixed to the later carriage; but what is more to the point is the fact that the body of the gig is hung on leather straps attached to iron braces which rise from the hind extremity of the shafts. The wheels were heavy and rather low; there is a curious appearance of clumsiness about it; still it was an advance, a distinct invention, and paved the way to the

introduction of that long string of vehicles which had their origin in the coach and gig, and now include

Coach [1]	Cab	Curricle
Chariot	Fourgon	Landau
Barouche	Omnibus	Dog Cart
Park Phaeton	Waggonette	Britzska
Mail Phaeton	T Cart	Sociable
Brougham	Basket Carriage	Sociable Landau
Double Brougham or Clarence	Car	Victoria
	Sulky	Buggy
Post Chaise	Stanhope	Hansom
Cabriolet	Tilbury	Char-à-banc

not to go into the endless varieties of foreign vehicles. The most useful of all carriages in ante-railroad days was certainly the mail phaeton. You could travel a hundred miles far quicker in one with a pair posting than you could with four in a light carriage, luggage to fit it, a drop box under the front seat, a light leather-covered basket under the head when it was let down, a light basket, tarpaulin covered, to hook on behind, a light box along the dash, or splash board, to hold watch, pistols, anything. Built with a perch, it was very strong, and would not look like the modern ugly but useful phaeton, but for travelling first rate.

Straps similar to those upon which the gig was hung had been in use for many years. The steel spring, however, was now about to make its appearance, and towards the middle of the century a coach which ran between Chelmsford and London by way of Brentwood and Ilford, doing the journey in five hours, is announced as 'a handsome Machine, with steel springs for the ease of passengers and the Conveniency of the Country.' It is safe to infer that at first springs were not used on public coaches, and the invention may, therefore, be put down as prior to the year 1754, though unless Hogarth was out in his drawing of 'The Country Inn Yard' (1755) coaches without springs lingered after the introduction of the 'handsome Machine' that went to the capital of Essex.

[1] The word 'drag' is often employed as if it represented a distinct type of vehicle. A drag, however, is merely a slang name for a gentleman's coach.

About this period, however, there appeared a novelty in the streets, which is said to have 'set all London in an agitation.'[1] The astonishment of London is readily comprehensible, for the 'high-flier phaeton,' as the vehicle which created the sensation is called, is certainly a most remarkable affair. The high-flier was a four-wheeled vehicle, and the fore wheels must have been nearly five feet high, if we may assume that the horses which drew the carriage were a little over fifteen hands—but the artist may not be very accurate; for on this calculation the driver, and the lady in the protruding bonnet who accompanies him, would be very tall persons—the hind wheels were at least eight feet in diameter, and the floor or shell of the carriage was considerably above this, so that the driver's feet were far higher than the ears of his horses. The body of the carriage, if body be the right word for what is in fact only a floor with a seat, was supported on curved iron standards, or springs. Access was obtained, not by a balloon as might have been supposed, but by a ladder. Once enthroned, the driver was so far from his work, that he can have had no control whatever over the leaders. The high-flier was drawn by a team of four horses, and it is quite certain that the very long whip which he is represented as carrying would not have enabled him to touch the leaders. If the reader can imagine an extraordinarily long-bodied coach, driven by someone perched on the back seat, some idea of the guidance of the high-flier will be obtained. As for the comforts of the carriage, Mr. Adams, himself a coach-builder, says, 'To sit on such a seat when the horses were going at much speed would require as much skill as is evinced by a rope-dancer at a theatre. None but an extremely robust constitution could stand the violent jolting of such a vehicle over the stones of a paved road;' and it must have been so.

We have described the high-flier for the reason that it

[1] The account of this carriage is taken from a book called *The World on Wheels*, by the late Mr. Ezra Stratton, of New York, to which the author of this chapter desires to express acknowledgment. The original model of Sir William Chambers, still in good preservation, is in possession of a coach-maker at Bath.

illustrates a violent alteration and a new departure in carriage building, eccentrically expressed no doubt, but still noteworthy. Till almost up to this time, very little in the way of springs had been known. Travellers must have suffered sorely from the jolts necessarily incidental to a journey, particularly in days when roads were wretched, but as a rule they had put up with it, not supposing that improvement was possible. Thus, indeed, people do put up with things. ' Travellers, doubtless, supposed that if any alteration for the better could be made in the system of travelling, those whose business it was to find carriages and horses would point and lead the way ; these gentry for their part were quite contented to let things be as they were so long as travellers stood it—and they had no alternative but to stand it, that is to say, to ride in the public or private vehicle, as the case might be, with which the makers provided them.

As a general rule, the fact of the high-flier apart, the English carriage was remarkable for its sturdiness and solidity—for what in the present day would be considered its clumsiness. A state carriage, ordered by George III. in 1762, was, in 1873, on view at South Kensington, and was among the most remarkable examples of carriage-building ever seen. The weight of the vehicle was nearly four tons, its length 24 feet (pole 12 feet in addition), width 8 ft. 3 in., and height 12 feet. It was in every way as elaborate as it could be made, a circumstance which will be understood when it is said that of the total cost, 7,652*l.* 16*s.* 9½*d.*, the largest item, 2,500*l.*, went to the carver. The whole bill included :

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Coachmaker .	1,763	15	6	Mercer . .	202	5	10½
Carver . .	2,500	0	0	Bitmaker . .	99	9	6
Gilder . .	933	14	0	Milliner . .	31	3	4
Painter . .	315	0	0	Saddler . .	10	6	6
Laceman . .	737	10	7	Woollen draper .	4	2	6
Chaser . .	666	4	6	Cover-maker .	3	9	6
Harnessmaker .	385	15	0		7,652	16	9½

State carriage ordered by George III.

This, moreover, was the taxed bill, after between 300*l.* and 400*l.* had been struck off.

A writer about this period (1765) describes the whip of the coachman who drove the 'flying machines' drawn by six horses, between Dover and London, twenty-eight leagues a day. 'The coach-whip,' he says, 'is nothing else but a long piece of whalebone covered with hair, and with a small cord at the end of it.' Such a whip could not have been effective, and indeed, according to the traveller, it was not. 'It only serves to make a show, as their horses scarce ever feel it,' he writes. The 'flying machine,' in spite of its name, was doubtless so heavy that no speed was sought. The length of the 'day' in which those eighty-four miles were covered is not stated.

The next carriage we hear of is the barouche, a sturdy species of box so near the ground that no step seems to have been necessary; there is a perch for a footman to stand behind; the coachman, if the picture be correct, is very far forward over his horses. There are hoods, made apparently much after the existing fashion. The barouche is, in fact, in all essentials very much like a coach with a movable instead of a fixed top.

During all this time the roads were so bad that ruts of incredible depth are described. When a waggon stuck fast, as waggons had a habit of doing, it required twenty or thirty horses fastened together to drag the vehicle out again—unless of course something 'gave.' A McAdam was sorely wanted, but was not forthcoming, and instead of seeking to improve the roads, a vast deal of misplaced ingenuity was expended in fashioning new wheels. There was a controversy as to whether wheels should be cylindrical or conical—marvellous as it now seems that the latter eccentricity could ever have been seriously put forward—and of many strange contrivances the most extraordinary was perhaps devised by a Mr. Robert Bealson in 1796. His desire was to prevent the wheels of carriages from making ruts; and this he proposed to do by fixing a broad—and presumably a heavy—roller to the bottom of the carriage.

This roller was to be an inch and a half from the ground, so that when the going was good it would not touch the surface. When, on the other hand, the wheels would otherwise have sunk into ruts, the weight of the carriage would be supported on the roller, so that the wheels could not sink below the surface of the ground. As the inventor pointed out,

> By making the protection a little higher than the lower level of the wheels, it is evident that on good hard roads or streets the wheels will always bear the weight of the load, nor can they make any ruts, or sink into old ones, however deep they may be; while the middle of the road remains firm, for the protection [the 'road protector' was the name by which the inventor described his roller] will always roll upon the middle, which will certainly be a much easier drag out for the horses than if the wheels were in deep ruts.

To all but the ingenious Mr. Bealson it must have seemed out of the question that horses should thus be obliged to drag about on all occasions a huge roller weighing several hundredweight. The objection was, of course, fatal to the invention, and carriage-makers continued to build sound and solid, but tremendously heavy, vehicles, which would resist the strains to which they must have been so often subjected. The difficulties in the way of easy travelling must have seemed insuperable; but, on the whole, coach-builders were very well satisfied with things as they were, not perhaps recognising the possibility of such roads and carriages as those with which the present generation have been made familiar.

An eccentricity which may here be mentioned, though it came later than Mr. Bealson's road protector — in 1828, to be exact — was a device invented by Mr. Jean Tellier of America, to prevent the upsetting of carriages. A rod, hinged to the top of the vehicle, hung down on either side, the end, furnished with a rowel like that of a huge spur, coming down to within two or three inches of the ground, when the carriage was upright. When, however, by means of any accident, the coming off of a wheel for instance, the carriage was thrown over sideways, the rod would either stick into the ground and

so save the fall, or if the rowel ran instead of sticking by reason of hard ground, the fall would at least be broken. These swinging rods were of course a great eyesore, and it is by no means certain that, if the horse had fallen in a two-wheeled vehicle, Mr. Tellier's invention would have been any good.

Writing in 1794, Mr. W. Felton, the author of 'A Treatise on Carriages and Harness,' declares that 'the art of coach making within the last half-century has arrived to a very high degree of perfection, with respect both to the beauty, strength, and elegance of the machine.' Compared with the works of to-day it will be seen that Mr. Felton and his readers, if they agreed with him, were somewhat easily satisfied, though it must be admitted that a vast improvement had been made, and the town or travelling coach of the last year of the eighteenth century was a very decent vehicle. By this time the S or 'whip' spring, from which in due course the C spring was developed, had come into comparatively general use, at least for the best class of carriage. Probably the coaches rocked a good deal unless the roads were exceptionally good; still, regarded by the light of the past, it must be admitted that Mr. Felton was justified. The author's enthusiasm for the landau, which had recently come into vogue, was not without warrant. It was in fact an open coach, 'an open and close carriage in one,' as Mr. Felton puts it. From the landau to the landaulet was a natural step. Some persons did not want seats for four, and the landaulet did away with the two front seats. There was indeed much variety in the carriages of the period. The coach was a landau with an immovable top; as a rule it was richly decorated, though this does not affect the structure of the carriage. Into technical points it is not our purpose here to go, and we need only passingly mention the somewhat elaborate arrangement of springs, all of course tending to ease the motion, which was found in the coaches of about 1796. The sulky, again, was a contracted gig made to carry one only, hence its name.

All these carriages, however, it will have been perceived, had what those for whom this book was designed will regard as one great drawback. The master needed a coachman. He could not drive himself; at least, it was not intended that he should do so. Riding in carriages has been looked on at various times as contemptibly effeminate; if a man drove his own horse it was quite a different affair, and the taste for driving was now beginning to spread. The phaeton had, in fact, already come into vogue, though, so far as can be ascertained in the early carriage of this class, there was no hind seat. The body of the vehicle was placed high above, and exactly over the front wheels, and they were attached to the hind wheels, which were of considerable height, by a perch of wood strengthened by plates of iron. There was a hood, which could be raised or lowered after the existing fashion. The pony phaeton, on the other hand, had the body over the hind wheels. In country places, carriages very much like what was probably the earliest pony phaeton may still be seen. With the body lowered and seats in front, this was developed into a trap that is in very general use.

A once highly popular carriage was the curricle. It is said to have been of Italian origin, and found its way to England early in the present century, to become extremely popular, if popular be the correct term to employ in describing a vehicle which was very luxurious, inasmuch as it was chiefly a show carriage and, in spite of its lightness, was drawn by a pair of horses. The curricle was a two-wheeled carriage with a hood, and the only two-wheeled vehicle used with two horses abreast. In his 'English Pleasure Carriages,' Mr. W. B. Adams expresses an opinion that

> The shape of the body is extremely unsightly, the hinder curve and the sword-case are positively ugly, the elbow and head are ungracefully formal, and the crooked front line and dashing iron in the worst possible taste. . . . The mode of attaching the horse is precisely that of the chariot car, only more elegant. A pole is fixed to the square frame and is suspended from a bright steel bar, resting in

a fork on each horse's back. In spite of the ungraceful form of the vehicle, the effect of the whole was very good. The carriage fatigues the horses much less than one with four wheels, on account of its superior lightness; but it has been wholly disused of late years, probably on account of the risk attached to it if the horses become restive.

Mr. Adams' book was published in 1837, and he was scarcely correct in his assertion as to the complete disuse of the curricle, for it is on record that as late as 1846 one was driven by the Duke of Wellington.[1] His strictures on the 'unsightly' and even the 'positively ugly' appearance of the curricle do not agree with the fact that it was driven by the most fastidious people; indeed Mr. Adams admits that 'it is not essentially necessary that the vehicle should be ugly in its form, for it affords facilities for constructing the most elegant of all vehicles.' He goes on to say, 'a curricle of another form was built many years back for the well-known Mr. Coates.[2] The shape of the body was that of a classic sea-god's car, and it was constructed in copper. The vehicle was very beautiful in its outline, though disfigured by the absurdity of its ornamental work.'

It will be understood that all these types of vehicles were made with varied details, but not much need be said of the 'whisky,' the 'caned whisky,' and the 'grasshopper chaise whisky,' which had their origin in the curricle. When used for travelling, the curricle proper had conveniences for affixing a

[1] Up to the time of his death, April 1854, Field-Marshal the 1st Marquis of Anglesey constantly drove his curricle. The well-known and much-liked and fashionable physician and wit, Dr. Quin, drove one many years later, and to this date, 1888, Lord Tollemache still drives his. It is a light, elegant, comfortable vehicle. The only difficulty is to get horses good enough, for they must be exactly the same height and shape, and must step high and work together.

[2] This was the amateur actor who made ridiculous attempts on the stage and gained the satirical name of Romeo Coates. In the late Mr. Dutton Cook's 'On the Stage' he is described as 'the occupant of a shell-shaped chariot'—Mr. Cook was not an expert in carriages, and doubtless should have said curricle—'drawn by white horses, the panels and harness plentifully blazoned with his crest—a cock with the motto "While I live I'll crow!"—a mob following him yelling "Cock-a-doodle-do!"'

trunk behind—or, as Mr. Adams calls it, and doubtless correctly, for he was an expert—the sword-case. The 'caned whisky' had cane-work sides, and the 'grasshopper' was made as light as was, or as seemed, compatible with safety.

The curricle was to a great extent ousted by the cabriolet, a two-wheeled carriage imported from France early in the present century. Mr. Adams does not give the precise date; in fact, the omission of dates somewhat destroys the value of his book as a work of reference, but this may probably be fixed as on the conclusion of the peace of 1815. The description of the cabriolet may be borrowed. It is, in reality, he says,

> A regeneration of the old one-horse chaise in a newer and more elegant form, which has been borrowed, together with the name, from the French; and, as is common in most such cases, it has been improved on. The principal reason why the carriage is so much liked is its great convenience. It carries two persons comfortably seated, sheltered from sun and rain—there is a movable hood, it should here be added—yet with abundant fresh air, and with nearly as much privacy as a close carriage if the curtains be drawn in front. It can go in and out of places where a two-horse carriage with four wheels cannot turn; and a boy is carried behind, cut off from communication with the riders, save when they wish to alight and give the vehicle into his charge.

Though the cabriolet is not very often seen now-a-days, having in its turn been supplanted for the most part by some varieties of dog-cart, some readers are doubtless familiar with the vehicle. Between the high C springs is a small padded board on which the groom stands, holding on by straps fastened to the back of the carriage. The motion, consequent on the method of hanging the body, is admitted by Mr. Adams to be a disadvantage.

As regards make and shape, 'the peculiar feature of the cabriolet is the graceful form of its body, which resembles that of a nautilus shell, and with which the shape of the head harmonises well.' The knee-flap is stretched tightly across a frame. 'The shaft forms a graceful curve, and the spring

behind falls well in with it. The spring beneath the shaft is also well adapted to the line.' Mr. Adams, who has a somewhat stern eye, declares the step to be unsightly, but this is a matter of opinion; there would certainly seem to be something wanting without the step. The shafts are curved so that the point may be at the level of the horse's shoulder, while the hinder part does not prevent easy access to the vehicle. A well-appointed cabriolet, such as was driven by Count d'Orsay and the Earl of Chesterfield about 1840, was an equipage worth

Lord Calthorpe's cabriolet.

looking at. It necessitated a handsome and expensive horse, a good and neat driver, and above all a well-bred 'tiger,' for such was the name of the lad who stood behind while his master held the reins, and who waited at the horse's head in stately watchfulness when he alighted. The species seems now extinct—unless the present race of jockeys claim them as ancestors—for they were miniature men of good figure, small and muscular, full of courage, and mostly well up to their duties.

Contemporary with the cabriolet were the Stanhope and

Tilbury, both named after their designers, the former having been built about 1815 for the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope. The other, with seven springs instead of four, was lighter looking, though in reality heavier. The Tilbury was driven with a horse of different breed from that which was employed for a cabriolet. He was smaller, had a less showy action, the groom invariably sat on the left side of his master, and always with his arms crossed on his breast waiting orders. The technical reasons why the Tilbury, in spite of its appearance, was, in reality, heavier than the Stanhope need not be given here, but as a matter of fact it was, with the exception of the cabriolet, the heaviest two-wheeled pleasure carriage constructed. The Dennett, said to have been named 'after the then Miss Dennett whose elegant stage dancing was so much in vogue about the time the vehicle was first used,' is another similar carriage, and so is the gig, described by Mr. Adams as 'the lightest one-horse vehicle used in England.' It is simply an open-railed chair fixed on the shafts and supported on two side springs, the hinder ends of which were connected to the loop iron by leather traces to give more freedom to the motion. Hence comes the early form of dog-cart. Gigs, we are informed, were occasionally 'used for shooting, when the lockers were made with venetian blinds to carry the dogs, and then it became a dog-cart.' The type has altered in several respects, and dog-carts are now of various kinds which are too familiar to need classification.

While on the subject of two-wheeled carriages, it may be well to include the popular hansom. The inventor was a Mr. Joseph Hansom, a Leicestershire architect. In 1834 he obtained a patent for his new and very original form of cabriolet.[1] Omitting technicalities, the points of the invention were that the body of the hansom was much nearer the ground than had hitherto been conveniently practicable in any carriage,

[1] Fifty years ago the cab was a sort of cabriolet, with a fixed hard head, and the driver sat outside on the off side on a little perch. There were no four-wheel cabs, the only other vehicle 'on the rank' being the pair-horse hackney coach.

that the carriage was easy of entrance and exit, and exceptionally safe, as the title 'Hansom's Patent Safety Cab' implies. Since Mr. Hansom designed his cab various improvements have been made in nearly every particular. The expertness of a really first-class driver, who seems, at least so the timid passenger sometimes thinks, to squeeze his way through gaps only about half wide enough to admit his passage, is sometimes wonderful to behold.[1] The latest development of the hansom comes near to such perfection as a carriage of this kind can reach. In the earlier hansoms the ease of entrance and exit was only comparative, in later examples not only has this been modified, but the two other drawbacks, the windows in the first place, and the difficulty of communication with the driver, have been obviated. The window was under the control of the driver; when let down the breathing space was unpleasantly limited, and the driver could only be spoken to by opening a somewhat awkwardly placed little trap in the roof, though he might be directed by means of a stick or umbrella poked out in front. Of late years the first difficulty has been solved by making a circular window which the passenger can raise or lower, and when down it greatly increases the breathing space. The driver can also be guided by means of two little contrivances like fixed bell-pulls, so devised that when the right or left is pulled, as the case may be, a metal hand springs out upon the top of the cab pointing either right or left, and it is understood that pulling both together is an order to stop. A speaking-tube is also sometimes fixed, and hansoms run easily if well horsed and hung. The proper running of a 'hansom' depends much on the horse's harness and manner of harnessing. The horse should be a short,

[1] The hansom is, however, the easiest carriage to drive through a crowd or narrow space, always excepting four horses in a coach, and for much the same reason. The driver of the hansom, from where he sits, sees the box and cap of each of his wheels, and is behind them, and therefore sees if there is room or not. In driving a carriage or coach with four horses, where your bars can go your coach can go, for they are one inch wider from end to end than the two caps or boxes of your wheels are from one outside line to the other.—B.

quick-stepping animal that answers the bit instantly. He should have plenty of room in the shafts; the back band should be adjusted loosely to enable the shafts to play freely. Much depends upon whether the horse fits the carriage. The expense has hitherto rendered it impossible to put these new hansoms on the streets for public hire.

Reverting to four-wheeled carriages, the firm popularity of the phaeton must be noted. About the year 1830 we find the extremely servicable mail phaeton, the name arising from the fact that the under gear was made with a wood perch on springs, like those used for the mail coaches. The carriage of 1830 would now seem a curiously heavy vehicle; otherwise it had much to recommend it. Amongst other things, it was easy to reverse the seats, moving the hooded front seat to the back if the passenger did not wish to drive and desired to make himself more comfortable: it will be understood that the groom's seat was then placed in front and he drove. Whether the phaeton was the safest of carriages depended a good deal upon the driving; it was not at all a difficult process to turn it over in going too sharply round a corner, and some acrobatic dexterity was necessary for gaining the hind seat. Mr. Adams considered a phaeton 'not very graceful,' but this is a matter of opinion. Most persons will probably consider it a handsome and 'workmanlike' carriage, certainly preferable in appearance to the britzska, a German invention, introduced about 1815, after the peace, when Europe was reopened to travellers, of which Mr. Adams highly approves. In his book he states that 'it has become the most common of all carriages.' They are now made higher and hung on four elliptic springs.

In the year 1837 a vehicle was introduced which certainly has become the commonest of closed carriages the brougham. The current story goes that Lord Brougham's chariot and pair not being ready one day when he wanted to go out, he brought his practical mind to bear on the subject, reflected that it did not really require two horses to draw a man about, that a footman

was not necessary on all occasions, and that thereupon he went to his coachmaker, Mr. Robinson, of Mount Street, and explained his idea ; the result being the manufacture of this most comfortable and convenient carriage. This, however, is not accurate history. Lord Brougham did not invent the carriage, which long before 1837 was a common vehicle in the streets of Paris or to be hired as a *voiture de place*, an equivalent expression to what was called in London in those days a glass coach : i.e. a carriage and horses you could hire for the day or week. Lord Brougham had the good sense to import one from Paris, and to have one built by an English coach-builder, who, whilst sticking nearly to the lines of the original, made it more elegant, lighter, and stronger. The form is simple and sensible in the extreme, and as we have seen of late years is capable of all sorts of modifications. Double broughams and single broughams are now equally common, as are broughams drawn by one horse and by a pair. With the roof made strong and fitted with a basket, a good deal of luggage can be carried. There is room on the box with the coachman for a servant or other passenger, and according to the construction of the front seat the brougham will hold three or four inside with more or less ease. The tendency of the day is to have broughams for London use as light as possible, without adopting eccentricities of lightness, as Englishmen consider them, such as distinguish certain American carriages. The interior appointments may be as tasteful and luxurious as the owner pleases or cares to pay for. A speaking-tube is an occasional fitting (though unless care is used it becomes crushed and renders the voice inaudible —a little bell is a better means of communicating with the driver), as is a reading-lamp fastened to the back of the vehicle ; a mirror is general now even in hansom cabs ; card-pockets and little cigar trays of various sizes may be put here and there, and in a single brougham a little basket is often arranged in front. Of course, the doors open on the inside, with self-acting spring locks. Well-hung on easy springs, it is difficult to imagine a more thoroughly useful carriage.

About 1842 or 1843, Mr. Lovell, coach-builder of Amersham, Bucks, built what is now so generally known as a waggonette for Lord Curzon, and Mr. Holmes, of Derby, built one for the Earl of Chesterfield, and in the year 1845 one was made under the superintendence of the late Prince Consort for the use of Her Majesty and the Royal family, by the late Mr. George Hooper, of London. The new vehicle proved a rival to the phaeton, though there are many persons who object to riding sideways, and in the waggonette proper the passengers in the body of the carriage have their backs to the wheels. Fitted with a movable hood the waggonette becomes a closed carriage, and though lacking the style of the phaeton, there is much to be said in favour of waggonettes for country use.

A few years afterwards, in the summer of 1850, another royal carriage, which has since attained great popularity, was first introduced into England, though the vehicle was not quite a novelty to those who were familiar with the summer street cabs of Paris. This was the Victoria, not precisely it may be the vehicle which the reader will first picture to himself, for the Victoria with a seat in front for the driver came afterwards. The earliest example, now in question, was a pony phaeton to hold two, one of whom drove. The builder was Mr. Andrews, then Mayor of Southampton. When taken to Osborne the vehicle was warmly approved, and it is on record that 'the Queen and Prince expressed to the Mayor their entire satisfaction with the style, elegance, and extraordinary lightness, and construction of the carriage, which scarcely weighed three hundredweight.' The fore wheels were 18 inches in height, the hind 30 inches, the body was of cane—a fashion which is not universally approved. Very similar park phaetons were, however, in use in the royal establishments at Windsor in the time of King William IV.—consequently before 1837. King George IV. used to drive one. Except for the absence of a movable hood and the canework body, this Victoria was much like the low park phaeton of to-day. In course of time this developed into

the Victoria with a seat for the coachman, the vehicle which is at present as popular among open carriages as the brougham is among closed.

The latest development of the barouche, a carriage with a movable hood, a seat, suspended on C springs, and a driver's seat much like that of a landau, need not be described. Nor is it necessary to say much about the sociable landau, the square head of which can be lowered so as to make it an open carriage, or raised and fastened by catches at the point of juncture, so making a carriage much resembling the coach of former days, but far lighter ; for after the vast improvement made in the roads by the adoption of McAdam's system vehicles were improved correspondingly. Adams considered the barouche —a very different affair, as will readily be understood, from the carriage of the same name in use nearly a century before—the principal of all open carriages, and an equal authority declares the landau to be the handsomest of all C spring carriages, and the beau-ideal of vehicular luxury. The barouche is certainly the more finished and handsome of the two, for the top of the landau, when the carriage is open, lies back in somewhat clumsy fashion ; but then the comfort of the closed carriage is often great. Happily we have not to decide which of the two the man in search of the best obtainable carriage would do best to buy.

The coach is regarded by many as *par excellence* the first of English vehicles. The measurements of an ordinary road coach, although they differ considerably from those of some of the coaches seen about the parks, &c., nowadays, are no doubt best adapted for speed, strength, and safety combined. The following figures are taken from one of the best running road coaches, made by most scientific builders, but they need not, therefore, be put down as figures to be invariably adopted ; they constitute rather a fair average guide. The length of the pole may be put as 10 ft. 8 in., and strange to say the entire length of the coach comes to within an inch of the same, viz.

10 ft. 9 in. ; the body being 4 ft. 10 in., the hind boot 2 ft. 9 in., and the front 3 ft. 2 in. The splinter bar measures 6 feet, the main bar 3 ft. 9 in., and the leading bars 3 ft. 1 in. each ; the front wheels are 3 ft. 2 in. in height, the hind wheels 4 feet ; distance between front and hind wheels, 2 ft. 6 in. The height of coach, measuring to roof just over door, is 6 ft. 11 in., and the bottom of the coach is 2 ft. 9 in. from the ground ; the carriage or side springs are 2 ft. 4½ in., and the body or cross springs, which connect the above, 3 ft. 11 in. The front boot is 3 ft. 2 in. wide, and the hind boot 3 ft. 1 in. ; the space between decks, from the bottom to the top of the coach inside, is 4 feet, and the distance between the wheels 5 ft. 8 in., the depth of foot-board 2 ft. 1 in., breadth 3 ft. 10 in. ; the height from ground at heel 5 feet, the slope upwards to the front being made to suit the size of the horses as well as in some cases the length of the coachman's legs. A coach built on these lines will follow well without rolling, and be, if not quite, nearly perfect.

About foreign carriages we do not propose to say much. The examples of American vehicles engraved in the work already named, 'The World on Wheels,' strike us as remarkable for absolute inelegance. These include the Rockaway ; the Jenny Lind —a gig body with a broad straight bottom and a hooded top on four high wheels, of almost the same height as the Concord waggon—a driving seat placed about the middle of a raft on four wheels ; the New Rochelle waggon two ill-made gig seats, one behind the other fastened on to a large flat box ; the gentleman's road buggy, otherwise by reason of the shape of the body known as the coal box, the four-wheeled cabriolet, and others. There seems happily to be little danger of the introduction into England of any of these curiously ungraceful vehicles.

The *Volante*, the delight of the Cubans, is said to be so comfortable a carriage, and is so novel in construction, that a word may be said concerning it. A capital description is given by Mr. George Augustus Sala, in one of his books called 'Under

the Sun.' He describes how, sitting one morning at breakfast in Havana, a black man rode by on a horse, whose tail was tied to the back of a high demi-peaked saddle with Moorish stirrups. For a time, as the writer humorously declares, nothing happened. Then, 'slowly there came bobbing along a very small gig-body hung on very large C springs, and surmounted by an enormous hood. Stretched between the apron and the top of the hood, at an angle of forty-five degrees, was a kind of awning or tent of some silk material.' A pair of wheels large enough to run a proper coach, and a pair of long timber shafts supported the body; but the chief peculiarity of the volante Mr. Sala does not mention, and that is the fact that the high wheels are placed at the very end—the butt end—of the shafts, which project some distance behind the hood and seat. If the motion of these carriages is as smooth and easy as those who have ridden in them protest, it is never certain that some such vehicle may not acquire European popularity, though scarcely in England, where eccentric foreign importations in the shape of carriages are not approved.

The Norwegian cariole has some relationship to the volante, though there is no awning or hood; the body rides on springs, and the principal distinction is that the wheels are not (necessary springs being employed) at the extremity of the shafts. The springs, however, are a comparatively modern addition, for carioles have been used for certainly more than two centuries, and formerly they more closely resembled an open volante.

The Russian droschki is a curiosity for the reason that the passenger sits astride a cushioned seat, and the horse is harnessed with a bow-shaped contrivance, sometimes three or four feet high, over his neck. The object of this is to keep the shafts wide apart, support the reins, and do duty also to some extent in the manner of a bearing-rein.

The custom of harnessing a pair of horses, one between the shafts and the other outside, is common in the Neapolitan

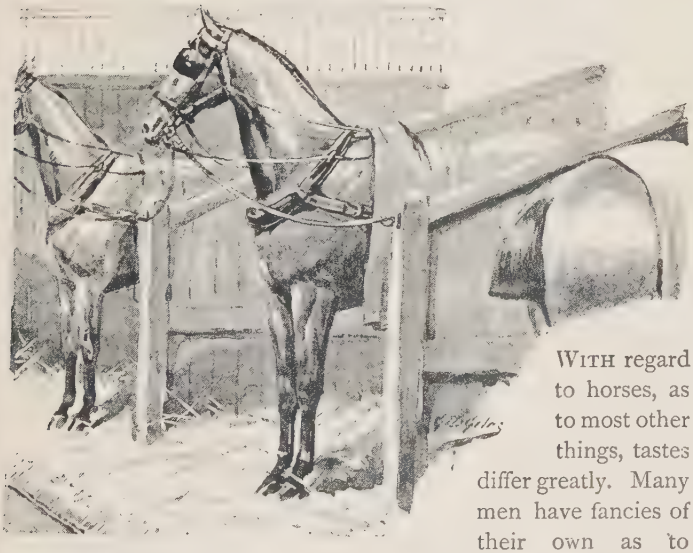
calesso, but this is merely the roughest and crudest way of going to work, and, as a rule, Italian driving and drivers need only be noted as examples of what to avoid.[1]

[1] Always excepting their postboys in the old days. Four horses and two boys used to take you ten miles an hour up and down most severe hills, or in the sandy plains of the Quadrilateral, or about Turin, and drove to perfection. — B.

CHAPTER III.

THE CARRIAGE-HORSE.

By the Earl of Onslow, G.C.M.G.



With regard to horses, as to most other things, tastes differ greatly. Many men have fancies of their own as to colour, shape, size, and so forth; but our book would be incomplete if we did not include a chapter on the carriage-horse, in the hope that it may be found useful to a certain class of readers; as, for instance, to those who may be meditating the establishment, for the first time, of a stable of their own. The difficulties and chicaneries of horse-dealing are notorious, but apart from this it is well that men should possess some knowledge of the animals that they own. The inexperienced buyer

will desire to know what the horse which he proposes to purchase should look like ; secondly, what price ought to be paid for it, and, lastly, how he should treat it, and what work he may expect it to do.

Many of the points and qualifications of a hunter are equally desirable in the carriage-horse ; but, inasmuch as the latter is not called upon to take any weight upon his back, it obviously is not necessary that his bones should be as big and as strong as an animal which is expected to carry fourteen or fifteen stone across country. Many a horse with straight shoulders and weak points which would lead to its rejection as a hunter might prove a serviceable, and even pass as a good-looking, harness horse. The value of a carriage-horse, therefore, is considerably less than that of a hunter. Perfection is scarcely attainable, and any approach to it is, of course, enormously expensive ; as a general rule, it may be said that the purchaser should seek rather for a horse with as few bad points as possible than for one with a great number of good points. Everything about a horse should be in proportion ; for instance, an animal with a big frame on light legs is likely soon to wear out the means which nature has given him to carry himself. The head should be small, broad across the forehead, and well-cut, the nose not projecting or 'Roman.' The eyes should be prominent, so as to give a wide range of sight, and should not show too much of the white, which is supposed to denote a tendency to vice ; the neck should be light, not too long, and the head so set on that the horse can carry it slightly bent, but neither pointing his nose straight out in front of him nor up in the air. The shoulder is of less importance for a harness than for a riding horse, but both bones should be placed at their proper angle, and the point of the shoulder should be nearly in a line with the point of the toe. The chest should be both deep and broad, giving full room for the vital parts of the animal. The upper bone of the leg should be large and thick, and longer in proportion than the lower bone ; muscular development should also be sought. The lower bone of the leg should be perfectly straight between

the knee and the fetlock. The feet should be neither large nor small for the size of the animal; the fore hoofs should form an angle of about fifty degrees with the ground, the hind feet being slightly more upright. If the feet are too straight it may be found that they are contracted. The back should be straight and short, the loins large and muscular, the quarters long and well let down, not short, round, and drooping; the hock clean, well defined, and so placed as to come into the direct line through which the weight of the quarter is thrown. The hocks should be quite straight, neither turning outwards nor towards each other; the hind legs below the hock as straight as the fore-leg. The middle of the side of the fore-arm should be in a line with the back of the heel; and it should be possible to draw a line from the middle of the front of the fore-arm down the middle of the knee to the middle of the hoof.

Very few gentlemen now drive a cabriolet, and of those who do fewer still have a really perfect 'cab' horse, an animal which was once eagerly sought for. In shape he was supposed to be nearly faultless, to stand not less than sixteen hands high, and to have action which could hardly be too extravagant. It was a purely ornamental possession, usefulness being left out of the question. A man who desired such a luxury did not care much what price he paid. It is the most expensive of single-harness horses.

The chariot-horse often stands sixteen and a half or seventeen hands high, and for colour bay or brown is usually preferred. The purchaser may expect to be told that they have been bred in Yorkshire, but a great number of them come from abroad. The London dealers obtain many of them from Mecklenburg, North Germany, Antwerp and its neighbourhood. These horses have much improved during the last few years, and it is now difficult to tell them from home-bred ones. Information as to them is very difficult to obtain; for it is, of course, to the dealers' interests to keep their history as dark as possible—but they do not possess the stamina that distinguishes the English-bred horse.

A dealer would expect to realise from two hundred to three hundred guineas each for a pair of such horses. They may perhaps come out a few times in the season, and owing to their size, the necessity of their being of good shape and having

'Bred in Yorkshire.'

high action, realise as high a price as a cabriolet horse; if not too heavy and too big, however, a pair of these horses can be used not only on state occasions, but to draw a large barouche. Matched pairs likely to command high prices are rarely put up at Tattersall's. When they do find their way there

they would, in the first instance, be offered in pairs, and if not so sold be subsequently offered separately.

About eighty per cent. of those used at drawing-rooms, state balls, &c., are jobbed from the leading jobmasters in London, who buy them at different fairs when two or three years old, and after having kept and broken them in at their country farms, let them out on job at from 90 to 130 guineas per pair per annum. The ordinary terms for jobbing horses may be taken to be 100 guineas per annum, the horses being kept and shod at the hirer's stables. If less than a year, during the months of April, May, June, and July, 24 guineas for four weeks; during the rest of the year 16 guineas for four weeks. If kept and shod at the expense of the jobmaster an increase of 80 guineas per annum; of 8 guineas per month during the season, and of 6 guineas per month out of the season would be the usual charge.

The practice of jobbing horses is a very old one, but in order to show the difference between prices at the commencement of last century and now, it may be interesting to quote an agreement between a jobmaster in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and a gentleman in 1718.[1]

The jobmaster, Charles Hodges, agrees to keep his coach and charriot and harness neat and clean, and in all manner of repair, at his own charge, and including wheels; and in case the coachman shall break the glasses of either, the said Charles Hodges shall be answerable for, and make good the same; To serve him with a pair of good, strong, handsome, well-matched horses, to be valued between fifty and sixty pounds to his good liking and approbation, and also a good, honest, sober, creditable coachman, who with the horses shall attend as often as he or his lady shall think fit, either into the city of London, the liberties of Westminster, or places adjacent. And if the said John B——, or his family, shall have occasion to go into the countrey, the same Charles Hodges obliges himself by these presents to find him or them one or more pair of horses after the same rate per diem with the others, the said J. B—— allowing the said Charles Hodges

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 1869, ii. 558.

half-a-crown a day more extraordinary expenses, every day he shall travel on the road and set up at an inn, the said C. Hodges finding the horses on such journey at his own charges; And in case the coachman runs away with his livery, or loses his cloak, hammerclothes, seat covers, the seats in the coach, or toppings of the same, the said C. Hodges shall and will be answerable for and make good the same; all the which premisses being performed on the part and behalf of the said C. Hodges, the said J. B—— does promise and agree to pay the said Hodges the sum of one hundred pounds of lawful British money, &c. &c.

After the state-coach horse in order of value comes the more usual pair of high-stepping carriage-horses, of which any number may be seen between Hyde Park Corner and Grosvenor Gate on a fine afternoon in the season. They need not be more than 15.3, should have good, though not extravagant, action, and match well both in colour, shape, and size. If required to horse a phaeton they should of course be lighter, and show more breeding; instead of the high up and down action of the carriage-horse, they should rather have forward action, step and go well together, carrying their heads in the same way, and the owner should not be afraid to show as much of his animals as possible, by having his harness light and but little of it.

The most useful of harness horses is that which is commonly described as 'a good trapper,' standing from 15 to 15.3 high, free and fast, suitable for a light phaeton, gig, or one of the many two-wheeled carriages described under different fancy names by the makers, and will fetch from sixty to eighty guineas at auction.

We have more than once referred to high action, such as is often seen in the West End of London, and the presence of which in a horse induces the dealer to ask a high price for it. It is quite a mistake to suppose that there is any advantage in high action; for appearance it is so far desirable that it is to a certain extent fashionable, but for real work it is a distinct drawback. In the first place, the horse loses time in lifting his feet up into the air, and consequently gets over less ground;

secondly, the concussion which his feet suffer every time he brings them down on the road cannot fail to prove detrimental to their soundness. Free forward action is not open to these objections. A horse which steps moderately without 'kicking over a sixpence' on the one hand, nor jarring his feet on the other, is likely to prove the most useful, and last the longest. There are plenty of good sound horses such as this to be picked up for from 40*l.* to 60*l.*, both in town and country.

Though scarcely pertinent to the present inquiry, in dealing with the carriage-horse we should not allow it to be forgotten that even among harness horses there is a racehorse, and, although little known in this country, trotting and pacing matches in America are more popular and more patronised by the wealthy men in the States than flat-racing or steeplechasing. The trotting races are usually run in mile heats, the best three out of five, in harness; the horses are driven in a light two-wheeled vehicle with large wheels, the driver sitting close to the horse, with his legs on each side of the flanks. The driver with the rug that he sits on has to scale 150 lbs. The tracks are oval in shape, and at a distance of three feet from the inner side of the track measure an exact mile. The matches are always carefully timed, and penalties are imposed on horses that break from a trot into a run during the race. The records of each horse are carefully kept, and the great ambition of an owner of trotters is to beat the record. The best time ever made for a mile was the 2 min. $8\frac{1}{4}$ sec. in which Maud S. covered the distance, but there is a pacing record of 2 min. 6 sec. In addition to those kept in training for races in the States, a very great number are used by gentlemen for their private driving along the roads. Trotters are so little used as to be practically unknown in England; a few have been introduced from America, but they have seldom repaid their importers for their trouble. American harness horses used to come over and be sold in England, realising good prices. Dealers have expressed a desire to get them now, but the owners of such animals

in the States say that they can make more money for good harness horses in New York.

Those who are attracted by glowing advertisements of horses for sale, of which the following, taken from a sporting paper, and which may be true in every particular, but which on the other hand may not, is a fair specimen :

> SPLENDID MATCH PAIR of BAY GELDINGS for SALE, 15.1 high, ages 5 and 6 off, on short legs, and a perfect model of a cart-horse in growth, with much quality combined ; very fast, with good knee action, small head, good neck, and broad chest and thighs ; are pure Welsh breed, and worthy of the notice of gentlemen and others wanting horses for riding and driving ; both warranted good hunters, up to heavy weight, quiet in any kind of harness, valuable to a timid person, no vice or blemish, and of a kind, good temper ; suitable for brougham or victoria or a light landau ; no day too long, no distance too far. For trial.

might do worse than study a humorous but instructive work, which, although published in 1841, is true of the present day, 'The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse,' by Sir George Stephen. In a series of assumed personal experiences, the author sets forth some of the most artful devices resorted to by horse 'copers' to practise on the credulity of the unwary. He relates how he purchased a horse which was warranted sound, but could not be induced to feed ; the purchaser, of course, being unable to get any satisfaction out of the seller, who only warranted him sound, but not to eat. Upon another occasion, having bought his horse with a warranty and found out his deficiencies, he returned only to find the vendor flown, leaving no address, and numerous other tricks and rogueries are described. The moral which Sir George draws from all this is :—

Whenever you see a horse advertised for sale, avoid him as you would a pestilence. If he is 'a sweet goer,' depend upon it you will be gently dropped into the sweetest kennel in St. Giles's ; if he is 'well suited for a charger,' he is sure to charge a haystack and a park of artillery with equal determination ; if he 'never shies

or stumbles,' the chances are three to one that he is stone-blind or cannot quit a walk; 'the best horse in England' is to a certainty the worst in London; when 'parted with for no fault,' it means that he is sold for a hundred; if 'the reason will be satisfactorily explained,' it may be taken for granted that the master has absconded either for stealing him or robbing his creditors; when 'built like a castle,' he will move like a church steeple; if 'equal to fifteen stone up to the fleetest hounds in England,' depend upon it he never saw the tail of a hound in his life; if he is a 'beautiful stepper,' you will find that he has the action of a peacock; if a liberal trial 'is allowed,' be most especially careful; a deposit of half the price, but three times his value, will assuredly be required as security for your return; and finally, whenever you see that he is the 'property of a tradesman who wants to exchange for a horse of less value for his business,' of a 'gentleman who has given up riding from ill-health,' or because 'he is going abroad,' of 'a professional man whose avocations call him from town,' of 'a person of respectability who can be referred to,' or of 'the executors of a gentleman lately deceased,' you may safely swear that he belongs to a systematic chaunter, who will swindle you both out of horse and money and involve you in all the trouble, cost, and vexation of an Old Bailey prosecution to boot.

Apart from the purchase from a friend, which is at all times equally to be deprecated, inasmuch as it is a true saying that 'a man will swindle his brother in horseflesh,' and you are very likely to lose not only your money but your friend into the bargain; there remains purchase at auction or of a dealer. If a man has some knowledge of horseflesh and can find out something of the previous history of the animal offered for sale, he is very likely to pick up a bargain cheap at Tattersall's, Aldridge's, or elsewhere. But even under such circumstances a guinea is well expended in having the animal examined in the yard by a competent and trustworthy veterinary surgeon. The facilities there offered for a thorough investigation are, of course, limited, and it is possible that a veterinary surgeon may be unable to detect unsoundness, while under more favourable circumstances he would at once be able to pronounce a true opinion.

I know of a horse which was sent to Tattersall's, described

as a good hunter, i.e. sound in wind and eyes. The horse had taken several hunters' prizes and had been frequently examined and passed sound, and to the best of the seller's belief was so. A friend of the seller wishing to purchase him, had him examined by a veterinary surgeon in Tattersall's yard, who declared that he was not sound in his eyes, and consequently declined to bid. The horse was subsequently bought by a dealer, and as he was never returned for a wrong description, it may be assumed that the examination to which he was subjected afterwards did not confirm the opinion of the examination conducted in the yard. On the other hand, a gentleman of my acquaintance, wishing to buy a pony and not satisfied with his own judgment, took the advice both of his London coachman and of the coachman he employed in the country, and to make quite certain submitted the animal to a veterinary surgeon, who passed him as sound. The pony was sent down to the country by rail, and on the return of the owner he was disgusted to hear from the stable boy that the pony was quite blind, which turned out to be the case. History does not say whether that veterinary surgeon's bill has ever been paid.

Many purchasers are led away from the sum which they had determined to give by the excitement of competition at an auction, and think that, after all, for a horse that has taken their fancy, five, ten, and so on up to fifty guineas, more than they intended to give, will not hurt them. This is a most mistaken course to pursue, for the price which a purchaser ultimately gives he might probably have all the advantages of a trial and more complete veterinary examination of a dealer's horse, while his fancied competitor, whom he thinks must, from his evident determination to have the animal, know that he is going to get good value for his money, will probably turn out to be a friend of the owner, and is only bidding as a means of placing a high reserved price upon the animal. To buy at auction requires time and patience ; and to buy cheap a man needs strength of mind when he sees horses he has taken a fancy to going for prices higher than he has previously decided to pay.

Formerly it was the general practice for dealers and private persons to be asked to sell a horse with a warranty, a custom which led to innumerable disputes between the parties, much litigation, and yet left many loopholes by which a dishonest dealer could cheat the purchaser. It is usual now to sell a horse subject to examination by the buyer's veterinary surgeon. Perhaps one of the cheapest investments for an owner of horses who lives in London, or buys principally of London dealers, is to become a member of the Royal Veterinary College in Camden Town. For a life payment of twenty guineas, or an annual payment of two guineas, subscribers to the College have the right to send their horses, when ill or whenever it is found necessary to perform any operation, to the institution, upon payment of the cost of medicine, and 3*s.* 6*d.* a day for the expense of keep, to have post-mortem examinations and analyses of food stuffs made for a small fee, and have the further privilege of sending any horses (not exceeding five in each year), which they may intend to purchase, to be examined as to soundness by the professors of the College. Such examinations have the additional advantage over that by some veterinary surgeons of being perfectly free from the suspicion of any partiality in favour of the dealers. A purchaser should be on his guard the moment a dealer says to him, 'I never send my horses to the College, they knock them about so there.' It may be taken to mean that there is a screw loose somewhere. Some dealers, and most jobmasters, will allow a customer to hire the horse that he selects for a week or longer, with the option of purchasing at a stated price at the end of the time agreed upon. Here are the terms of one of the leading dealers for the purchase of a horse upon this principle :

The price of a selected horse or horses shall be fixed previous to the beginning of the hire, but no horse can be let for a less period than three months, the hirer having the privilege of paying for it by instalments and having it examined should he see fit. Should the hirer desire a change, the purchase money to be altered either higher or lower according to the quality of the animal. The term

of three months is proposed because it would be impossible to let valuable horses for any less period. But the hirer may purchase after a week's trial if he so desires, when only one week's hire in addition to the agreed price will be charged.

The hire of horses taken in this way is, for a pair of horses, April, May, June, and July, twenty-four guineas per lunar month, other months sixteen guineas. Single horses, half the above rates. The best dealers will have only, as a rule, young, sound, unblemished horses; but there are different dealers for different classes of horses; and a gentleman, setting up a stable, must decide whether he intends to pay the highest price for the best stamp of horse of a fashionable West-End dealer, or whether, if he wants a serviceable slave, it will not suit alike his purse and his requirements to seek for him as far east even as Whitechapel. The words of the late Major Whyte-Melville are applicable to most of the well-known London dealers He says, comparing the modern dealer with the old-fashioned coper, 'We have now to deal with a man who is a gentleman, if not by birth, at least in manners and action; and notwithstanding the proverbially sharp practice of those connected with the sale of horses, I will venture to say that in no other trade will a customer meet with more fairness and liberality than will be shown him by the great dealers of London and the shires.' If, however, a buyer of horses were to decline any animal which a veterinary surgeon would not pass as 'perfectly sound,' it is probable that he would be a long time in effecting his purchase, and might pass over many horses which would do the work he required of them thoroughly well, and that, too, for many years. It is necessary, therefore, to have some idea of what is and what is not material unsoundness—and here the element of price is an important factor. There are some forms of unsoundness which would make a horse not worth his keep, and consequently dear at a gift. For instance, an animal that suffers from ossification of the joint above the hoof, or the cartilages on each side of the foot, that has defective sight in one eye, or is badly affected in the wind, should

be rejected without hesitation, nor is it safe to use a horse that has been unnerved, any more than you would a coach with an unsound axletree. Of course an absolutely broken-winded horse, with that peculiar action of the flanks incidental to this condition and necessary to expel the compressed wind from his lungs, should never under any circumstances be admitted into the stable. His life must be one of constant suffering, and his only place is the knacker's yard. Horses for harness, touched in the wind, commonly called 'grunters,' 'roarers,' or 'whistlers,' are much less objectionable than as hunters. It is not likely that a horse unsound in wind can travel at any great pace without some discomfort and distress to himself, and yet such an one might answer all the purposes required of him in the streets of London, or for easy work in the country. There are horses which are known to have something against them, but still do not appear to be useless ; and if an animal of this sort can be hired from the dealer for a month, it is easy to try him for the work he may be required for, and if it is found that he is not distressed thereby, he may be worth purchasing at a price.

A string-halt is an affection which, beyond its unsightliness, may be no great detriment, and indeed may not constitute unsoundness at all—ladies have been known to declare that the most comfortable hack in the world is one which has a string-halt in both hind legs. Few horses who have done a certain amount of work will fail to show wind-galls, or enlarged *bursæ*, but these are rarely a sign of anything further than work, unless they should become so distended by the fluid they contain as to set up inflammation and thence lameness.

Splints are, next to wind-galls, the most common cause of unsoundness. Lameness arising from splints is caused by the pressure of a growing formation upon the covering of the shank bone, and can usually be reduced so as to cause little inconvenience, though if one should form between the large and two smaller bones of the leg, it may lead to permanent

ossification between them, when it will be found difficult to apply a treatment which will be satisfactory.

Bone-spavin, where the fluid which ought to lubricate the joints of the hock ceases to be generated, may produce an incurable lameness; but where it proceeds from a bony deposit, forming a junction of the small bones, blistering or firing before stiffness of the hock takes place may render the horse sufficiently sound for harness-work. Neither blood nor bog-spavin nor thorough-pin will necessarily cause lameness, but if it should do so, it is usually susceptible of cure.

'Big legs' is the term usually used for the strain of any of the sinews or ligaments of the leg. Such injuries are of so varied a character that it is almost impossible to say whether a horse should be rejected on this account, but horses affected in the sinews can rarely be trusted to last long in work.

'Curbs,' if not of long standing, are usually curable, and are not of such importance in a harness horse as in a hunter, but the longer a curb has lasted the less probability is there of effecting its cure. Curbs in young horses can be easily and quite permanently cured. Foment till the heat is out, and then apply a strong blister to raise a scurf; keep the animal on in work, and repeat the treatment. It may probably come home lame, but in two or three months the trouble will have been removed.

'Corns' and 'thrush' are diseases of the feet which, when pointed out to the farrier and groom respectively, should be cured by careful shoeing or attention to stable management.

The vices of a horse cannot be discovered by a veterinary examination, but a horse that is affected in one of its eyes is pretty sure to see the objects which come in its path either distorted or with a suddenness which would not be the case had he his perfect sight, and such an affection almost invariably leads to a tendency on the part of the animal to shy. A totally blind horse is less likely to put the trap and its occupants into the ditch than one that is only partially so. But it is seldom that a horse's vices are not discoverable in the course of a

month's trial, and a few words may here be said as to the best method of dealing with them.

A determined kicker will be likely to do considerable damage to the vehicle behind him. If the horse sets to work with an evident intention of kicking, it will be well for the groom to jump down at once and lift up one of the fore-legs. This will render it out of the animal's power to continue kicking, and it is better to tie it up with a handkerchief until he can be unharnessed, rather than run the risk of having the trap kicked to pieces. If a horse bolts with you, recollect that, like the captain of the ship, the driver should be the last to leave. Far more accidents have happened to people from jumping out of a runaway carriage than to those who sat still on the box and endeavoured to obtain mastery over the animal. Keep his head as straight as you can, and if you can face him up a hill, your advantage is naturally all the greater.

If a horse is an inveterate jibber, it will be found difficult to cure him of the propensity, though it may be done by putting him in double harness with a horse bigger and stronger than himself, who will fairly drag the refractory animal along. Cures are said to have been effected by tying a horse up at a spot where he began to jib, and depriving him of food until he will advance in the desired direction to obtain it; but such a cure is by no means always practicable. If you are in a crowded thoroughfare when a horse jibs or backs, it is better at once to admit that he has got the best of you, and to turn his head in the direction that he wishes his tail to go. If a horse jibs in single harness in the country, back him in the direction you want to go, even for as far as a mile. He will get so disgusted with being backed, that when you turn him round he will be glad to go the way you wish to drive him.

A not uncommon sight in the streets of London is the spectacle of an inhuman wretch kicking in the ribs an unfortunate horse which has fallen on the pavement, and urging it with every sort of violence to get on its legs again, though oppressed by a heavy weight on the shafts and with no better foothold

than slippery asphalte or wood pavement. If a horse falls under such circumstances, the groom should at once be directed to run to his head, and, keeping his knee gently pressed against the neck so as to prevent his rising, undo the buckles of the harness, taking care when the weight of the shafts can be taken off him to throw a rug or coat on the place where his forefeet will be put in the endeavour to rise, so that he may have something which will afford a more secure foothold than the ground which by its slipperiness has caused his fall.

Inasmuch as harness horses should last much longer than hunters, the purchase of a very young horse is never to be recommended. You will get nearly as many years' work out of a sound seven-year-old as out of a four-year-old, with the advantage that the former has got over what may be termed his infantile complaints. Young horses are constantly throwing out splints, being laid up and causing anxiety to their owners, whereas a sound and seasoned six- or seven-year-old horse should give his owner but little trouble.

The age of a horse is principally determined by the teeth. The incisors are six in number when the mouth is complete, and in horses there is in addition a peculiar tooth on each side of the jaw called a 'tusk,' which does not appear till the animal is about four years old, and is not fully developed until the last permanent incisor is up. At the age of four the jaw contains four permanent teeth and one milk tooth on each side; at five the six permanent incisors are present, though the inner wall of the corner teeth is absent. At six this inner wall has grown up to the level of the outer, and the mouth is complete. In addition to these changes, what is termed the 'mark' serves as a criterion of age. The 'mark' is a hollow in the centre of the tooth, extending at first about half an inch into the incisor. The whole tooth is covered with a wall of pearly enamel, which penetrates into and lines the 'mark.' At four the mark is plain in all the permanent incisors. At six the mark is wearing out of the two centre teeth, but is plainly visible in the two next, and perfectly fresh in the two corner teeth. At seven the mark

has disappeared from the centre teeth, is but faintly visible in the two next, and only distinct in the corner teeth, and at nine the marks are not to be depended upon at all. It should be borne in mind that crib-biters will wear their teeth down at an earlier age than others, while horses which feed on grass and soft food will often retain the marks twelve months longer than corn-fed horses. After the age of nine a purchaser must judge by the increasing length of the teeth and the increasing angle which they form with the jaw. Formerly, the practice of making artificial marks, or 'bishoping,' was not uncommon amongst dealers, but it is now becoming less prevalent. When such a one is brought into the yard of the Veterinary College, it is regarded as quite an event by the students. The process is performed by filing the edges of the incisors to the required length, rasping the surface to whiten and cleanse them, and then rubbing them down with sandpaper to render them smooth ; after which the concave holes in the incisors are made with a sharp engraving tool, and carefully burnt with a hot iron so as to leave no stains round the edges. But no process has yet been discovered which can restore the lining of enamel with which the tooth in all its sinuosities ought to be, and is, covered by nature. Other tricks have been resorted to to disguise the age, such as puffing out with wind the deep holes that come over the eyes of old horses, thoroughly washing and neatly painting any grey hairs with indian ink in a dark-coloured horse. With these precautions, and by suddenly bringing a horse from a dark stall into a bright light, an appearance of youth, fire, and vigour may be given by which the unwary may be deceived.

Horses for quiet harness-work will often last up to twenty years of age, and even more ; but when they cease to be useful for the most moderate work, it is no true kindness to allow them to live on, with mouths unfit to perform the work of mastication, suffering perhaps from lameness or affection of the wind ; it is more merciful to put such an animal to a humane death.

Horses are now seldom used for travelling, except in the

pleasure coaches which run between London and the suburbs, and in Scotland, Devonshire, and Wales, where in the tourist season a considerable amount of posting is still done in those mountainous districts inaccessible to the railway. In these districts a pair of posters will go thirty to forty miles a day, when the pressure of business requires. Before the advent of railways fifty miles in a day was not considered too much for a pair of horses to do, and that in a lumbering travelling carriage. The rules laid down for such a journey were to go ten miles and bait for fifteen minutes, giving each horse an opportunity to wash out his mouth and a wisp of hay. Then to travel another six miles and stop half an hour, taking off the harness, rubbing the horses well down, and giving to each half a peck of corn. After travelling a further ten miles, hay and water were given as at first, when another six miles might be traversed, and then a bait of at least two hours was considered necessary, and the horses were given hay and a feed of corn. After journeying another ten miles, hay and water as before was administered, and the rest of the journey might be accomplished without a further stop, when the horses were provided with a mash before their night meal, and if the weather were cold and wet, some beans thrown in. This calculates a pace averaging six or seven miles an hour.

A very important question is, how much work can a horse or horses do?

Some people will say that horses can hardly be used too much, others that an hour or so a day is enough. A fair criterion may be obtained by taking the work which large jobmasters and contractors, who naturally get the most they can out of their horses, expect them to do. For slow work, such as that of a commercial traveller in London, when the distances are short, the pace slow, and stoppages long and many, a horse is expected to, and does, spend a day of eight hours in the shafts, and except Sunday does not often get a rest; van-horses and others of that class also work, as a rule, all day; but, although the hours are long, it will be found that no very great number

of miles has been travelled at the end of the week, and the pace is so slow that it will be no guide to the average horse-master.

For quicker work the hardy cobs which are used in the newspaper or butchers' carts do good service; some of them average over twenty miles a day, quick work but with constant stoppages. It is the rule of well-conducted offices to keep spare horses, so that each of the animals gets two days' rest a week. They only last, however, two to three years, one that has been working five years being

quite an exception. For quick harness-work it is the opinion of a large contractor and jobmaster, that it requires a very good horse to do regularly fourteen miles a day.

Coach-horses, which at the present time are better looked after than in old days, and which generally command good prices at the end of a season which lasts for less than six months, travel on the average fourteen miles a day for five days a week, the work being done in two stages, and the pace about ten miles an hour. These horses are sometimes supplied by contractors, but more usually bought by gentlemen who manage the coach.

I think, then, we may fairly say fourteen to fifteen miles a day for a single horse or pair of horses, if continued five days in the week, is very fair work, and only sound and good-constitutioned horses will go on doing it regularly—that is, supposing the pace to be eight or nine miles an hour. Cobs will, as a rule, do more work than horses; but even those I have mentioned in hard contract work do not do much more than one hundred miles a week.

These job-horses, it may be mentioned, are entirely manger-fed, their hay being given in the form of chaff, and they have as much as they can eat.

For long journeys, perfectly level roads are more tiring than those which are slightly undulating. It is always possible by accelerating the pace towards the end of a hill greatly to lighten the labour as well as to make a start in ascending the other side of the dip. In driving long distances a great speed should not be attempted, nor should horses be hurried at the start, until they are warmed to their work. Before the end of the journey it is desirable to slacken the pace in order that the horses may be brought in as cool as possible. The maxims given by old Markham in 'The Way to Wealth,' published in 1731, are worth repeating. 'When the days are extremely hot, labour you horses morning and evening, and forbear high noone. Take not a saddle off suddenly, but at leisure, and laying on the cloth set on the saddle again, till he be cold.

Litter you horse deepe, and in the days of harvest let it also lye under him. Dress your horse twice a day.'

Taylor, the Water-Poet, who was a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare, describes a journey which he made in 1647, in the following words :—

> We took our coach, two coachmen, and four horses,
> And merrily from London made our courses.
> We wheel'd the top of the heavy hill call'd Holborn
> (Up which hath been full many a sinful soul borne),
> And so along we jolted past St. Giles's,
> Which place from Brentford six, or near seven miles is.
> To Staines that night at five o'clock we coasted,
> Where, at the Bush, we had bak'd, boil'd, and roasted.
> Bright Sol's illustrious rays the day adorning,
> We past Bagshot and Bawwaw Friday morning.
> That night we lodg'd at the White Hart at Alton,
> And had good meat—a table with a salt on.
> Next morn we rose with blushing-cheek'd Aurora ;
> The ways were fair, but not so fair as Flora,
> For Flora was a goddess and a woman,
> And, like the highways, to all men was common.
> Our horses, with the coach which we went into,
> Did hurry us amain, through thick and thin too ;
> With fiery speed, the foaming bits they champ'd on
> And brought us to the Dolphin at Southampton.

Horses that come fresh from a dealer's have usually been fed on soft food. When first brought into a stable they will require a dose of physic, gentle exercise, beginning with walking and gradually increasing in amount and pace, and a diet of hard corn for a week or a fortnight before they will be fit to do hard work. When a horse has once got into good condition he should have, as far as possible, regular work—that is to say, he should have nearly as much exercise on idle days as he would be likely to have work when used by his master.

For horses in ordinary condition and used for moderate driving, two hours a day should be ample, though, as a matter of fact, it is probable that few horses get more than one. Horses

are generally taken out to exercise as soon as they are fed, and the stalls cleaned out, and before the men's breakfast. The time available for the work, especially in winter, is therefore necessarily curtailed.[1]

A harness horse in regular work ought to be fed four times a day, at six, eleven, four, and seven ; and should be given in that time 12 lbs. of good old oats. The allowance for race-horses in training at Newmarket is from 14 lbs. to 16 lbs. per diem. Before being fed they should invariably be watered, unless the plan is adopted, which is at once more natural and attended with no evil effects, of allowing a horse always to have water in his trough, provided that at each feed the water in the trough is changed. Water should never be given to a horse just before undertaking hard work or immediately on coming in if very hot and tired. In the latter case a little warm gruel should take the place of it.

See that your oats are of full weight, at least 40 lbs. to the bushel; that they are quite without smell, dry, neither too fresh nor musty, and that they are of about the same size. Hay should be old and good, sweet-smelling upland hay. It should be clean, firm, and bright, and, if possible, from one to two years old. New hay should never be given until after the November of the year in which it was made. The bedding, which should not be stinted, ought to consist of the best wheat straw; it should always be kept thoroughly clean, and no dung be allowed to remain amongst it. It should be turned over and thoroughly exposed to dry every day. Barley straw is prickly, irritating to the skin, and should never be used. Oat straw, being much shorter than wheat, requires to be used in larger quantities, and has the objection that horses are tempted to eat it. The use of peat-moss involves much extra trouble in grooming, but is very useful for sick horses or others not in

[1] The horses in the hack cars in the streets of Dublin are usually 18 hours 5 or 6 days running in the shafts. They get 28 lbs. of oats a day, and think nothing of running you down to Newbridge, over 20 Irish miles (about twenty-five miles English measure).—ED.

regular work; care should be taken to lay down a fresh covering to the bed frequently, or the horse's feet will suffer. Green forage is very cooling in hot weather, but should always be given quite fresh. Beans and peas may be mixed with the corn where horses are doing hard work, especially after they come in from a long day.

A pair of horses will not only draw a heavier carriage, but will also, by mutual assistance, do a longer day's work, than a single horse. In fact, two horses are always better than one for anything like real work, though here of course a man's means have to be considered. If a master wishes to use his horses both for riding and driving, there is no reason why he should not do so, especially if he has light hands and can persuade his groom, when driving them, not to 'hang on to their heads.'

The question may perhaps be asked, what sort of establishment of horses is to be recommended for a married man of ample means, who does not care to have in his stables animals which he would only take out a few times a year? Such a man might be advised to provide himself with six teamers—namely, three wheelers and three leaders. Of these the leaders should always be animals that can be driven in a phaeton or victoria, and the wheelers suitable to go in a brougham or landau when required. In addition, a pair of carriage horses for a lady's regular use might be kept. Two hacks, of which one can be ridden by the groom, should be enough, especially if there is a hunting stable in addition to draw upon. One, or at most two, 'slaves' for night work in London and station work in the country will complete a stable which most people will find take up all their time to keep in sufficient work. Ponies, which are of use for little else than the pony carriage, will be required only by those who have a special fancy for such.

The carriages for them to horse might consist of an omnibus —a most useful carriage for station work, especially with a large family, and also for taking a shooting party and their loaders to the coverts ; it should be provided with bars so that a team can be driven in it if necessary– a coach, an exercising break, a

phaeton or stanhope, a coupé brougham (or if there are young ladies, a double brougham), and either a victoria or a landau. This will be as much as a London stable is likely to hold, though a hansom cab with india-rubber tires is a serviceable vehicle; it is not conspicuous, travels fast, and is very useful both for messages and light station work. Such other carriages as a Perth dog-cart or an Irish car might be kept in the country.

'The young idea.'

Tattersall's.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COACH-HORSE.

By the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

So much difference of opinion is there as to what is the best and pleasantest style of coach-horse to drive, that we are not likely to find ourselves in agreement with all our readers upon this subject. The old stage-coachmen used to say that they liked the big heavy horse for a hilly team, and the small, compact, quick-stepping, fast-galloping little horse for a flat stage. We must remember that in those days, when the coach was the only conveyance of the country, the loads were very heavy, and no doubt the big, heavy plodding horse put his shoulder well to it, and got the coach up the hill with less trouble to himself and his coachman, than the smaller and lighter team of horses would have done. In these days, when the road coaches

only carry passengers and no luggage to speak of, even if there is any at all, we should prefer for all sorts of roads short-stepping and small, though thick, horses. They are infinitely pleasanter to drive. Anybody who has had the experience of taking off a big, lolloping team of rather under-bred horses who are very tired, and have been hanging on the coachman's hands for the last two or three miles of the stage, will understand what a pleasure and a relief it is to feel the quick, sharp trot of a little team of fresh horses.

We think, from our experience of the modern road coaches, and from what we see of the gentlemen's teams driving about London and the country, that so far we shall be in agreement with most of our readers. Difference of opinion exists as to the respective heights of wheelers and leading horses. Some like them exactly the same size, others prefer a big wheel-horse and a little leader; others again like a thick, low wheel-horse, and rather a taller and slighter leader. In our opinion, this latter is the perfection of a team. It looks better when they are coming to you, as well as when you are sitting on the coach. We do not think, however, it really signifies either one way or the other. We have driven teams of horses of all sorts, and shapes, and sizes, and we have found them to go equally well, whether the leaders were the same size, or larger, or smaller than the other horses. It is a matter of 'taking the eye,' and for appearance we prefer the small, thick wheeler, and the tall, light leader.

The gentleman who wants to set up a team, having got his coach, and his harness, his coach-house, his harness-room, and his stable beautifully done up, looking as smart as French polish and bright brass can make it look, has now to proceed to buy himself a team of horses. We must take for granted that gentlemen who want to set up a coach and horses, even if they are beginners, will have some knowledge of the animal horse, and therefore will not find it necessary to wade through these pages to learn where to find one. But there are gentlemen who, having had too much to occupy them in their youth,

and having more leisure as they get further on in life, might wish to start a team, and might refer to these volumes for advice how to do so. To them we would say, get your wheel-horses as strong as is consistent with activity. If you have the choice between the good-actioned horse that is not quite so strong and a stronger horse that is not quite of such good action, the judicious course will be to buy the good-actioned horse.

Also we should recommend a coachman to teach his horses to go both at wheel and before the bars, as he will find their readiness to work in either place a great convenience. Of course the least troublesome, though it may prove to be the most expensive, way of finding a team will be to go to a well-known dealer. But the lover of coaching will find more amusement, and interest, and fun, in picking up horses for himself, and for this purpose visits to Tattersall's, Aldridge's, or Mr. Rymill's at the Barbican, &c., afford a very large choice of animals, of all sizes, and shapes and colours. Then, again, if a gentleman has leisure and time to devote to it, he can look round some of the great country emporiums, such as Reading, Rugby, Leicester, Swindon, and other country towns, which should provide him with something that suits his fancy. If the beginner is content to get nice fresh but raw horses, not at all a bad plan is to buy from the farmers. This entails a little horse-breaking, which is not bad practice for a beginner. It may cost a little in paint from the vagaries which young horses indulge in, but it is perhaps more pleasant and more satisfactory to sit behind and drive a team of your own breaking, than it is to be furnished with everything to your hand by the dealers.

As regards the stamp of horses for a long and hard day's work, there is nothing can beat a thoroughbred one. The more blood you have in horses you drive, the better you will be able to do long and trying journeys. Still such animals are scarcely what we should designate by the word coach-horses. If you have not very long stages to go, you can indulge your

fancy by studying from the old pictures the stamp of horse that was used formerly, before the railways ran the coaches clean off the roads. It is not at all disagreeable amusement going about and trying to find horses of the same stamp that were used in those days. Of course, the very short tails which the coach-horses and posters had in those days very much alter the appearance of the stamp of horse, and render it more difficult to procure the exact variety that was formerly used, because if they exist they are so changed. An inexperienced man cannot realise the extent to which a horse's appearance can be altered by putting him on a long or a short tail. It is only by the well-practised eye of a man very conversant with horses that the exact shape and make can be detected under the altered circumstances of a long or a short tail.

The gentleman, having provided himself with the horses that please him, has now got to put them into his stable. And here we would impress upon him that hot stables are to be avoided ; the cooler and better ventilated they are, and the more the windows are kept open either by day or by night, the healthier he will find his horses to be. We have, however, already gone so thoroughly into the question of stables,[1] that we need not enter into detail here.

A great difficulty with regard to horses in a gentleman's establishment, so different from public coach-horses who run their ten or twelve miles every day, is the want of uniformity in the amount of work that the horse gets. From some cause or other he may not go out for three or four days, the next three or four days he may be out every day upon journeys of varying length. Therefore either the master himself or his groom must try and exercise what sense has been given each, in apportioning the amount of exercise that the horse should take ; in one case it may be necessary for the animal to make up for the want of work, in the other he will require merely sufficient to stretch his legs for healthy purposes after he has been on a long journey. One great difficulty the groom has

[1] *Hunting*, p. 89.

to contend with is, that if his master is at home he dare not give the horses too many hours' exercise in the morning for fear he should be ordered out in the afternoon and have a long journey before him. Very often the master may say that he does not think he will want the horses to-morrow, and the groom accordingly gives them their exercise; but at the last moment there comes some invitation, some necessity to go to a distant railway station, or some cause which brings the horses out when it has been understood that they will not be needed

Well strapped every day.

It is a remarkable fact how wonderfully regular exercise agrees with a horse. We have seen horses low in condition, others too fat, some as lean as herrings, put on to a stage coach, and you may almost say before a month, certainly before two months, after they have been doing their allotted work every day, barring perhaps one day in four as rest, they will look as round as dray-horses, and yet be in the hardest possible condition. This is why those horses generally look better than the gentlemen's horses whose work is so irregular.

For gentlemen who have first-class coachmen living with them, or whose coach-horses are under a good hunting groom, it is unnecessary to dilate upon the question of grooming. But there

are not a few owners who like to be their own stud grooms, and to these we should say elbow grease is the best receipt we can give for having horses in good condition. Nothing is so healthy for a horse, nothing makes him look so well and feel so well, as being thoroughly well strapped every day ; and if a gentleman can get men to do that conscientiously and take pride in it, he will seldom find it necessary to send for a veterinary surgeon.

We are very great advocates for allowing all horses, of every sort and description, to have water standing in their stable or box. After over forty years' experience, we can say that we have found the benefit to the horse's health and to his wind to be something extraordinary. Horses very seldom go roarers when they can put their noses into their trough and take a couple of mouthfuls when they like, and thus they often moisten their corn in the manger. It stands to reason, and as a matter of fact we have absolutely proved, that a horse when left to his own instinct drinks about five gallons of water a day ; and if he takes it in very small sips, rarely or never drinking more than a small teacupful at a time, it is much less likely to make him a bad roarer than if he fills his stomach twice a day, drinking off, as may be said at one swig, four gallons each time. We have practically proved the difference between the quantity of liquid consumed by a horse which is watered twice a day and one which has water constantly with him ; the former drinks eight gallons and the latter only five. We consider the continuous supply quite as important for coach-horses as it is for hunters and hacks. In our own experience of a large establishment, the increase in ventilation and decrease in the amount of water consumed by the horses have vastly reduced the number of roarers. Forty years ago, in a stable where there were always eighty to one hundred horses in hard work, half of them, and sometimes more, were roarers ; in the same establishment now, with about the same number of horses, there have not been for many years more than two or three roarers at a time, and we attribute the change entirely to the method of watering, and the greater amount of fresh air in the stables.

'Doors opened every day.'

CHAPTER V.

THE COACH-HOUSE, HARNESS-ROOM, AND DRIVING APPLIANCES.

By Major Dixon and others.

Whether the coach-house be a tiny apartment affording shelter to a modest pony-cart only, or whether it be a lofty many-doored building accommodating a dozen valuable carriages, it should be a subject of considerable care. In order that complete justice be done, one cart or carriage requires just as much care as if it were but one-tenth of the owner's vehicles; and the same remark holds good in the case of harness. When properly looked after carriages and harness last a long time, and preserve their good appearance to the end; but if neglected, then, like clothes, they become prematurely shabby. It is easy to lay down rules for the building of coach-houses and harness-rooms, but the ideal can exist only where the owner has plenty of space, and the means to indulge his

fancy; less favoured individuals must take things as they find them, and make the best of the means at their disposal; but even then there is no excuse for disregarding certain well-defined rules and commonly accepted precautions.

THE COACH-HOUSE.

Beginning with the coach-house, it is of supreme importance that it be *dry*. If damp, woodwork, ironwork, linings, and cushions (though on the slightest suspicion of moisture the latter should be removed within range of a stove) will all suffer. It is preferable that the coach-house should be moderately warm; but dryness is the first consideration; and plenty of fresh air, and a few gallons of white water oil for use in one or other of the mineral-oil stoves, procurable everywhere, will work wonders. Gas, when laid on, may be used as a substitute, but it has a tendency to tarnish metalwork, and, therefore to increase labour. Air is of as much importance as warmth, so the doors of the coach-house should be flung open every day; while linings and cushions should be carefully brushed; but the brush should not be too hard, lest it injure the fabric. A small painter's brush should always be kept to get dust out of corners and interstices into which the ordinary pattern cannot penetrate. Of late years the seats of both open and closed carriages have been made without the quilting and button process, and the new departure is an improvement, as the indentations where the buttons are sewn on harbour a great deal of dust, whether the material be leather or cloth. The doors and windows of closed carriages should be opened daily; and in the event of a vehicle not being required for use for some time the cushions should be taken away, placed in holland wrappings together with a handful of Russian leather shavings; while a few more should be placed on the carriage itself to preserve the lining from the ravages of moth.

A single-horse vehicle will not have the shafts removed; but

in every coach-house due provision should be made for the reception of the poles of two-horse carriages. The common practice of propping them against the wall is not to be commended, unless there be on the wall some contrivance for holding the heads, and a stop on the floor to prevent the downward ends from slipping ; but a projection on the ground often interferes in limited establishments, with the utilisation of all the room for standing purposes. Unless some means are taken to keep a pole secure it may crack after being thrown down, and break when in use ; moreover, in damp weather a pole may warp through being stood against a wall. A better plan is to have wooden supports fitted to the wall of the coach-house, on which the pole may rest. The wood should be covered with some soft substance to prevent scratching, and the supports should be about five feet apart, an arrangement which will not throw undue strain upon any part of the pole. Those who believe in the importance of small things will see the advisability of having the pole supports about three feet six inches from the ground, so as to prevent unthinking people from seating themselves on the pole.

A carriage fresh from the coach-builders, either as a new one or after the 'doing up' process, has had such pains expended upon the painting and varnishing of its panels and wheels that it is clearly the duty of the owner to insist upon the cleaning being properly and carefully performed. The apparently simple feat of washing a carriage is, nevertheless, not so easy as it looks, and takes some time to learn. A well-meaning but inexperienced lad may not begin to clean a vehicle until the mud has been dry on it for some hours ; then he sets to work with a stiff brush, scratching the varnish all over ; turns on a deluge of water ; remembers that his dinner or tea time has arrived ; gives the carriage a hasty wipe over, and rolls it back into the coach-house with many beads of water still clinging to it. People, therefore, who have good carriages will find it the best economy to engage a competent servant, even though he may require a higher wage. But as the services of a

second-rate man may have to suffice in some establishments, the owner must remember that the mud should be removed *before* it dries on the carriage. While it is soft it comes off without difficulty ; does not need scrubbing, or picking off with the finger-nails (an operation which is sure to scratch the panel) ; and does not leave a stain behind it. Then, when the mud has been removed, and water has been thrown over the carriage, the latter should be carefully dried, as the drops of water, if allowed to dry on, spoil the panels.

The writer would here suggest that the inexperienced horse-owner would do well, at the outset of his career, to look on while his carriage, horses, and harness are being cleaned after use on a muddy day. His presence may, in the first place, lead to the work being done thoroughly, and as it should be done ; while, secondly, and more important still, the owner will discover, if he did not know it before, that the cleaning of an equipage is a lengthy process. As neither horses, carriage, nor harness should ever be sent out dirty, the master will realise the fact that to constantly have his carriage in and out for short journeys is unfair both to his servants and his property. If, however, he insists upon being driven to the station in the morning, hands over the carriage to his wife for afternoon purposes, and requires to be taken to theatre or dinner in the evening, he must man his establishment accordingly, if he would have justice done to himself and his chattels. We would protest in the strongest manner against things being half done. A carriage which is merely rubbed over on half a dozen occasions for every one that it is thoroughly washed ; bits that are burnished one day and just wiped the next, will never look well, and never do credit to the stable servants. If you are so situated or inclined as to need a conveyance at short intervals throughout the day, for what may approximate to business purposes, get a cheap cart, a rough pony, and inexpensive harness, and do not pretend to keep any of them up to the mark. The turn-out will then look what it is, merely a convenience ; but do not get good horses, carriages, and —let us hope—

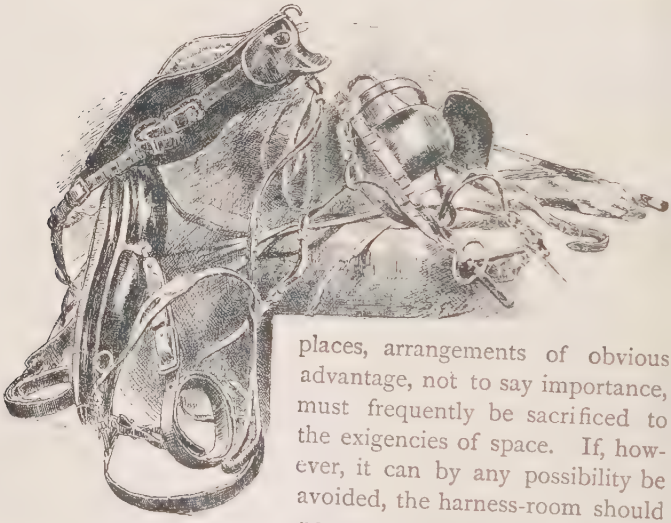
good servants, and then spoil the one and demoralise the other by unfair usage. As regards two-wheeled carts, a varnished one —that is to say, one varnished but *not* painted—is rather less trouble to clean than one which is both painted and varnished.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the coachman should make frequent examination of the carriages committed to his care. A sudden jolt may have caused something to go amiss with a spring; a nut or a bolt on the under-carriage may have worked loose; the pole or splinter-bar may have become sprung; the wheels may need oiling, or the washers may require to be renewed. In all these little matters the stitch in time may save not only nine, but the life of some one as well. The axles in particular should be carefully examined, as they are probably the most important of all the component parts of a coach or any other carriage; and since the ill-fated accident that befell the 'Box Hill' when Captain Cooper was driving it and the pole broke, we do not recollect a single mishap to any of the road-coaches which was not caused by a defective axle. In 1882, the axle of Major Lawes's drag broke while he was driving along Queen's Gate, the passengers were thrown off, and Mrs. Willis had the misfortune to severely injure her leg. Collinge's boxes are mostly in use for private carriages, and the old mail box for both public and private coaches; they are both good in their way, but when once a flaw appears in the steel, all the screws and bolts in the world cannot prevent the wheel coming off.

Accidents must happen sometimes to the best built, most perfectly appointed and carefully driven, coaches and carriages of every description. Horses may take fright at any unusual noise or object, and run away; they may kick, shy, or be up to many and various sorts of tricks; a pole or a spring may break, a wheel may come off, or a thousand and one other things may happen. In each and every one of such cases, there is only one rule, a golden one: *Stick to the ship* as long as you can; there is always *some* chance of assistance being at hand. There is *none* if you throw yourself, or jump, off.

THE HARNESS-ROOM.

As with the coach-house so with the harness-room · its situation, size, and internal arrangements cannot always be selected by the individual who happens to be its temporary owner. In large country establishments, where there is plenty of space, the stable offices are often satisfactory enough ; but in a London mews, or in ' cribbed, cabined, and confined '



places, arrangements of obvious advantage, not to say importance, must frequently be sacrificed to the exigencies of space. If, however, it can by any possibility be avoided, the harness-room should never communicate with the stable, as the ammonia from the latter dulls and tarnishes all metal-work which may come under influence of its fumes. Where the two are found opening one into the other, it is worth while, if the stable have a second entrance, to stop up the door between the two ; plug up all the holes and crevices, and put the coachman to the additional trouble of carrying the 'tack' round ; even if it be exposed to the rain on the way, it is the lesser of two evils.

Internally the fittings should be complete, though not

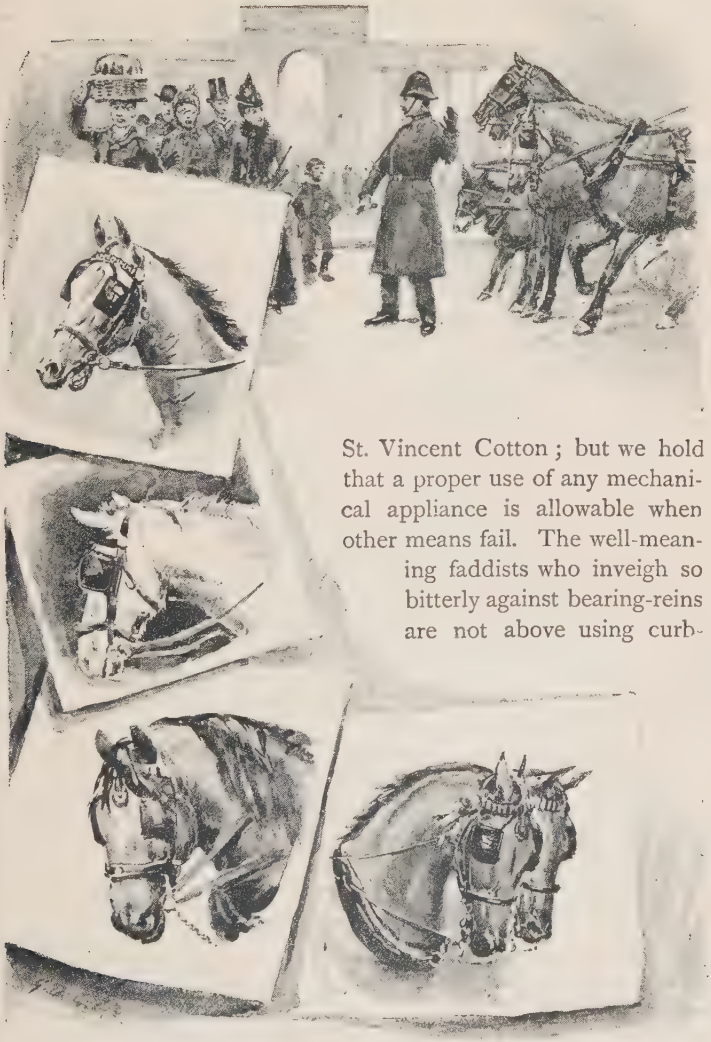
necessarily expensive. To hang a saddle upon a tenpenny nail; to force a crupper over a great wooden arm, merely because it happens to be there; or to hang bits and stirrup-irons over a gas bracket, because no proper convenience is at hand, is false economy. Such makeshifts are never seen in well-regulated establishments. The harness-room should be provided with a fireplace or stove of some kind, and bits, stirrup-irons, &c., should be kept in a wooden case, lined with green baize, and placed in a dry part of the room—over the mantelshelf is as good as anywhere. Several firms now make the fitting up of harness-rooms a speciality, and no difficulty need be experienced in procuring suitable brackets, pegs, &c., at a moderate cost, if economy be an object. The manner in which bits are turned out is, to a great extent, an index of the pains bestowed upon the equipage at large; they should be kept scrupulously clean, free from the slightest speck of rust, and should be carefully burnished, for which a burnisher is required.

Bits are, to a great extent, matters of fancy, and are also very often the most difficult things to get suited with, as it is not only the horse's mouth, but the coachman's hands, which have to be considered. There are one or two persons well known in the Park who, on the strength of possessing fairly good hands, drive with bits of the greatest severity. A bit that exactly does for one horse may drive another mad, which sometimes makes it awkward when you have to drive a pair, and all the more so when you have to put a team together. The Liverpool bits are very fashionable; neat and useful for single harness, or tandem-driving, but in double harness, or with a team, they are apt to hurt the sides of the horses' mouths, for which there is no prevention except to use a circular cheek-leather, which fits on either or both sides of the bit, but which is far from being ornamental. The old-fashioned elbow-bits are probably the best for heavy coach-work; though some men prefer the 'Buxton' pattern, with a bar at the bottom, to prevent the bit from becoming entangled in the pole-chains, or coupling-rein

when no bearing-reins are used ; but there are now so many different sorts, sizes, and patterns made, that with a little trouble all can be accommodated.[1]

Bearing-reins have been, and will always continue to be, a bone of contention between coachmen of different classes, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and others who periodically write a considerable amount of rubbish on the subject when the newspapers are not filling well, and the gigantic gooseberry season comes in. It may safely be said that were not bearing-reins still in use among the ordinary traffic of Piccadilly, Bond Street, Regent Street, &c., the number of accidents, as well as the amounts of the coach-builder's bills, would be largely increased. There is no reason in the world why they cannot be put on to be of use when required, without causing torture, though no doubt in many cases they are improperly employed. As, however, there are some people—it is doubtful whether they are practical coach-men—who decline to see in bearing-reins anything but horrible barbarity, it may not be out of place to state briefly in what cases they may be of some use. Except for the purpose of show, they might be dispensed with for horses in single harness in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred. The hundredth horse might be some heavy-headed boring brute requiring more room in which to be pulled up than is always available in the streets of London. With such a horse a bearing-rein, not tighter than is absolutely necessary, is surely permissible, if only to save the coachman's arms. It may be granted that bad bitting and worse driving may have originally conduced to the horse's mouthless state ; it may also be true that the man called upon to drive him may not possess the skill of a Sir

[1] The bit must be suited to the horse, and the possessor and driver of many horses must, if he wishes to enjoy life, have many bits, some with ports, some without. Nine horses out of ten will go pleasantly in a shifting bit, which has a smooth side and a rough side to the bar, which also shifts up and down for about an inch, and the cheek of which turns so that the smooth or rough side can be used.—B.



St. Vincent Cotton; but we hold that a proper use of any mechanical appliance is allowable when other means fail. The well-meaning faddists who inveigh so bitterly against bearing-reins are not above using curb-

bits; and on the whole, horses perhaps suffer much less from bearing-reins than from heavy hands and curb-bits. In double harness, however, the employment of loose bearing-reins has saved many an accident. If a pair of horses, or four, are driven straight away for, say, ten miles, baited, and driven home again, bearing-reins are often, it may be admitted, not wanted; but it is different with horses driven in the Park, and those which have to stand outside shops or private houses, while the occupants of the carriage are shopping or visiting. Horses soon get warm under the bridle, and when they are pulled up it is to the moist spot that the flies are attracted. They cause a certain amount of irritation, and the horse naturally enough scratches himself, or at least he would do had he a hand for the purpose. He drops his head to the pole: and possibly gets the bit fast. Out comes the proprietor of the carriage, or perhaps the policeman on duty appears with a moving-on mission. The entanglement is not perceived till too late; the horse does not answer to the reins; a collision occurs, or perhaps the horse starts kicking and then falls down. When the evening papers appear, the ubiquitous reporter will be found to have sent in a paragraph detailing 'A singular carriage accident at the West End.' This is no fancy sketch; and a bearing-rein which is *short* enough to prevent such a catastrophe is, at the same time, *long* enough to allow the horse unrestrained freedom of the head. It is the abuse of bearing-reins (which takes the form of the gag shortened to a cruel extent), and not the use of them, which merits universal condemnation.

Breech-bands, or breechings as they are more commonly called, are very useful in broughams, T-carts, and other vehicles when a single horse has to stop a load, but they are very little wanted in buggies, gigs, or dogcarts, except in very hilly countries, where they are also still sometimes considered an essential part of four-horse and pair-horse harness; but with the present improvements in breaks, they are seldom required, are very unsightly, make more weight for the horses to carry, and add to the cost of the harness.

Collars require the greatest attention and nicety in fitting, for they must not only fit *well*, but *exactly*; if too long, they are as bad as if they were too short, too wide, or too narrow; in each case sore shoulders are certainties. It follows, therefore, that, where more horses than one are kept, each should have its own collar, which should be plainly marked inside, so as to preclude the possibility of mistake. For private carriages they can be made as light and elegant as is compatible with strength and safety; but for long journeys or coach-work they can scarcely have what the collar-makers call too much stuff in them.

Before putting the collar on, the man who is about to do so should put his knee into it and widen it a little; few people know what agony some horses suffer from having a narrow collar brutally shoved over their eyes and ears, and the man who invents a collar which could be opened at the top, and closed again neatly when under the hames strap, would be the greatest benefactor to horses whose mission is harness. The great difficulty about such a collar, and one which has never been surmounted yet, is that it is impossible to make it keep its shape, and it is more liable than all others to give sore shoulders. A collar when on should lie flat on each side of the horse's neck, with just room enough at the bottom for a man's moderate-sized hand to go through. When taken off, the collar should be well washed with soap and warm water and thoroughly dried, *not* near a hot fire, before being again used.

False collars, a flat piece of leather made to fit under the actual collar, may be useful to protect a horse's shoulders for the first time or two he is put into harness, and some horses always require to wear one. Harness-makers have a formula they sometimes make use of when measuring a horse for a collar, and Messrs. Spence & Storrars, of Letham, Ladybank, Fife, invented, about the year 1885, a horse-collar measurer, which, in its arrangement of framework and movable pegs, bears some resemblance to the configurator used by some hatters to measure their customers for a hat. We know

nothing of the merits of this contrivance, but it is a self-obvious fact that it is advisable, whenever practicable, for the harness-maker to see the horse he is required to fit with a collar. The straightness or obliquity of the animal's shoulders, the width of chest, leanness or fleshiness of neck, and the condition he is in at the time of measurement, are one and all matters which to a greater or lesser degree demand particular attention.

The foregoing remarks apply almost exclusively to the ordinary horse-collar, i.e. the stuffed one which is put on over the horse's head; but as we desire to impart as much information as possible upon the subject of harness, we here make mention of several inventions which have from time to time been submitted to the horse-owning public. First of all comes the zinc collar-pad of Mr. Dexter Curtis, 59 Tenby Street North, Birmingham.[1] This contrivance 'for the prevention and cure of horses' sore necks'—we quote the inventor's description—may be described as a sort of false collar of zinc. Mr. Curtis's theory is, we believe, that when the horse gets warm, the moisture acting upon the metal creates a sort of extempore zinc ointment, the cooling and healing properties of which are well known.

The article manufactured by the Alpha Air Horse-Collar Company, 9 Eagle Place, Piccadilly Circus, London, differs from the collar in ordinary use in being filled with air instead of stuffing. The prospectus claims for this invention the following advantages among others: 'The pad being pliable enables the horse to fit himself immediately to his collar in draught; it resists perspiration and is cool to the shoulders; it is lighter, and more durable than the ordinary collar; it is not more costly than the ordinary kind; and it prevents sore shoulders.' It is inflated through a small screw opening, something like that attached to a common air seat; but there is this peculiarity about it—viz.: that when the screw is turned so as to allow the air to escape, the collar partly refills itself again. Several testimonials in favour of this collar are printed on the prospectus, two of them being from Mr. Sangster, the

[1] I strongly recommend these zinc collar-pads.—ED.

veterinary surgeon, and Messrs. Pickford, the well-known carriers respectively.

Lastly, we come to the patent of the Elastic Horse-Collar Company, 72 Summer Row, Birmingham. The prospectus gives the following description of the new collar, which, we may mention, is made of thin steel :—

The collar may be described as a hollow pair of hames enlarged to the size of an ordinary collar, and fitting the horse's shoulder like an ordinary collar, but in an improved manner. It is composed of two similar halves, with their necessary connections, formed of thin steel plates forged into U shape, and is provided with rigid fastenings at top and bottom, thus enabling the collar to be opened on pressing a spring catch at the throat, and then easily put on or taken off a horse's neck, avoiding the necessity of forcing the collar over the horse's head, and greatly facilitating the disengagement of the collar when a horse falls.

The draught-hooks (which may be replaced by rings or any other appliance to suit existing harness) are attached to the outer and front flanges of the sides of the collar, which are strengthened with internal springs of U shape, and have a considerable degree of elasticity, rendering the collar remarkably easy to the animal's shoulders, and greatly relieving the shock incident to sudden and heavy draught. The elastic steel collars may be readily adjusted to the horse's shoulders, and once fitted never alter their shape ; and presenting a smooth surface galvanised with zinc, they practically extend the advantages of the zinc pad, which has been in use for some years with such good results, all over the collar. The pull is distributed over a large surface of the shoulders, and does not come wholly on the outer edge, as is often the case with the ordinary leather collar. They are always dry, and comfortable, and fit for immediate use. They are invaluable for horses with tender skin, enabling them to work with comfort where, with ordinary collars, they would be continually under treatment for galls. The collars are lighter, stronger, cheaper, cleaner, and more comfortable than leather collars. All parts are interchangeable, and, in the event of any part being damaged or worn out, it can be at once replaced at a nominal cost. The hames of ordinary collars are occasionally pulled out of their places, but as hames are not used with the elastic steel collars, that dangerous occurrence cannot happen. The collars are in use by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade,

Tramway, Omnibus and Railway Companies, brewers, maltsters, &c. They are approved by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and by eminent veterinary surgeons, and in no single instance where the collars have been used have they failed to gain approval, and to establish their superiority over those hitherto in use.

In connection with the above, and a few other new inventions which will be noticed in the course of this chapter, it must be understood that we do not claim to have tried them (unless otherwise specified), or to have formed any opinion concerning their merits or demerits. We have let the inventors tell their own story for the benefit of those who may see fit to try them; and notice of the various patents has been made simply and solely with the view of making this portion of the book as complete as possible, and of bringing it down to date; though at the same time we do not pretend to include everything which ingenious—and sometimes unpractical—man has invented.

Kicking-straps are most useful in all kinds of single-harness work; but the attempts which have from time to time been made to apply them to double harness have generally resulted in failure. A horse that requires a cradle or kicking-strap in double harness is not fit to be put to a gentleman's carriage, but should be relegated to omnibus, van, or coach work, where, with a good thick elm-board behind him, he may let fly to his heart's content without doing much damage except to his own hocks. In single harness a kicking-strap is useful in more ways than one: it need not be heavy-looking, and must not be put on tight; if so it is worse than useless, and will make a horse kick, instead of preventing him from doing so. If properly fixed it will at once stop almost any horse who jumps up from play or from vice, when the sharp application of the whip over his ears a few times will quickly bring him to his senses again. Should a horse slip up, either in a two- or four-wheeled vehicle, the strap will help to keep him from getting his hind legs over the shaft. They are also ornamental as well as useful, for they im-

prove the appearance of the horse by removing the unfurnished look about his quarters; and, as they can be made at the same time very light and very strong, it is always the safest plan to use them; for, as the phrase goes, 'It is better to be sure than sorry.' Some gentlemen boast that they carry the kicking-strap in the horse's mouth. This may be the proficiency of a few, but such exquisite *hands* are not vouchsafed to all men. Good hands are no doubt a great prevention against kicking, as may be often seen; horses that invariably kick both in saddle and harness with men very seldom misbehave themselves when ridden or driven by women. Kicking-straps, then, especially in London, should be looked upon as articles of necessity. Some breechings are made to fit so well that they act almost as efficiently, and with the addition of a short strap do so perfectly, and have the additional advantage in a four-wheel carriage that they help the horse considerably when going downhill, or pulling up sharply.

Blinkers are objected to by some people on various grounds, but in London and all large towns, like bearing-reins and kicking-straps, the advantages they present are considerable and numerous; if properly fitted, they do not prevent a horse from seeing what is meeting him, which is really all he requires to see, but they do obstruct from his view many things that might alarm him that are going on behind, such as whips, sticks, umbrellas being flourished about, another horse being hit, &c.

Harness adapted to all tastes and purposes, and to all pockets, can be obtained almost anywhere now in London or the provinces; and a good harness-maker will, as a rule, supply what he thinks best suited to his customers, their carriages, and horses. The multiplicity of crests, badges, bosses, &c., which well-nigh hide all the leather used to make State harness, can only be known to those who belong to the trade; if plenty of show be required, the matter had best be left in professional hands It is in connection with pair-horse harness for a T-cart, a victoria, or other light carriage, especially if for a lady to drive, that the mistakes often begin. In harness of this description all that

is required is sufficient strength, combined with perfect plainness, simplicity, and neatness ; there should, therefore, be no trace-bearers or 'lion-straps,' as they are sometimes called ; no drops with crests on the forehead, no cloths under the pads ; while caps with crests on the top of the collars look clumsy on light harness. The reins should be of good tan colour, no black coupling ends or white hand-pieces, but the ordinary tan rein from end to end ; the coupling reins should be long, the buckles coming to within eighteen inches of the hands when the horses are going. They should be *flat*—round reins are not safe—and all buckles should be oblong, not rounded off at the end which the tongue lies on ; for if they are they will soon wear out the traces, reins, or whatever else they are used with. The blinkers should be nearly square, with just the corners slightly rounded off ; the pads should be light, narrow, and *flat*—not pitched up on high stuffing—and must be made to fit the backs accurately ; when put on they must be buckled firmly (not tightly), so as not to sway about ; their sitting closely will add to their good appearance and prevent sore backs. The necessity for perfectly well-fitting collars has been already pointed out.

Whips to a four-in-hand coachman are what a good fly-rod is to a fisherman ; they should be perfectly balanced, made of well-seasoned holly, yew, or blackthorn (the latter being the most difficult to get), the stick as nearly five feet long as possible, and the thong ten feet.[1] The stick should be pliable, not stiff, yet strong enough to use in a gale of wind, and the thong made of the best horse-hide to match the weight and strength of the stick. Many of the whips sold in the shops are too long in the stick, and will be found to exceed the measurement here suggested as the best. Until the novice has acquired a certain amount of proficiency in 'catching' his whip and in using it, there is no harm in his having his thong *slightly* heavy

[1] If the stick is five feet long, nine feet six inches is ample length for the thong. Indeed, ten feet I consider better. Double the length of the stick and no whipcord point.—B.

in proportion to the stick ; while, if the latter has a convenient knot just below the quill, his maiden attempts at catching his whip will be facilitated. A *very little* soft soap rubbed on the thong will make it rather more pliable and easy to manage ; but when some progress has been made, these aids to beginners should be promptly dispensed with. A few leather points should always be carried, which can easily be plaited on ; nothing is so bad, especially in wet weather, as whipcord. A jointed whip, strapped on a board, should also be kept in every coach. Single and pair-horse whips are sometimes made of other materials, but the holly, yew, and blackthorns are best. They are made in all sorts and sizes, suitable to every purpose.

DRIVING APPLIANCES : — POLES, POLE-CHAINS, POLE-HEADS, POLE-PIECES, RELEASING-GEAR, AND TRACE-BOLTS.

Poles must, of course, be made of the very best well-seasoned ash, not the slightest flaw being allowed, or else some fearful accident sooner or later is sure to occur. In most private pair-horse carriages they are made *much* too long, and this only impairs their strength. It is not, however, of so much importance as in a coach, where a long pole necessitates the leaders being put to too far from their work, which not only decreases their motive power, but also gives them a better chance of snapping the pole should any accident occur. The average length of a coach-pole should be from ten feet eight inches to ten feet ten inches.

The best pole-chains are those one end of which is fastened to a *langet*—frequently called a bridle—which slips over the end of the pole-hook, and fits into its place at the end of the polehead, the other end of the pole-chain having a long hook. This langet being continually on the move, keeps the horses' shoulders fresh ; whereas the fixed langet, to which the pole-chains are fastened by rivets and nuts, gives no play at all, and is also dangerous, insomuch that nuts and rivets must wear in time. When a nut gets loose the pole-chain drops off, and

then where are you? Pole-pieces are in most frequent use in pair-horse carriages, except mail-phaetons, of all descriptions. They should be made of the best tanned, soundest leather, and be kept perfectly clean, soft and dry, otherwise they will soon become rotten and dangerous.

The same reason which induced us to make mention of some new collars, leads, at this stage, to a notice of some inventions in connection with poles, pole-chains, and shafts. The sight of a fallen horse is, unfortunately, by no means uncommon in London and other large towns; nor will the spectator forget how great is the difficulty in releasing the horse from the carriage. To render this an operation of greater ease several contrivances have been invented. One of the earliest, we believe, is the Reliance Slip Link, patented by Messrs. Bezer & Thomas, and now manufactured and sold by the Phœnix Metal Die Co., Princes Street, Stamford Street, E.C. This is used at the end of the pole-chain, instead of the ordinary hook. When a horse falls, the pole-chain or pole-piece is often drawn so tight that neither hook nor buckle can be unfastened; but if the slip link be used, pressure on a spring releases the catch, the chain comes away at once, and the horse can be then detached from the vehicle. Another candidate for public patronage is Mr. F. Lacey (4 Price's Folly, Cooper's Arms Lane, Putney, London, S.W.), who, in order to facilitate the release of fallen horses, invented a 'pole-head slip,' which is fashioned on this wise. At the pole-head, in lieu of the ordinary link or loop for the reception of pole-chain or pole-piece respectively, are two brass or gun-metal branches at right angles to the pole; and at the extremity of the latter is a screw something like the breech-piece of a punt gun. To release a horse, unscrew the head; the branches come away, and the horse is free.

An invention especially applicable to pole-pieces is that of Mr. Craddock (370 Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross). Instead of a buckle, this pole-piece has a tongue passing beneath a loop, and a small peg passing through the pole-piece fits into

a hole in the tongue, which it holds fast. To disengage a fallen horse, it is merely necessary to withdraw the peg. The same inventor has an extraordinary appliance for single harness. The pad is, in this case, the seat of the apparatus. The back-band is divided, and the crupper-strap, instead of being attached to the pad in the ordinary way, is provided, as are both ends of the back-band, with leather tongues and brass loops. The pad, strengthened with metal, is perforated at each side and at the back to receive these three ends, which, when in place, are all pierced by a single bolt which fits into the pad behind the bearing-rein hook. When the horse falls, the withdrawal of the bolt on the pad releases the back-band and crupper. Woolnough's (2 Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, London, S.W.) Liberator Roller and Trace-Bolt seeks to compass the same end by the head of the bolt being movable, and screwing into a socket formed in the shank, so that, by unscrewing the head, the trace can be slipped off in case of accident. In addition to the foregoing, Mr. J. S. Waller, of Whitchurch, Salop, has patented a new Trace-Bolt, which can be used in double or single harness. In the latter case, the eye of the trace, instead of being longitudinal in form, is merely a round hole, through which a brass peg goes, fitting into a slot; on pulling a spring the peg is withdrawn, and the trace falls out; the principle is the same in the double-harness arrangement; but the absence of shafts necessitates the bolt being fitted to the splinter-bar. In referring to these contrivances, we repeat that we do so without any knowledge—save in the case of Waller's trace-bolts—of their working. To one and all of these appliances objection may be taken. One may be too complicated; another, though excellent in theory, may prove unworkable in practice; some may be thought unsightly; in others defective mechanism may be the weak point; while the coachman of olden days may disapprove the whole collection through a hatred to 'newfangled notions.' The inventions noted in the preceding pages, however, are but samples of the innumerable patents taken out in connection with harness and stable

appliances. Bits to stop pullers are almost countless. A few years ago a sailor invented what he called a 'horse subjugator,' for the speedy and effectual checking of runaways. This was simply a modified *garotte*. In lieu of rings for bearing-reins were a couple of blocks through which was rove a line which came to the hand of the driver. Should the horse happen to bolt, the coachman had simply to take up his cord rein, give it a lusty jerk, and hang on with all his might until the horse was sufficiently near strangulation to stop. Then there was the electric anti-crib-biting manger, which gave a galvanic shock to the horse on his attempting to seize the manger with his teeth. In short, an interesting book might be written concerning inventions in relation to horses and stables, and the failures which have waited upon a vast expenditure of time and money.

BREAKS.

Breaks are looked upon by the old school of coachmen as innovations, not always of the very best kind; they (the old coachmen) were accustomed to keep time with heavy loads, through all weathers, having only the assistance of a good skid or slipper and an active guard, and they rather scorn this extraneous assistance. There is no doubt, however, that the patent breaks are very frequently of immense use; they have prevented scores of accidents by helping to stop horses when they meant going, or when they began any other of their little games; they have saved many a poor wheeler's legs going down hills, and have oftentimes been of untold service to a coachman whose 'arms were beginning to go.' Yet some at least of the 'old school' decline to recognise the merits of the comparatively new invention. For example, Mr. Birch Reynardson, the author of 'Down the Road,' writes, 'I have seen a coachman pull up his horses at the famed White Horse Cellar with his reins in two hands, and then put on his "patent break," I suppose to stop his coach, lest his horses should move on, which in olden days they were not much

inclined to do, after they had done their ten miles an hour, with "twelve out and four in" and luggage in proportion.' Why the invention of the patent break should not have been received with a shout of universal approval, it is difficult to tell, unless indeed it was that English coachmen would not take kindly to a French invention. The oldest of the old school would not object to using well-fitting harness and easy bits in order that the horses might go with comfort to themselves; nor would they, when going uphill, add needlessly to the draught by picking out all the soft, broken, or stony parts of the road. That being so, why on earth should they affect to deride a mechanical contrivance which lessens the strain on a horse's limbs when descending a hill?

It has been said, and truly, that in inexperienced hands they are made a great deal too much use of, and generally at the wrong time; for nothing looks so bad, or uncoachmanlike, as to put on the break at every little decline on the road, or when pulling up at the end of the stage, which performance may be too often seen at Hatchett's. This, however, is scarcely a fair argument against the break. That it can be abused is unquestionable, and it is equally a fact that the continual abuse of it has manufactured more bad coachmen, and more wheelers that won't even try to stop a coach, than can possibly be believed. But whips and curb-bits are also open to abuse; yet no one has advised that all coachmen should drive their horses in snaffles, or, like a famous tandem-driver who could never master the use of a whip, leave that implement behind, and employ a pea-shooter instead! Moreover, a break may come in useful in the event of a pole breaking, or on some unlooked-for emergency.

So far as can be ascertained, the earliest form of skid was that which required some one to alight to put it on and take it off; the next step was the skid which, by means of a line and crank, the coachman could himself put on and take off; and some got so clever at taking it off that they would drive over any little unevenness and jerk the skid off when the coach

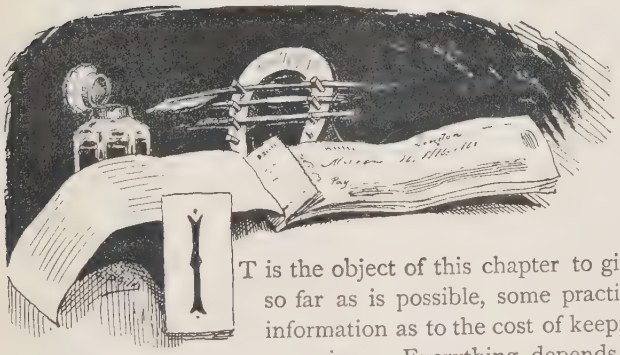
jumped. With respect to the invention of this line and crank break there is, or was a few years ago, in the bar of the Black Horse Inn, Exeter, a great earthenware jug capacious enough to hold nearly a dozen of champagne, and on this Brobdingnagian vessel is an inscription to the effect that it was presented to a certain Paul Collings, by coachmen and others, as a sort of thankoffering for having devised this particular form of break. This Paul Collings was a little eight-stone man who once used to drive a coach between Exeter and Plymouth, and was at work about fifty or sixty years ago. The writer of this chapter has seen the jug, and heard the story from the old coachman's son, the landlord of the inn in question ; but in other quarters the invention has been ascribed to different people. Paul Collings, senior, once created no small sensation on the road by crawling into the front boot during a heavy shower of rain. He had no passengers at the time, and no coachman being visible, it was thought that the horses had started off by themselves. A horseman gave chase, and after a long ride was not very well pleased at seeing the little man's head appear out of the boot !

We believe that about twenty-five years ago a break was invented which acted automatically directly the holding back of the horses put pressure upon the pole ; but the plan did not answer. Then there was a further tribute to science when Mr. E. Onslow-Secker, who drove his coach, 'The Quicksilver,' from Folkestone to Canterbury, invented a break, which appeared to answer every purpose, for it can be applied or taken off either by hand or foot, and is powerful enough almost to *skid* the wheels.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COST OF A CARRIAGE.

By Alfred E. T. Watson.



IT is the object of this chapter to give, so far as is possible, some practical information as to the cost of keeping a carriage. Everything depends, it need hardly be said, upon the sort of carriages that it is proposed to keep, and also upon the manner in which they are kept; and over this expenditure the judicious master will exercise much control if he cares to give a little attention to the subject. Many men order their carriages to the door, hasten out when they are ready to start, jump in, and are driven off at once; and unless it chances that masters such as these have those treasures of servants which are not very common, it is probable that their coachmaker's bills will be high. Too often the servants, knowing what little attention

their master pays to his carriage, are careless and neglectful; the carriage is either not washed at all, or it is only half done. The under part and corners are scamped. Dirt means wear, and it is thus expensive to keep dirty carriages.

The sensible master, on the other hand, when his carriage is announced, makes time to walk round and examine the vehicle and harness, and the consequence is that the coachman, knowing that shortcomings will be noticed and mentioned, does his own work and takes care to see that the men under him do theirs. The master has his reward when the bill comes in, and finds that the few minutes he has bestowed upon his belongings have been highly remunerative.

Most persons who keep one carriage choose a waggonette if for country use, or a brougham for town. The former, as remarked in a previous chapter, is a comparatively modern invention—that is to say, it has only been in use some forty years. Of late years it has extensively taken the place of the phaeton, and is in many respects a more convenient carriage for general use—perhaps the most convenient that could be desired, though it is never wise to suggest that finality has been reached. The waggonette may be of any size, for one horse or two; access to the body of the vehicle is easy, for the steps behind can be arranged in any way that is suitable, the seats can be made to fold down so that the carriage may be used for the conveyance of large quantities of luggage and—a great advantage—a hood can be constructed for use when needed, the addition being kept in the coach-house slung on pulleys so as to be readily lowered and fitted or raised. Thus fitted, the waggonette becomes a sort of miniature omnibus. With carriages, as with so many other things, it pays best in the long run to get a thoroughly well made vehicle from a good maker. With luck it is often possible to pick up a sound and serviceable article second hand, and if this be overhauled and approved by an expert, money can doubtless be saved; but such chances, if they come, are outside the range of our present enquiry. A waggonette of first-class manufacture, well, but not expensively,

fitted, will cost about 80 guineas for a single horse or 120 guineas for a pair; let us strike an average and say 100*l.* To estimate the cost of a horse—we are now endeavouring to show how a carriage can be most economically kept, and so imagine that a single horse only is in question—is a difficult business to approach with anything like precision, because horses vary so much in price, and it may be added the most costly, unless bought with judgment, are often worth least. It may be said, however, that a man ought to be able to get a sound and sufficiently good-looking beast to draw his waggonette for 40*l.*, perhaps less. Single-horse harness may be put down at 8*l.* to 10*l.*, and the requisites for a stable at 12*l.*; we are imagining that an empty coach-house and stable have to be stocked and put into going order.

Into this question, however, we may go a little more closely, as the present chapter is intended to be thoroughly practical. What are the requisites, it may be asked—is there anything besides a pail, a few brushes, and a curry-comb? A gentleman who was inexperienced in horse-keeping would probably be surprised at the number of things for which the coachman asked him, when directed to furnish the stable, and we give a detailed list of the articles which the master of a single horse may reasonably be requested to provide if his carriage is to be turned out properly. The prices are appended. In some cases a few shillings might be temporarily saved, but in this, as in so many other matters, the best articles are the cheapest in the long run. Thus, a cheap brush is thrown down, and the back comes off at once; it is used, and the bristles come out; but the well-made brush stands wear. Our list includes:

One set of shoebrushes, 10*s.* 6*d.*; three leathers, 7*s.* 6*d.*; two sponges, 10*s.*; one body brush, 6*s.* 6*d.*; one curry-comb, 1*s.*; one spoke brush, 5*s.* 6*d.*; two water brushes, 9*s.*; one dandy brush, 2*s.*; one crest brush, 4*s.*; one set of boot-top brushes, 7*s.* 6*d.*; one inside carriage brush, 6*s.* 6*d.*; one hoof brush, 2*s.* 6*d.*; one gate scrubber, 6*s.* 6*d.*; one scraper, 2*s.* 9*d.*; one mane comb, 2*s.* 6*d.*; one trimming comb, 1*s.*; one pair of scissors, 5*s.* 6*d.*; one picker, 1*s.* 6*d.*; two oil

tins, 3*s.* ; one stable broom, 3*s.* ; one cane basket (large), 4*s.* ; one fork, 3*s.* 6*d.* ; one corn sieve, 2*s.* 6*d.* ; one measure, 1*s.* ; one shovel, 3*s.* ; one hair broom, 4*s.* 6*d.* ; half bushel of sand, 1*s.* 6*d.* ; one keg of olive oil soap, 3*s.* 6*d.* ; one flask of oil, 1*s.* ; one steel burnisher, 4*s.* 6*d.* ; one brand for brushes, 5*s.* 6*d.* ; one stall brush, 3*s.* ; one box boot-top powder, 8*d.* ; six white rubbers, 9*s.* ; six dusters, 4*s.* 6*d.* ; one bronze brass staff, 1*s.* ; one pair of clogs, 11*s.* 6*d.* ; two bottles of blacking, 2*s.* ; Total, 8*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*—Horse clothing makes up about the 12*l.* named.

A suitable and competent groom will be well paid with 50*l.* a year, and the livery may be estimated at 10*l.* ; horse's keep, supposing that its owner has to buy all he wants, and procures it under ordinary circumstances, may be put down at 16*s.* a week, or 40*l.* a year, though it will be understood that the price of forage varies. Every contingency cannot be considered. Veterinary surgeons' bills may or may not be an item, but the blacksmith will have to be paid for shoeing the horse. The carriage will need attention, concerning which there is a good deal to be said.

The cost of repairs is affected by many considerations apart from the question of accidents. Much depends upon the owners and those who use the carriage, much on the coachman, and a great deal on the coach-house and stabling, their arrangements and condition and the conveniences provided ; the state of the roads, the climate, and the effect of sea breezes have also to be considered ; and, again, if the coach-house be subject to the shade and drop of overhanging trees, the carriage is influenced. Another question is the frequency with which the vehicle is used. Some owners want a carriage to go out two or three times or oftener every day, others two or three times a week, and in the former case it may happen that during the whole dirty and muddy six months of an English winter the carriage is never really dry and clean. It need scarcely be said that excessive use means wear and expense for repairs. Visits to balls and operas in the London season are detrimental to carriages, for on returning at a very

late hour of the night, it is scarcely reasonable to expect the coachman to look after his carriage thoroughly, so that it is likely to remain for hours sodden with a poultice of mud, and London mud is so composed as to severely injure highly varnished surfaces.

Assuming that a carriage—a brougham, landau, or victoria—is reasonably used and properly cared for, the cost of repairs during the first twelve months should be limited to the trivial expenses of oiling the wheels, &c., once every three months, together with a small outlay for blacking the treads of steps. Considerably less than 5*l.* would handsomely pay for all this. The second year the amount would be doubled, or even trebled; the third or fourth year the carriage would probably require new painting, and this, with other incidental repairs, might amount to 40*l.* or 50*l.* A new lining would be required some two years later, and the expenses of this, with new leather work, would amount to rather more than the cost of new painting. These figures are, of course, purely approximate. Really well-built carriages often run for years without needing any further attention than casual repairs to wheels; on the other hand, excessive work, rough usage and exposure will ruin a carriage very quickly.

London, it should be remarked, is both the best and the worst place to buy carriages. The great London builders turn out their productions with a finish which is rarely approached by country makers; indeed, the best firms frequently build carriages which are really works of art in their grace of form and harmony of proportion. On the other hand, makers of small or of no reputation will sometimes, by the aid of paint and varnish, make the wreck of a carriage look exceeding smart and so beguile the unwary. They never expect—probably under the circumstances never want—to see their customer again; whereas the builder who supplies a carriage to some one who lives in his neighbourhood knows that it will be an object of criticism for a number of years, and if anything proves to be radically wrong his reputation will be injured.

Thus, putting down 20*l.* a year as an approximate sum for shoeing, veterinary attendance, repairs, and making good generally, it may be roughly but approximately stated that with an original outlay of 160*l.* and at an annual charge of 120*l.* a man may set up and completely keep a waggonette and one horse.

A word of caution must here be said with reference to waggonettes, and indeed to other carriages which are indifferently made for one horse or for two. It not seldom happens that carriages which are fitted with shafts and pole are not in reality broad enough for two horses. The result is likely to be dangerous if a pair be driven; for when the animals trot, and more so when they gallop, their hind feet—in consequence of the narrowness of the carriage—will very probably strike against the wheel; moreover, when the roads are wet and dirty, a continual shower of mud is thrown up on to the hind quarters of the horses, just beneath their tails. If one of these things does not alarm the horses, it is probable that the other will, and with both combined the chances of the animals either starting off kicking or else bolting are very great. If they kick, damage will be done either to the horse or carriage, or both; if they bolt, the hind feet hit the trap at the gallop harder than they did at the trot, the mud is thrown with increased violence, and the cost of a carriage is likely to be supplemented by the purchase of a new pair of horses and the payment of a doctor's bill.

In London the single carriage will probably be a brougham—possibly a victoria; but if it is a choice between the two there is little reason to be influenced by pecuniary consideration. The cost of keep is, as a rule, greater for a London than for a country carriage. In the country it is most likely that to a residence the owner of which is likely to find a carriage essential a coach-house is attached. Highly rented London houses are very frequently without this adjunct, and so stable room, standing in a coach-house, and groom's apartment have to be hired in some convenient mews. A horse

thus standing at livery will cost more than the country animal. Indeed, all round the expenses are higher, especially as a more showy animal will probably be required for town work. A brougham, as we have seen in a previous chapter, may be anything, from a light specimen of the single variety drawn by one horse to a sort of small chariot fitted with shafts for a single horse or pole for a pair, as the case may be. Having regard to economy, we will take the one-horse brougham, a well-built specimen of which, to hold four at a pinch by raising the small hinged seat in front, will cost about 150 guineas. The price of the harness will, of course, depend upon its nature, whether silver, brass, leather-covered buckles, or what not. What is regarded as London style is not necessarily more expensive than country utility; but perhaps we shall do well to put down the harness at 12 guineas. It may be that a 40*l.* horse will fulfil its owner's modest ambition and answer all practical requirements; we shall do wisely, however, in setting aside 80 guineas for the preliminary outlay, amounting altogether for brougham, horse, and harness to about 250 guineas. The wages of the London coachman, who has to provide for himself out of his master's house, may be put at 100*l.* with livery a year, and the livery-stable-keeper's bill for horse and carriage at 55*l.*; the necessary charges for repairs, shoeing, &c., may be averaged at 20 guineas. It therefore appears that the cost of a London equipage, neither extravagantly nor parsimoniously bought and managed, amounts to 250 guineas in the first instance, and to about 180 guineas annually. Broughams of course vary in price according to their nature. We have spoken of a serviceable 'family' carriage, but a miniature brougham may be had for from 90 guineas to 160 guineas; a segmental carriage for one horse to carry three inside, from 100 guineas to 170 guineas; a double brougham, still for one horse, to carry four, from 105 guineas to 190 guineas; and a pair-horse brougham on iron perch, with C and under springs and leather braces, from 135 guineas to 240 guineas.

It may not be out of place here to remark that many persons prefer jobbing to keeping their own carriages, and the former is not without advantages. A brougham can be thus obtained for about 40*l.* a year, and if the contract be made for five years, the carriage at the end of the time becomes the property of the hirer. For a suitable horse about 50*l.* a year will be asked, but this does not include coachman nor keep. A jobmaster will supply a well-turned-out brougham, painted as the hirer wishes, a servant in livery, forage, shoeing, and, in short, every necessity, for about 220 guineas a year. The man is not the hirer's own servant, and that may be inconvenient; it is, on the contrary, an important part of the bargain that, if the horse chosen falls ill, another will be supplied; whereas, if a horse which is one's own property is laid up, there is nothing for it but to wait until he is well again or get another. For any accident for which the hirer is not directly and obviously responsible he is not held liable.

A brougham, a victoria, or a waggonette, may be put down as the cheapest form of carriage procurable for general purposes. If the purchaser desires something more choice, he must pay accordingly. Thus for a phaeton he will probably want a horse with a good deal more style than the animal that does quite well enough for the waggonette or for unpretentious work in a brougham that is made for use and not for show. Fancies as to action, colour, match, or other peculiarities, must be paid for at fancy prices; and so it is difficult to say what the sort of horse required by a fastidious master will cost. A thoroughly well-made phaeton, however, on elliptic springs, with shifting seats, and in all respects well furnished and fitted, will cost 130 guineas; if on perch and mail springs, about 140 guineas.

A single-horse landau to carry four may be estimated at 150 guineas; it may be had for two-thirds of the price, and turned out in first-rate style will amount to 200 guineas; landaus for two horses range in price from 150 guineas to 250 guineas. A barouche on C and under springs cannot be

obtained from a first-class London maker under 200 guineas, and may be much more expensive according to style; the carriage must not only be well horsed, but is necessarily accompanied by a footman, whose wages and maintenance scarcely come within the scope of the present inquiry. In considering the expenses of landaus and barouches (the light coach is a few guineas cheaper than a pair-horsed landau), it may be comprehensively said that neither can be handsomely started under 500 guineas, even if one pair only be kept, and such

A modest turn-out.

equipages may cost as much more as their owners like to spend on them.

Though we began with considering the expenses of a waggonette, there are of course far cheaper 'traps' of various descriptions. A neat little pony-cart may be bought for as little as 18 guineas (ranging to 45 guineas), a pony may be picked up for about as much. The groom-gardener often looks after a little conveyance of this sort as a part of his daily work; and so for 50*l.* to begin with, and less than this a year, a very useful little vehicle may be provided and kept. Pony-

gigs are rather more expensive, their price being from 25 guineas to double that sum. Polo gigs are somewhat more finished, and may be estimated at from 30 guineas to 60 guineas. Dogcarts, for horses from 15 hands 1 inch to 16 hands, cost from 25 guineas to 60 guineas, tandem carts from 40 guineas to 70 guineas, and gigs proper, stanhopes, tilburies, and those varieties with lancewood or ash shafts, are from 50 guineas to 70 guineas. All these are two-wheeled.

Four-wheeled pony-carriages of the simplest kind without heads may be bought from a good maker for as little as 28 guineas, ascending to 80 guineas ; with heads, for one pony or a pair, from 60 guineas to 140 guineas. A light road phaeton for one horse will cost from 40 guineas to twice that sum, and T-carts the same. Victorias, or as they are more properly called Victoria phaetons, vary considerably according to manufacture. The cheapest kind begins at about 80 guineas ; if fitted with C springs and other luxuries, they may come to as much as 220 guineas.

We have now to speak of the coach, and we propose to go into this question in detail, because some of the figures will be generally serviceable as regards other vehicles and their appointments. It is assumed that the master desires everything to be turned out in a thoroughly efficient manner, with no mistaken effort at economy, but on the other hand with no unnecessary expenditure, and it may be remarked that the figures here given are taken from an actual average, calculated over a period of several years, of the cost of a coach belonging to a member of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs. The probability is that a coach will be wanted in London for the four months of the season and will be used in the country during the remaining eight months of the year. The original cost of coach may be set down as 220*l.*, but it is impossible to say what the team may cost, so much depending upon circumstances, and we shall, therefore, not speculate on this head. As regards maintenance the figures follow. It will be seen that six horses are included, for a spare leader and spare wheeler are

almost essentials, and with the assistance of one other helper, a couple more carriages, say a brougham and a phaeton, which the coach-horses would work, might be kept without additional expense.

	£	s.	d.
Head coachman's wages	40	0	0
Second coachman's wages	26	0	0
Board wages for two coachmen	80	0	0
Helper	44	0	0
Livery for two men	34	0	0
Six horses: eight months in country	136	0	0
Six horses: four months in London	72	0	0
Rent of six-stall stable in London	120	0	0
Coals, stable tools, cleaning helpers' rooms, and sundries	68	0	0
Farrier's account for year	35	0	0
Veterinary surgeon	11	0	0
Subscription to Veterinary College	2	2	0
Repairs to coach	20	0	0
Repairs to harness	10	0	0
Clothing for six horses	40	0	0
	738	2	0
Additional helper	44	0	0
	782	2	0

The clothing appears a heavy item. It is doubtful whether less than twelve rugs, twelve head-collars and shanks, and eighteen sets of bandages would meet the requirements of such a stable. The 40*l.* quoted is the first cost of these things; renewals would amount to rather less than half the sum. A coach should last for twenty-five years, and a set of harness—allowing for repairs, new collars, &c.—for about ten years.

CHAPTER VII.

PART I.

By the late Major Henry Dixon.

This chapter is designed to give a few hints, which long experience has suggested, to a young coachman who is anxious to learn to drive.

Having ordered or bought your coach and harness—both very difficult proceedings, and in the selection of which I should most strongly advise the very best advice that can be procured—the next thing is to get your team together, and to do the thing comfortably and well you should have half-a-dozen horses, colour and size, of course, according to taste; but it would be well to have two good wheelers and two good leaders, the spare two to be used as occasion requires in any place in the coach. The sizing of the team will ever be a vexed question, some preferring the wheelers to be higher than the leaders, some that they should be all of the same height, while others say the leaders should be the tallest. There can be no great advantage or importance in any of these arrange-

ments ; but in putting a team together there is one *sine quâ non* which must never be lost sight of : you must put your strongest horse near-wheel, because—and this is my first reason—the near wheeler has the hardest place in the coach ; for as you go along a road you are certain to meet more vehicles than you overtake, for you *must* meet them all, but you can only overtake those that are going slower than you are. Therefore, from the usual conformation of roads, which are always higher in the centre than the sides, every time you meet anything your coach runs down to the near side, and the near-wheeler has to pull it out again ; for the same reason—the formation of the road—if there be any difference, the near-side horses, both leader and wheeler, should be the tallest.[1]

The length of the pole having been made to match the team, or the team chosen to match the coach, the next thing is to put them together ; and it must be always remembered that a team well put together at first is half made at once. Alterations will no doubt be necessary in the coupling reins, bitting, &c., but if the traces and pole-chains are properly fitted as regards length at first, very slight changes need ever be made in them afterwards. In nearly every road-coach, and in almost all private drags of the present day, the horses, both leaders and wheelers, are put very much too far from their work, in most cases several inches, in many, *without exaggeration*, some feet. The wheelers should be poled up so that they do not come far enough back to touch the footboard when stopping the coach or holding it back going downhill, but to place them more than a foot beyond clear entails waste of power. The leaders, when standing up to their collars, should be so far in front of their bars that their tails, if long enough, should just clear them when in action. Leaders' traces may be of equal length, because the swinging of the bars rectifies any undue strain, but the wheelers' inside traces should be what is called *half a hole* shorter than the outside, because a wheeler naturally bends

[1] In posting it is better to have the riding horse, who is near side, less tall than the hand horse.—B.

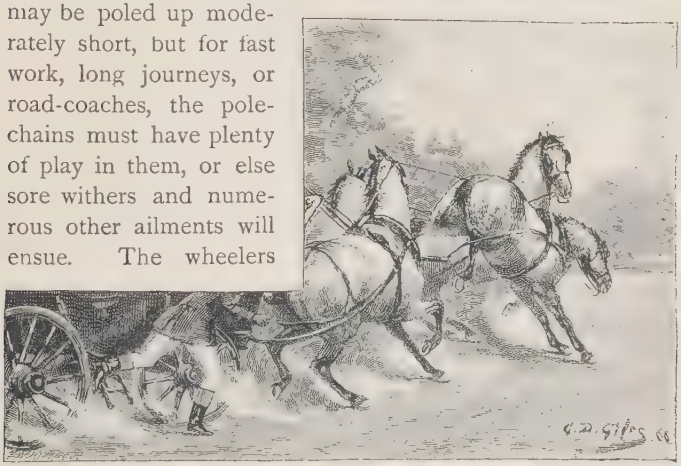
a little towards the pole, and this brings greater pressure on the outside trace. Great difficulty is often experienced, in even the best-regulated establishments, in ensuring the shortest trace being *always* put on the inside ; but by the use of French eyes at the end of the wheel-traces, instead of the usual running loop, the difficulty is at once overcome, the unsightliness of the hanging end used to loosen the loop to take it off the roller-bolt done away with, and the matter reduced to a certainty, simply by having the French eye of the inside traces made too small to go over the outside roller bolt, which being in all coaches, both public and private, and nearly all large carriages of every description, made oblong in shape, is consequently much larger than the perfectly round inside one, and it is therefore simply impossible to have the traces wrongly put on.

Most young coachmen having got together a good team, bought a new coach and set of harness, having also mastered the rudiments of driving four horses, catching the thong, &c., consider that they have now nothing more to do than to jump on the box and drive away ; but this is a great mistake. A coachman, before he can be a *good* coachman, either amateur or professional, should be able, not only to put his team together, but to put the harness, although it had all been completely taken to pieces, properly together again. The latter task is long and difficult for a beginner, who will be materially assisted in the ultimate successful performance of it if he will take notice of every strap and buckle, as he is driving along by the side of his mentor in his preparatory lessons. To be able to put the team in after the harness has been properly put on the horses will be found a far less arduous business, although it is an equally necessary accomplishment.

The first thing to do is to put the wheelers alongside the pole. Their heads being close up to the pole-hook, fasten the hook of the pole chain into the ring of the kidney-link[1] to

[1] I prefer running the pole-chain through the ring on the kidney-link, the man at the horses' heads holding the pole-hook in his hand, the other hand being at liberty to pull forward the horse that runs back.—B.

prevent them running back, then back the horse until you can put the *outside* trace, which must always be done first, on to the roller-bolt ; next take the inside trace off his back, where it has been laid, and reaching over behind his quarters slip it on as quickly as you can ; then pole up to the desired length of chain, the hook of which must be pointed downwards, into the proper link. For town or park driving, horses may be poled up moderately short, but for fast work, long journeys, or road-coaches, the pole-chains must have plenty of play in them, or else sore withers and numerous other ailments will ensue. The wheelers



Excitable leaders

must now be coupled. Next back your leaders into their places; they had better be *already* coupled, and it is quite as safe, if not safer, to run their reins through the wheelers' terrets before their traces are put on. With excitable leaders this is sometimes absolutely indispensable. Some people *lap* their leaders' traces, which means that one leader's inside trace laps round the other leader's, and then returns to the cockeye of his own bar ; others *cross* their traces, which is a modification of the last plan, and means that the inside traces merely cross each other and are then fastened to their companion's bar ; others connect the leading bars with two or three short links of

chain,[1] but the greater number of the coachmen of the present day are content to let each leader do his own work from his own bar. The length of the reins must, of course, be regulated by the size of the team and the coach they have to draw. Nothing is more dangerous than to have them too short behind your hands, as one of them might easily be dropped, while nothing looks so clumsy as to have a few feet dangling about your legs. It may generally be taken as a safe length for the leaders' coupling reins if the buckle comes back as nearly as possible to within about six inches in front of tops of their tails, which gives plenty of room to let them out or take them up, quite as much as can ever be needed; if they come farther back, should a horse get his tail over, then the buckle will keep it there, and the bars, and the wheeler's teeth behind him, will be in danger; if the couplings are shorter the buckles are continually liable to run through the terrets should a horse hang back or plunge forward, one of the most dangerous positions a coachman, however experienced, can possibly find himself in, the command of his leaders being entirely lost. There is only one remedy for this that I know of—viz. running a short piece of wood or metal through the buckles: but it is very unsightly, and if the couplings are measured as above described an accident of this description is almost impossible. The buckles of the wheelers' reins should come up, when the horses are in work, to about eight or ten inches from the left hand: this will give room enough to shorten them going downhill or in case of sudden emergency, and they will not be too far away to reach if the couplings require alteration.[2]

The leaders' reins are generally passed through terrets on

[1] This is a most foolish practice. It does no good, and if a leader kicks and gets his leg through between the bars, one of them must be sawn through, and the pole may be broken before that is accomplished. A strap is better because it can be quickly cut, but there being no useful object in it the bars are better left free.—B.

[2] It is essential to have the spare length of the crupper strap short enough to go only just through the end loop, otherwise it will constantly happen that the reins get under it, and one leader hanging back will bring the coach to grief.—B.

the sides of the wheelers' blinkers or throat-lash, the head terrets being very seldom used nowadays (except for parade purposes, or if a leader is in the habit of getting his tail over his rein), which is a most decided improvement, as far as comfort goes, to both man and horse, though it may not be so imposing a fashion ; for, unless a wheeler is tightly borne up, every time he throws his head up or down he gives a very disagreeable check to the leaders' mouths and to the coachman's hands.

A very useful plan to prevent leaders' tails getting over the reins (of course seldom, if ever, used in private coaches, because it is not a pretty one, but one that it is always well to be acquainted with, should flies or other annoyances make them swing them a bit too gaily) is, just about half-way between the couplings of the leader's draught rein and the head terret of the wheeler on same side, to stitch on a plain ring, pass the other leader's rein through this ring, and then, instead of running the leaders' reins outside the wheelers' heads, run them through the terrets on the inside, then through the top or guiding terret on the wheelers' pads. The reins will then come up to the hand as usual, but the ring on the leaders' reins will keep them away from (because they will be inside of) their tails, and prevent them getting their tails over. By putting the ring nearer to the leaders' coupling buckle, suppose it to be the near-side rein, it pulls the off-leader's, should he be the delinquent, quite away from his quarters altogether and ensures a certain amount of safety. Having, however, so to say, an extra lever to pull at, it makes it harder work driving, but is a good and simple method to prevent frequent stoppages and possibly an occasional accident.

The breadth[1] of the reins is also a matter of much importance and a good deal of controversy. Some coachmen, especially those of the old school, maintain that an inch wide, tolerably thick, is the proper measurement, while more go in for reins

[1] The breadth of the reins for comfort in driving must depend on the length of the coachman's fingers ; that which is comfortable to a long-fingered man is positive agony to one with short fingers.—B.

an inch and an eighth, an inch and a quarter, and even more. *Medio tutissimus ibis* is here the best motto. About half-way between extremes will be found the best, say about an inch and a quarter, of moderate thickness: if too thick they will be clumsy, and too much of a handful; if too thin they will quickly get so soft, especially in wet weather, that it will be found impossible to push them back, and they become a perfect nuisance. The hand-pieces of both leaders' and wheelers' reins must, of course, be of identically the same breadth and strength. Side reins, which may be buckled either outside a leader or wheeler to his own trace buckle, or inside to his partner's, are all very well in their way with incorrigible brutes, but are seldom, if ever, seen in a private team.

And now we have got the team put to we must get on the road. Some coachmen, before mounting the box, have their whip put across their wheelers' backs, but this is quite unnecessary. The whip is much safer in its socket: it is far easier for the driver to get up without it in his hand, and the careless carrying of it there has been the cause of a great number of mishaps. The simplest, quickest, and easiest way of getting on to the box is to place the reins in your left hand in the same order as when driving, taking them up from your wheelers' backs, where they have been placed ready, tucked in just in front of the buckle of the off-wheeler's pad—that is to say, the wheelers' reins should be separated by the middle finger, the leaders' by the forefinger; thus the near-leader's rein will be on the top of all, the near wheeler's and off-leader's together between the top and middle fingers, and the off-wheeler's bottom of all, between the middle and third finger. Standing, of course, by the side of your off-wheeler, draw all your reins quietly till you just feel your horses' mouths, then with your right hand pull the two off-reins out of your left, a foot or perhaps a little more to the front, and with the reins thus apparently looking uneven, pass them into your right hand, keeping the position of the reins the same, and with the

assistance of your left get up on your box as quietly yet as quickly as you can. When there, at once pass the reins back into your left hand, and you will find the once apparent unevenness in the length of them has vanished, that they are perfectly level, and only want taking up or letting slip out an inch or two at the most to be ready to go. Then take your whip out of its socket, and make it an invariable practice never to start without having it in your hand.

The start.

There are no rules without exceptions, and the rules laid down and accepted about driving in general, and four-horse driving in particular, must necessarily have more exceptions than any other code, because circumstances are continually changing, and even the best-broken team will very seldom go together two days exactly the same.

Having got your reins and your whip all right (the difficulty about the manipulation of the latter article we will for the time suppose to have been surmounted), a start must be made, and

here all recognised rules and laws at once break down. The chief particulars, however, to be attended to are, that you have got your horses ready, no rugs to be whipped off when you are gone, and, above all things, no officious individual holding on to any of their heads. A rug being snatched off has often caught a leader's rein and pulled it back, and that and the above-mentioned officious individual are the causes of making many bad starts, and of many honest horses becoming jibbers. Be as quiet as you can, and do not attempt to make a move until you know for certain that it is 'all right.' Nothing annoys a high-couraged horse, and nothing makes a bad-tempered one worse, than starting, stopping, and having to start again.

If you have begun with your reins exactly as you mounted the box with them, the near-wheeler's rein being, for choice, a trifle shorter than the off-wheeler's, you will find that there will be little alteration required that cannot be done in a moment. Should the leaders be not going quite straight, say hanging a little to the near side, by shortening the off-leader's rein, or quicker still, by pushing back the off-leader's and near-wheeler's (they are both together between first and middle fingers, and therefore very easy to manage), you have them straight at once. In shortening your reins never *pull* any single rein from the back with your right hand through your left, always *push it back* from the front. Only to avoid an accident, such as some one running into you, or all the horses making up their minds to go at once, is it allowable to pull all the four reins together back in a bunch from behind; then and *only* then. The reasons for this are obvious. The practice of lifting up, pulling back, and changing reins causes more to be dropped than any other bad habit. Looping the reins must be learned from a professor who is well able to instruct. Experiments made by an amateur from what he may read in a book would most probably prove disastrous.[1]

[1] It is, however, often advisable to shorten your wheel reins from behind your hand. For instance, if you find they are too long, and your wheel-horses are more free or impetuous than your leaders.—B.

'Looping a rein' simply means taking a few inches of it up in the form of a loop and holding it in that shape under the thumb until the desired turn is made or obstacle passed, when the loop is allowed to run free again.

'Pointing the leaders' means, in plain English, giving them the hint that you are intending to go round a corner to the right or left as required; if sharp to the left, you should loop your near-leader's rein (it is the easiest rein to loop) by taking it up, *over*-handed of course, with your right hand the length you require, and placing it back under the thumb of your left hand; when it is secure there your leaders will begin to bear round gradually to the left; at the same time you should put your right hand upon your off-reins, *both of them together*, and thereby prevent the turn being made too abruptly;[1] by doing this you can regulate the change of front to a nicety. When you are safe round the corner, take your whip-hand away, raise up the thumb of your left hand, the loop will run out, and your team will be straight. Making a turn to the right is the exact opposite, but will require more practice, as the off-leader's rein is more difficult to loop; and in the same way a complete circle to right or left must be made, and if the figure 8 is to be cut (as they say in skating), the looping, &c., must be transversed every time you complete one circle and come to the centre of the figure. With a well-broken team on a good road the less horses' heads are interfered with the better, and nothing looks so bad as to see a coachman continually changing and fingering his reins, and trying experiments with his whip.

If the horses are going well, and you come to a slight descent, there is no necessity for you to shorten your leaders' reins more than your wheelers'; sometimes they do not want pulling back so much; it will be quite enough if you take the whole lot in your right hand, open out the fingers of your left a

[1] This is better done by drawing your left hand to the left, which shortens the off-reins and leaves the right hand free to use the whip to keep the near wheel-horse off the post or corner.—B.

little, and then push them back with your right the required distance. Always steady your horses going over the crown of a hill; you can drop your hand to them as you please afterwards, but if you begin a hill too quickly you will, and so will your horses, be uncomfortable until you are some distance beyond the bottom. When absolutely requisite, use your break, but always put it on gently; a break suddenly applied irritates a nervous horse, strains the coach, and shakes the passengers. Always put it on and take it off *yourself*; do not let anyone sitting behind touch it except under any exceptional circumstances, and then only when asked to do so; and never put it on to stop the coach when pulling up; let your horses do that. The misapplication of breaks has manufactured more bad coachmen and more useless wheelers—that will not even try to stop a coach—than can possibly be believed.

To hark back a bit. In starting a coach, do so, if possible, with the wheelers; a leader jumping away may break a bar, or pull the coach on to the wheelers, when one of them may go down, or a kicking match ensue: but all this, as everything else in coaching, must be regulated by what is going on at the moment. A wheeler may not be ready to begin, and he must be waited for, or else he will be spoiled; a leader may be a little too eager and jump up, and if held too tight will rear, and perhaps fall back; so it comes to pass that very often the team must be allowed to start themselves, and the reins put right as they go. But this is not exactly a team for a beginner.

One of the most important, and at the same time the most difficult, things to do is to use a whip properly. It is all very well to say that bad workmen complain of their tools, but it is quite certain that no one, however good he may be, can get along comfortably with a badly made whip. The best way to learn is to get a first-rate tutor who will provide you with a good article, make up your mind not to lose your temper or patience, sit on the box of a coach without any horses in it, and practise as long as you can. After several hours of abject failures and days of irritating disappointments, all at once you will find your

Not exactly a team for a beginner.

thong flies into its proper place as though by magic. You begin to abuse yourself for being so stupid as to have been so long over the job, which now seems so easy, and ever after you will find it the easiest thing to do. No rules can be followed, but it will come all the quicker if you will never try to catch your thong with your stick. Throw the latter right away to your right front, the thong will follow after it and will soon catch it itself. It is a bad habit to catch your thong over your head, because, although it may be extremely pretty in Piccadilly and in some parts of the Park, yet there are places wherein by doing so thoughtlessly you might get fast in the bough of a tree, in which dilemma it is always best to let your whip go and send back for it, otherwise you may break your thong and also greatly interfere with the head decorations of your passengers.[1]

When you have caught your thong, take the lower part of it from the loop which it makes a little more than half-way up the stick, and place it down in your right hand; or else, if you leave it as originally caught, the first time you hit a wheeler the whole thong will come undone. Always hit a wheeler in front of his *pad* on the point of the shoulder (inside or out) for choice, but never hit one over the head or ears, unless you think he is going to kick, or has already begun to do so, when nothing is half so effective as a few sharp cuts with the double thong over the ears.

If your thong gets fast in the buckles of the belly-band, false belly-band, tug, or elsewhere, do not try to pull it back; drop your hand and try to push it forward, it will soon come loose. Always hit your leaders under the bars, because it will prevent your getting caught, also your leaving a mark of dirt from the point of your thong on their flanks. If a near-wheeler does not like the whip going round him to the leader in front

[1] I disagree with this. No one would try so to catch his whip under trees, but it is the least noisy way of catching a whip, and with nervous wheel-horses on the alert for the slightest sound it is most useful; but there are not many men who can do it.—B.

of him, you can hit the leader in question under the bars by throwing your thong at full length straight out to the right, and bringing it back, with a sharpish jerk, under the off-leader's bar, just in front of the end of the pole. The near-wheeler will know nothing of the evolution you have performed, neither will the two off-side horses, nor probably any of your passengers. For example, the writer was driving, a couple of years ago, 'The Old Times' coach. It was on the galloping stage from Chertsey to Virginia Water. The box-seat had been relating all down the road several feats he had performed, and presenting himself as an experienced coachman. His anecdotes were almost credited until, after it had been necessary, for reasons above explained, to hit the near-leader under the bars several times, occasion to wake up the off-leader arose, when the learned box-seat exclaimed: 'By Jove! you have hit the right horse at last.'

When your whip is not in use, which with a well-broken team it very seldom will be, always carry it in your hand about the top ferrule, your thumb pointing slightly upwards, at the same time holding secure the point of the thong, which should lap round the stick three or four times, not more, about a couple of inches below the top of it, and should be held, your right hand just above your left, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, pointing out a little to the front. This position will keep the thong from dropping down and irritating the near-wheeler, and at the same time not interfere with the nose of your box-seat passenger.

If a leader gets his tail over the rein, don't pull at him on any account. Let his rein run out a foot or more, touch him up lightly (under the bar of course); he will swish his tail, the rein will be free, and you are safe. Many horses will go on without kicking for miles with the rein under their tails, and in a road-coach, where horses know their way and time must be kept, it does not much matter; but if you come to any obstacle you may not be able to steer them, while in a private team *anywhere* it would be dangerous. The release of the rein must

therefore be accomplished as soon as possible ; if it cannot be done by the plan above mentioned, which, however, rarely fails, the coach must be stopped, care being taken not to pull at the captive rein.[1]

Gloves really comfortable to drive in are very difficult things to get. They should be quite two or three sizes larger than worn in ordinary dress, stout and strong without being too thick. They should be worn in walking about for some time before using them for driving. I read in a recently published book on coaching that they should never have any resin put on them, and that the fingers should be short ; but my last advice to any beginners who have taken the trouble to wade through my remarks is, when your gloves are new, put a little, not too much, glove paste, not resin, on them, and when you buy them get them with the fingers pretty nearly an inch *too* long. They will come back to your hand, and fit easily, whereas if you buy your gloves with short fingers your hands will always be cramped, and the ends of your fingers will soon make holes through them and be always cold.

The best way to keep your hands warm is, not to swing your arms about and beat your chest ; but take your left first, which is generally the coldest, loosen the reins a little, holding them safe in front with your right, and 'twiddle' the fingers of the left hand on the reins. Circulation will at once return If, however, you take your hand off your reins to beat it, always beat it on your thigh or downwards, never up to your shoulder. Scotch worsted gloves are the best for wet weather, better than all thread manufacture ; for everyday work a good dogskin is preferable to all others.

Shoes of more than moderate thickness are the best to drive in. A thin shoe or boot will make your feet ache, as it does not give sufficient protection against the pressure which must always to a certain extent be going on against the footboard. A good

[1] When a man gets down to take the rein from under the leader's tail he should take hold of the horse's tail and lift it off the rein, and should not try to pull the rein from under the tail.—B.

strong shoe with neat spatts, thin for summer, thick for winter, is the most comfortable wear for a coachman. Aprons and coats are mere matters of taste, but for real bad weather there is nothing like a very wide waterproof apron to buckle round the waist, with a coat of unusual dimensions to fit over it. Arrayed in this costume it is impossible to get even damp.

PART II.

By Col. Hugh Smith-Baillie.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite:
When you meet those who travel along,
If you go to the left, you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong.[1]

I TRUST my readers will understand that I am addressing beginners, and I hope they will not think my style of writing abrupt or dictatorial; for it can only be like my experience in coaching, rough and ready: but that experience I gained on slow and fast coaches before railways were made, and during the last few years before railway travelling became general, and I may be able to offer some practical hints which will be of service to young coachmen.

A beginner should commence by learning to drive one horse. First learn to hold the reins properly, and to sit firmly and in a good position on the driving-seat. The position of the left hand should be easy and natural, the wrist and hand straight, the thumb and first finger uppermost, and the little finger down; the left hand must not be turned across the body nor back to the left, because both these positions weaken the wrist and arm, which will soon ache and tire. Elbows should

[1] The late Harry Villebois of Marham, Norfolk, father-in-law of the writer of the following pages, is responsible for this quatrain.—B.

be rather close to the body ; squaring the elbows causes loss of power, and has a very bad appearance. Do not hold the whip at the end, as is frequently done by drivers in London, but hold it so that it will balance well in the hand. Beginners are often inclined to keep a hard dead pull on the reins, which not only wearies the hand and wrist of the driver, but spoils the horse's mouth. They can only learn by practice and instruction how to humour a horse's mouth, which is done by what is commonly called 'give and take,' thereby moving the bit in the horse's mouth. Shortening the reins properly can only be learnt under an instructor. The same may be said of pulling up, a very important part of the knowledge necessary to good driving. Some drivers—or rather I should say, men called drivers—try to pull up with one or both hands as high as their heads. Nothing can be worse than this, because if they have not come to a standstill when their hands are raised to their full extent, they are powerless and cannot do more; the driver should be capable of pulling up with the left hand, the right hand of course being ready to assist if necessary. Pull up gradually, having the horses well up to their bridles to the last step.

Do not imagine that you can learn to drive really well in a short time. If you wish to excel, learn from a good coachman, and pay attention to what he says ; watch him carefully when he drives. Drive as much as you can, for you cannot expect to become proficient until you have served a sort of apprenticeship, and have driven all sorts of horses, and have had experience. 'Experientia docet' is very true as regards driving. If you live to be eighty years old and then are able to drive, you may still find you can learn something. As almost all coaches are now furnished with a break, the beginner is often inclined to use it whenever he wants to pull up and when going down slight inclines. The break should be kept chiefly for steep hills and for emergencies ; its perpetual use is likely to spoil a man's driving.

Learn the names of every strap and all parts of the harness;

without this you cannot explain to your groom what to alter when alteration is necessary, as is frequently the case if you are driving different horses in one set of harness. Study the position of the bit in a horse's mouth, and the use and abuse of the curb-chain. Before mounting the driving-seat see that the harness is properly put on, and that the bit is neither too high nor too low in the horse's mouth; one inch above the *tush* in a horse and two inches above the corner teeth of a mare, is about the correct place; but these positions want varying in some cases. See also that the curb-chain is neither too tight nor too loose; a very tight curb-chain will often make a horse sore under the jaw, and so cause him to be irritable and unpleasant to drive; and a very slack curb-chain will not keep the bit in a proper position in a horse's mouth, as it will allow the bottom of the bit to point towards the driver instead of towards the ground, and then the bit has no power. Observe also that the traces are the proper length, that the horses are not too near nor too far from the splinter-bar, and that the pole-pieces or chains are the proper length; also, when putting to or taking horses out of a carriage, see that the pole-chain is kept in the ring on the kidney links of the hames to prevent the horse going back on the splinter-bar. Pole-chains should not be too tight; horses go much more comfortably to themselves and to the coachman if they have a little liberty. If you take off the traces yourself, remember to take off the inside trace first, unless you wish to have your toes trodden on. When driving pay particular attention to the traces, to see that neither horse works more on one trace than the other. Some horses do this, and require one trace a hole longer than the other. Do not attempt to drive four horses until you can drive a pair *well*. I do not by that mean a pair of well-put-together and well-bitted free horses, but all sorts of pairs—a free horse with a lazy one, a pair of sluggish horses, a pair of free horses; and do not attempt to drive four horses until you have learnt to alter the coupling-reins so as to get the free and the lazy horse to do an equal share of work.

Beginners must learn patience, particularly with young horses. No animal is so easily alarmed and so easily spoilt as a young horse, if the man who first drives him is hasty. Horses have to gain confidence in the men who are about them, and they have also to learn that moving objects are generally harmless ; a piece of paper flying about on the road or some similar trifle will sometimes create a scare with young horses.

Never strike a horse for shying, but if possible let him look well at the thing that has alarmed him. The horse that is hit for shying will in all probability get into the habit of making a bolt away from the whip, and it may get a man into great difficulties if a horse shies at the top of a hill and then makes a bolt expecting the whip. Before attempting to drive four horses learn how to catch the thong and use a four-horse whip, otherwise you will be bothered by the whip when you ought to be thinking of your reins. Under a good instructor the beginner may speedily acquire a knowledge of the use of the whip. Some learn this quicker than others, but those who do not learn quickly must persevere ; for it is impossible to become a good coachman until the whip has ceased to be an embarrassment.

Never feel the horses' mouths when passengers are getting in or out of a coach, for horses are almost certain to move when their mouths are felt. Vast numbers of hats are spoilt every year by the horses moving when people are getting into a cab or carriage, and it is nine times out of ten the fault of the driver.

When you intend to start, pull the reins well into your hand and speak to the horses so as to make them all start together.

Drive as much as possible with one hand, having the right hand always ready ; nothing looks so bad as keeping the whip hand continually on the reins.

Never touch a horse with the whip when the whip hand is on the reins, as it looks very unworkmanlike.

Do not stand, but always sit, on your box-seat, and keep your feet close together. The coachman who sits well on his box is much stronger than the coachman who is in a half-standing position.

Sit by the side of a *good* coachman when you can, and take advice when you can get it; much knowledge of driving can be gained by seeing a *good* coachman drive.

Never drive with your reins too long. It is much better to hold the reins three inches too short than three inches too long. If a horse stumbles when you have much 'slack out,' it is long odds against saving him from a fall; and if a horse shies, your team may get into confusion, for if your reins are too long you cannot so quickly gain the command over the horses that you ought to have.

Take the draught off the leaders' traces before turning a corner; if you do not do this, your leaders may pull you on to the post if they turn quicker than you expect.

Before turning a corner, give the leaders a gentle hint, by slightly feeling the rein, of the direction you intend to take.

Never go fast off the top of a hill; you may get safely down almost any hill if you go slowly off the top.

Be careful about shortening your reins when going down hill, for if you get a rein twisted in your hand it may get you into trouble.

It is rather a common fault with beginners to allow the leaders to do too much work. It is a melancholy sight to see the leaders with tight traces pulling steadily at the bars, and the wheelers with slack traces and a tight hold of the pole-chains, yet you may sometimes observe this in London, the man on the box holding the reins meantime apparently quite contented.

The first thing to learn in driving is to drive the horses with a light hand, but at the same time to drive them well up to their bits, and make them share the work equally. With a good coachman a coach will rattle along as if it were light; with a bad coachman it will appear as heavy as a loaded waggon.

In the old coaching days the coachmen generally kept good time, but the horses driven by all the coachmen were not equally fresh at the end of the week; on the same road some men's horses were much more jaded and worn than those

driven by others. The horses that fed well and were in good condition were those that had their coupling-reins nicely adjusted and were driven by a light hand, but still were kept well together and shared the work equally. The horses that did not do well were those that were hauled about by heavy hands and did not equally share the work. The well-doing of coach-horses also depends very much on the coachman's knowledge of ground, and on his judgment in knowing where to make play and where to steady his horses and reduce the pace.

The beginner who wishes to excel should learn everything connected with the carriage and the harness. He should learn how to harness his horses and alter the harness to fit each horse; and if he has a carriage or coach of his own, he should give very strict orders to his groom or coachman to take great care of the pole, and to see that when it is taken out of the coach it is placed carefully in such a position that it *cannot* fall.

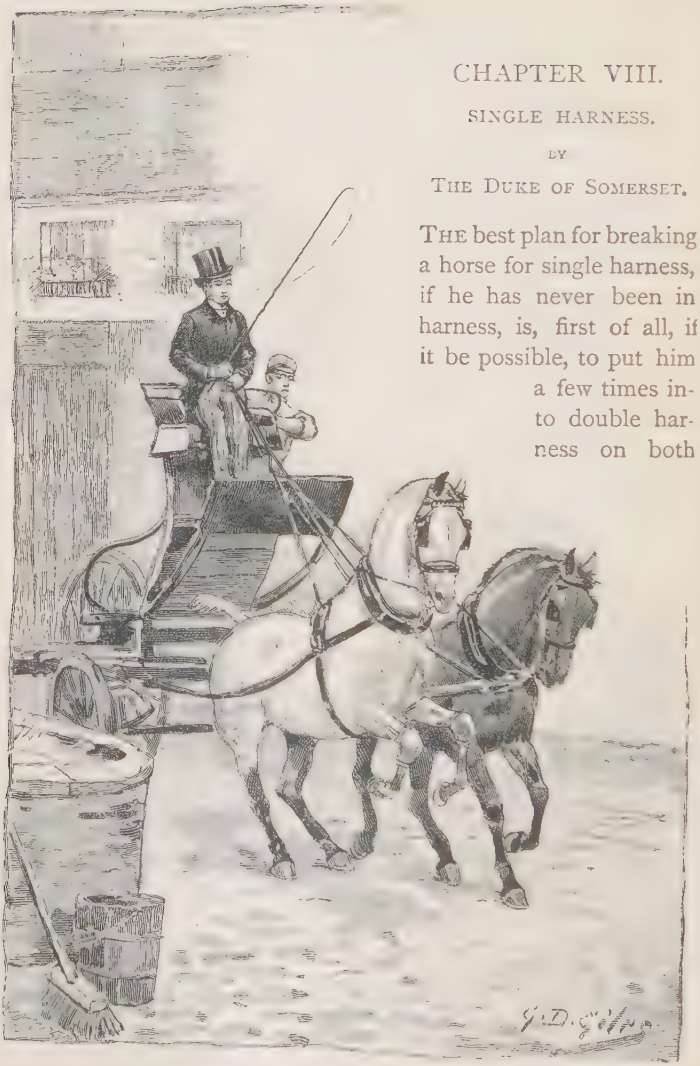
An accident caused by the breaking of a pole may be, and, in fact, often has been, attended with serious results. I remember one night when driving a team steadily through Hammersmith the end of the pole came off without any apparent reason; as the pace was not great, and I had a skid, and the horses were quiet, I pulled up without any damage being done. On examining the pole, the ironwork was found to have been split nearly all round the end, and the coach-maker who investigated the matter said that in all probability it had been put up carelessly and had had a fall.

Bearing-reins some men write fiercely against. It is the opinion of many of the best coachmen in England that a bridle is not complete without a bearing-rein. In my opinion it is wrong to lay down hard-and-fast rules about bearing-reins. I think the gag bearing-rein as screwed up by some London drivers is very bad and injurious to the horse; but with kickers the bearing-rein is not only most useful, but almost indispensable. I should very much like to see some of the men who write so much against bearing-reins drive kickers without them; I think they would soon either alter their opinions or give up driving anything but quiet horses.

I once had the driving for a season of a grey mare, a determined kicker. She was put into my hands leader in a team without bearing-reins; soon after starting she put her head down and kicked in a very determined manner, and I had a great difficulty in getting her head up. I took her out and went to the stable with a pair, then put a bearing-rein on her and put her in again. I could then manage her, and drove her for three months, and a right good one she was; she kicked occasionally, but I could manage her, which I could not have done without a bearing-rein.

The question of what is the best bit to put on a pulling horse can only be decided by experience and by trying different bits; some horses' necks are so shaped that they look as if they were intended to be pullers; but horses' mouths are often spoilt by those who first handle and break them. Some horses that pull hard in curb bridles will not pull in ring snaffles; some will not pull against an upright port, and some will not pull against a port hanging down; other horses will be irritated by either of these bits. As a rule, easy and simple bits are the best; but hard-and-fast rules cannot be followed, because horses differ so much in shape and make. The horse with a weak neck, that carries his head high, is not a puller as a rule; but I have seen horses with arched necks that could put their chins against their chests, and so deprive the driver of all power over them. In such a case the bearing-rein is indispensable, as it prevents the horse from putting his head where he likes.

The beginner should also learn the use of side reins. It is not often that they are required, but I have known them to be most useful. I remember a brown mare, belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, that generally went off-side leader; the right side of her mouth had apparently no sense of feeling, and she hung on the rein in a way most uncomfortable and tiring to the coachman's arm; the side rein made her one of the best leaders I ever saw. Of course side reins must be adjusted to a nicety, but when so adjusted I have known several instances where they have acted admirably.



CHAPTER VIII.

SINGLE HARNESS.

BY

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

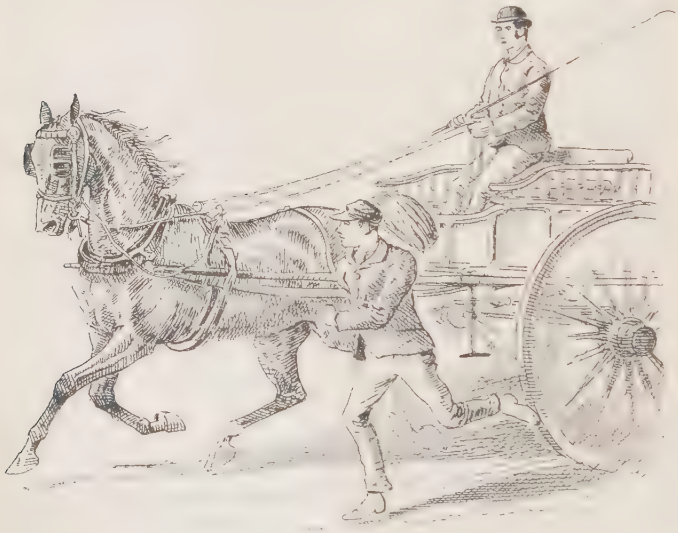
THE best plan for breaking a horse for single harness, if he has never been in harness, is, first of all, if it be possible, to put him a few times into double harness on both

sides of the pole; but in doing this plenty of help is the first requisite, and of course this is not always forthcoming.

Many years since when in want of a harness horse for myself or friends, I used to go to Osborn's, in Gray's Inn Lane. If you asked to see a horse in single harness, in five minutes he came from the stable, four men with him; he was put to instantly, two men jumped into a gig, the other two ran, one on either side of the horse. If at home, always have two or three men ready to assist if necessary, as a good first start is everything, as in ordinary life; in fact, some old coachmen used to say that four horses well put together were half over their first stage. If you find the pupil shy at starting, or slow at drawing off, put him at off-wheel in a break or coach with three good ones, for he is bound to go then. But in the country, if the breaker is without much assistance, and has not other horses at command, a good plan is to put the animal into a strong, light cart, such as a butcher's, with a halter on, in addition to his bridle, letting an active man run by his side for a short distance, when, if all goes well, he can jump into the trap from the back without stopping. Drive a short distance, and on reaching home take the horse away very carefully; put him in and feed him, leaving the harness on, especially the collar, or his shoulders may suffer. In an hour or so, put him in again for a short time, and when driving, stop occasionally, so that he may learn to draw off and start properly; but take a man with you in case anything should go wrong. In taking the horse out of harness, be careful that the reins or traces are not allowed to bang against his hocks or heels, or he may be alarmed and kick.

About the year 1835, a dealer, George Carrington, who lived near Tyburn Gate (where the last execution took place in 1812), was invaluable, as he could generally find you a first-rate gig or buggy horse in twenty-four hours, usual price twenty-five pounds; and Bill Bean, the steeplechaser, was equally good at a cheap hunter, if, as he said, you did not mind his being a little used. Bean and Shirley, who kept the

inn at Bedfont Gate, and broke horses, were most amusing, and full of anecdotes and quaint sayings. One morning I called upon an old General living near Windsor, who said to me, 'I have just had half an hour with Shirley in my stable-yard, and,' he added, 'half an hour with Shirley is always worth half a sovereign;' this speaks volumes for Shirley, as the General was not usually wasteful. Poor Shirley had a sad accident, and rather an unusual one, which I mention as a proof of the fact



A beginner.

that caution is always necessary in dealing with horses, and that even the most experienced horsemen and drivers may suddenly find accidents imminent. To what extent disaster may be avoided depends upon the skill and presence of mind of the man who holds the reins, good or ill luck no doubt in a certain degree influencing the result. Shirley was driving a young horse in a gig, in or near Windsor Park, when a cock

pheasant, which was lying on its back dusting itself in the middle of the road, suddenly flew up, in a cloud of dust almost in the horse's face. The animal took fright, upset the gig, and Shirley, who was a very tall, heavy man, was much injured; he lived for some time, but never quite recovered, the circumstance that he was no longer young doubtless operating against him. Young Dutch Sam, the prizefighter, used to lodge at Shirley's, and train there; but he was so mischievous, and played such tricks, that he had notice to quit. When it grew dark, and the mails and night coaches stopped there, either to refresh or to change horses, Sam would slip out, and, if possible, uncouple some of the horses, or unbuckle the reins and fasten them on to some other part of the harness; of course these pranks, if not detected, might have led to most serious accidents. Sam, it may be added—since the name of a once famous representative of an extinct phase of sport has been mentioned—died young, having broken several blood-vessels. He was a model of manly strength and agility and fitness when engaged in his calling, but his habits were not conducive to longevity when he left off fighting; for he kept the 'Coach and Horses,' a public-house in Castle Street, Leicester Square. His pretty young widow lived and flourished for some years after his death.

I once put into single harness a very violent horse who had given much trouble out hunting, as he was a most uncertain horse at his fences. On some days it was quite a pleasure to ride him; the next time you got on his back he would sloven all his fences, or try to swerve at the last moment. He was a very powerful horse, well up to fourteen stone, with a peculiar mouth. However, I put him into a strong dogcart and drove him with a ring-snaffle in the country for a year, without any accident; but the horse hated restraint of any sort. One night I drove him seven miles out, to dinner, and on leaving, there was a string of carriages before him. When we reached the lodge gate I was obliged to pull up and wait, and all at once he went down on his knees. My groom was about to jump

out, but I said, 'Sit still and don't speak : he will soon tire of kneeling ;' in two or three minutes, when all the other carriages were gone, he got up and trotted home as usual. I then took him to London, where I drove him for another year ; I never once struck him, as he never required it, and would no doubt have resented it. I once bought a horse very pleasant with hounds, excepting when the huntsman was drawing a covert and cheering them ; he hated the human voice, and the moment the huntsman began to cheer, he began to rear. Once he reared so high that I thought he must have fallen backwards ; however, both stirrup leathers became detached from the saddle, and the rider slipped over his tail, after which, the horse righted. I sold him, and he made a most perfect leader in a team for seven years, after which he ended his days in a little low four wheeled carriage, driven by a lady who doated on him.

Driving with a friend in a gig one night from London to Windsor, we changed horses at Hounslow, having sent one on in the morning when we came up. Of course, I ought to have looked to see that all was right—a precaution nobody should neglect—but I failed to do so, being so accustomed to the horse, the road, and the ostler. It so happened that when just outside the town, the animal, being very fresh— indeed, as a rule, horses are gay at night--unfortunately broke into a canter. The ostler had put him too near the carriage, the back-band behind all the stops, instead of between the stops on the shafts (a fact which should convey a hint to amateur drivers, and not to them only); the gig ran against him and frightened him, and away he went for four miles. The Bath waggons which were coming up loomed large, but it was a fine moonlight night, and the good animal never once kicked, although next morning his hocks and hind legs were quite raw, and he required a fortnight's rest. Once during the gallop I asked my placid friend sitting beside me to take a pull at the reins and try to help me stop the horse ; his reply was, 'Help you stop the horse! not I, my dear fellow, the faster he gallops the sooner we shall be at home, and I want to get to bed.' I think it right to add that my kind friend was one

'AWAY HE WENT'

of those men who during his whole life was never in time for anything, nor did he care how much too late he was ; he took all things easily.

A friend once invited me to get into his gig with him, as he had just put his steeplechase mare in harness, and he wished to have a companion with him to note developments. I

An effectual stop.

confess that I thought it risky, but he declared her to be very quiet, so in I got. Before we had gone a mile she began gambolling, putting her head down and jumping, and the next minute she was off. He turned to me and said, 'She's away! I cannot stop her; what had I better do?' I replied, 'You had much better run her up the bank and turn us over, before she gets into Lea Bridge; for we are nearing the town, and if

we race up the High Street we might do something to be talked about.' No sooner said than done; he ran her up the bank, we both fell on our backs into the road, not in the least hurting ourselves, but getting rather dirty. The strange thing was that the mare came down again off the bank, the gig righted itself, she galloped into the town, and was stopped by some men who spread across the road, checked her, and led her back, no damage being done.

I have generally found that well-bred horses, if kindly treated, are less likely to kick, and give less trouble in harness, than under-bred ones. A friend of mine who lived in a very hilly part of Wales received a letter one morning, informing him that a horse which he had long wished to buy was for sale; but that he must come at once, or it would be gone. The distance was forty miles; the only horse that he then had was a thoroughbred four-year-old, who had never been in harness; but he wished to drive, instead of riding, as he would otherwise have done, so that he might take a lad with him to bring his purchase home. He put the four-year-old into his gig, and drove him twenty-five miles without stopping, in a plain snaffle. He then stopped at the door of an inn for ten minutes, but did not take the horse out of the gig; and after that finished the journey. Now I consider this to have been a marvellous performance, especially in a hilly country, as horses newly put into harness are generally very shy and awkward when first going down steep hills, and have no notion of holding back. I bought this horse later, but never harnessed him; he was a charming hunter, with a sweet temper, mouth and manners.

If you put a violent horse into single harness without much help, I would advise the use of two sets of reins. You could then drive him at the check at starting; but if he pulled hard, or seemed likely to break away, you could seize hold of the safety reins, which should be fixed to the middle or lower bar, and the horse should be stopped at once.

Even in single harness, in all my long forty-mile drives, I always used a bearing-rein, as I found that it steadied a horse;

Heavy night coach.

he looks about him much less, and is not nearly so likely to rub off his bridle. Those who dislike a bearing-rein should buckle the throat-lash two or three holes tighter than usual. Some horses, the moment that you stop, put down their heads between their forelegs and try to rub off their bridles—a most dangerous proceeding. All horses look better in a bearing-rein when standing still, as the moment you stop down go their heads, and then a four-hundred-guinea horse looks like a forty-pounder. In old coaching days I often heard it said that those coachmen who were the first to take off the bearing-reins were the first to put them on again. In heavy night coaches, such as the 'Paul Pry,' which ran from London, through Beaconsfield, to Oxford, weighed about four tons, including passengers and luggage, and stopped often, running long stages with under-bred horses with hard mouths, bearing-reins were a great safety-guard and assistance both to the horses and the coachmen. One of my leaders once rubbed his bridle off, when stopping at a shop in a town. Ned Poulter, who, at one time, drove the 'Light Salisbury' from Andover to Basingstoke, in going down a hill near Whitchurch, upset his coach and broke his leg, one of the wheel-horses having caught the cross-bar at the bottom of his bit in the little hook at the end of the pole-chain, which was turned up, instead of downwards, as it ought to have been; the horse became frightened and restive, thus causing this sad accident. Of course, with nice light-mouthed horses, when just taking a drive for an hour or two, all bearing-reins can be dispensed with. Bits are now made without the cross-bar at the bottom, and they are much the safest.

CHAPTER IX.

TANDEM-DRIVING.

By Lady Georgiana Curzon.

We are often told that a tandem is the most dangerous mode of conveyance ever invented by the human mind. People say that the driver has no possible command over the leader, and that a tandem-cart can therefore be overturned with the greatest ease ; another frequent objection is that the leader is of no use, that he never does any work, and I have generally heard the deficiencies and delinquencies of the unfortunate conveyance summed up with, 'If you want to break your neck, go in a tandem.' I quite admit that a great many of these criticisms have a certain amount of truth about them, and that those who speak thus, in such a slighting way of the tandem, have

certainly some cause for their searching remarks, especially if they are afflicted with that unfortunate complaint, 'want of nerve.' But to those I would reply, if they will have patience to read a few remarks, which are the result of long experience, that the dangers of tandem-driving can always—I may say invariably—be traced to one of three things : either badly-broken horses, improper harnessing, or, last, but by no means least, inefficiency on the part of many drivers. If these three items are thoroughly attended to, I can confidently assert that the dangers of the tandem are so minimised that they are *nil*, and this charming and speedy mode of driving is rendered as safe as any other form of conveyance. But without these precautions I confess the strongest nerve will be shaken. Strange as it may appear, although so many can see and delight to enlarge upon the dangers of a tandem, these all-important matters are often entirely disregarded.

Frequently I have heard venturesome people say, 'I have got two ponies'—or horses, whichever it may be—'why not start a tandem? It would be rather fun.' These are, indeed, people with iron nerves, and no wonder they terrify those who are *minus* that quality. These daring individuals would not, in all probability, suggest 'starting a team of four horses,' in this sort of way, without knowing how to train the horses, nor how to harness them, probably even how to hold the reins. And yet these people will, with the greatest confidence, 'rush in where angels fear to tread,' and endeavour to make two untrained animals do a thing which no experienced driver would attempt without great care ; for tandem-driving is just as difficult to accomplish with safety as driving four horses. The two arts are in reality but one ; the principles are the same, as I hope to show, only with a tandem the driver requires the greatest quickness and a very light hand. Of course, sooner or later a shocking accident is sure to be the result of inexperienced handling, and the tandem is then condemned.

I will now point out the way danger is to be avoided, explain the best manner of harnessing a tandem, and the different little

items connected therewith, and will, in fact, describe what I may call a well-appointed turn-out, and well-broken team.

It is of no consequence whether ponies or horses be used; for my own part, I prefer the former, as they are quicker, and I think they are more suited for tandem-work ; horses, being so much longer in the body, are apt to give the tandem a somewhat long, straggling, and narrow appearance. The length of the two horses is too much in comparison with, or in proportion to, the length and size the tandem cart could possibly be. However, this is merely a matter of taste, and of course the same rules will apply to both. Still, as I personally prefer the appearance of a ponies-tandem, I intend to mention them in the few lines I write.

In the first place, it is a great mistake to have too light a cart, for sufficient weight is required to balance the ponies ; six hundredweight is the weight of the cart I have always found them go best in. The proper height is also very important; for ponies of fourteen hands, wheels four feet ten inches in diameter is not too much. This will bring the driving seat about five feet four from the ground. Some people prefer a very slanting driving-box, but I like one with only a moderate slant. Of course, this is a matter of opinion, and I think the driver should always decide which he finds most comfortable. Whether driving one, two, or four horses, it is of the first importance to sit firmly on the box-seat; standing up or leaning against an acutely sloped cushion, the coachman is liable, if a horse pecks, to be plucked right off the vehicle, and deposited on his head in the road. The slant of my own driving-box and cushion together is four and a half inches in front and nine and a half at the back. I have always found a wide cart far pleasanter to drive than a narrow one, as it runs much smoother, and is also much more comfortable ; for constantly in a tandem cart one wishes to take four people, and it is a great mistake to have to sit too close ; for the driver it is especially inconvenient. Then, again, long distances are often covered, and one requires to take a good many things, for a tandem-cart should never be without

rugs, nose-bags, and halters for the ponies ; and very likely at times a luncheon-box ; therefore, for many reasons I would recommend a wide cart. My own measures six feet.

One of the greatest difficulties in a two-wheeled carriage is the proper balance. Nothing is so important, both for the comfort of those driving and also for the ease of the shaft animal. What can look and feel more dreadful than for a cart to be tilted up at such an angle that the luckless occupants of the back seat have the greatest difficulty in remaining there? Should the horse give the smallest start, the muddy road would most likely be their fate. But, if the appearance of a cart balanced in this manner is bad, what word should be applied to the balance of one which is tilted in the opposite extreme, with all the weight falling on the shoulders of the wheeler? The latter is soon fatigued and goes with a laboured gait, and the carriage is shaken in every spring and bolt, while the occupants are jolted in the most uncomfortable manner. What a difference it makes to all concerned when the happy medium is arrived at, and the cart swings perfectly, with the shafts quite straight, and yet with the tugs on the pad working easily all the time, showing that the weight is off the horse, and at the same time that the cart has no inclination to slant backwards ! There are several ways of obtaining this correct state of things: first, by shifting the two seats backwards or forwards as the case may be, according to the number of people in the cart and the height of the shaft horse, and, secondly, by lowering or raising the shafts on the pad. Few people think of the latter method, and yet I do not know one more effective. I myself think the best rule to go by is that the driver should always see that the shafts are perfectly level ; if the cart is a well-built one, this rule should make the weight correct. The balance is much simplified, and all shifting of seats dispensed with, if the cart is fitted with a lever near the driver's right hand, which, when moved backwards and forwards, moves the whole body of the cart on the shafts. I can strongly recommend this arrangement ; for, not only can the driver save time by balancing the weight as he

goes along, but he can do it much more correctly when on the move than when standing still. Another great advantage is the power of shifting the weight going up and down hill, so that whether the cart is travelling on the flat or not the driver can always prevent any weight falling on the shaft-horse. I have always found it very necessary to have a cross-spring at the back of the cart, and also a draw-bar instead of fixed hooks for the traces ; the latter prevents sore shoulders, as the bar moves with the action of the horse. There should be plenty of space allowed between the shafts, so that the horse may move freely. For a cart to convey four people the shafts should be fairly straight, and I do not think six feet three inches would be found too long.

A stick-basket and horn are indispensable accompaniments, the former on the right side and the latter on the left, at the back of the cart. The horn should be an exact model of the coach-horn, only a little shorter, as the full-sized ones are somewhat too long and would be in the way. Two good lamps are extremely necessary, and I think a leader lamp on the dash-board is a great addition, also a clock on one side of it and a rein-holder on the other. A neat little leather box along the top of the dash-board would complete these trifles, which add much to one's comfort and to the perfecting of the tandem cart. This should contain a pick and hammer, a leather-punch, a good pocket-knife, and, above all things, matches ; for nothing is more annoying in a long drive than to be overtaken by darkness, with no means of lighting the lamps, having, therefore, to slowly grope one's way at imminent danger of being run into or colliding against another vehicle ; not to mention the dangers of blind ditches on either side of the road, or other obstacles and impediments equally annoying.

Having procured a very complete cart, I would urge the driver to take even more care and spend even more time on the selection and choice of ponies or horses, whichever it may be. This is a most important matter. If the choice falls on ponies about fourteen hands, perfection is more difficult to find in them

than horses. I think the wheeler should be a long low animal, with short legs, and yet very compact, with plenty of bone, strong hind quarters, and good girth. Nothing is worse than a narrow-chested horse going close in front. In the choice of a wheeler, it should always be borne in mind that he is required for single harness, and therefore it is indispensable that he should be even-gaited, a straight goer, and a big-strided animal, sooner than one with short, quick action. The latter is slow, and takes far too much out of himself to be able to go any distance. On the other hand, the leader can be of lighter build than the wheeler; he should, to my mind, be the same height—on no account taller; if any difference exists between them in this respect, let him be a trifle the smaller. He should carry himself well, and be a good mover all round, and very free. Of course the stamp of leader varies according to the particular work that is expected of him. If the country is very hilly, with heavy roads, a stronger class of animal is required, with fair but not high action; a showy mover would be knocked to pieces in no time in this particular country, and would wear himself out. Therefore, it is well that a tandem-driver should have two leaders, one for hard work and hilly work, and the other for a flat country and shorter journeys. The latter animal can be as showy as possible, with high free action, but plenty of pace.

Great care should be taken in breaking in, or rather training, the horses or ponies to tandem-work. Let us assume both horses are broken to single harness: it is merely tandem-work they know nothing about. The wheeler will, therefore, fall in quietly to what is required of him, but the leader needs some training. Nine times out of ten I have found the best course to pursue is to put the bridle and long reins on the leader and drive him in this manner, walking behind him. This will gently accustom him to the fact that occasionally he will only feel reins, and have no weight behind to steady him. It is astonishing how strange this seems to tandem leaders at first; of course with four horses the two leaders balance each other,

but a tandem leader has nothing but the reins to balance him when the traces are slack. The method I have described will soon give him confidence, however, and it will also get him used to the reins touching his quarters. He should be backed and turned round, and in this manner taught immediately to answer to the bridle. After this has been carefully done for a few days the horses can be put to with safety. It will then be a certainty that both will go perfectly straight ahead without any difficulty; they will not be frightened and alarmed, nor have their tempers upset at the commencement of their training for tandem-work, and I consider this of more importance than anything. However, there are exceptions to every rule, and therefore it is impossible to lay down any special one as the means of teaching a leader what is expected of him. At the present moment I have a leader who never improved in the least by this method, and therefore it was of no use continuing it, as it seemed only to irritate him. Horses have different temperaments, as men and women have; it stands to reason that the same treatment will not apply to all, therefore a great deal must be left to the intelligence of those who are handling them. With the leader I am speaking of, the only way was to get a steady wheeler and put the leader to at once. It so happened that this suited him, as he soon fell into his work, and he is improving every day. To my mind, at all times, it is far more important to have a very trustworthy wheeler than a trustworthy leader. Provided the latter is not an inveterate kicker or jibber, I don't think it much matters what he does. The two vices I have named are extremely awkward in both animals; but, although bad in a leader, they are absolutely fatal in a wheeler. If a wheeler shows temper, it is merely a question of time before he demoralises the leader, and then the team will be a most dangerous one; whereas, if a steady animal is in the shafts, and the leader is the one to show temper, in all probability he will not demoralise the wheeler. It is difficult to say why, but I think the solution can be found in the fact that when a horse can see what his companion is doing it is of no consequence to

him, but if he cannot he is frightened ; for this reason I would advise that the most trustworthy horse of the two should occupy the shafts.

The harness and harnessing of a tandem are the next things to engross the attention of the driver. I think there should be as little harness as possible ; by this I mean that no extra unnecessary or ornamental straps should be allowed. I feel sure that all will agree with me that these are most objectionable, where everything should be neat and businesslike, and every buckle or strap should be for some purpose. The wheeler's harness should be an ordinary set of single harness, but not too heavy, and with a small rolling bar horizontally across the terrets on the pad to divide the reins. In a country with very steep hills breeching is a very requisite addition, but I would only use it in this case, as it has a somewhat unsightly appearance. The bridle of the wheeler differs in only one respect from that of the leader, and this is the necessity for terrets above the blinkers to carry the reins of the leader. The leader's harness matches exactly, only the pad should be of a very light narrow description, as it has only to carry the traces. Some people prefer these to be very long, fastening with swivel-hooks to two rings on the tugs of the wheeler's harness ; but this mode of harnessing the leader to his work I think most objectionable, not to say dangerous. In the first place nothing looks more ugly than long, straggling traces, and in the second place in turning round long traces are very inconvenient ; for, if the space for turning is narrow, the traces will almost touch the ground, and the leader in all probability will get his hind legs over them. Or, again, if the wheeler should be a hot impatient animal, he may entwine his forelegs in them. Experience has long taught me to avoid long traces. It was once my fate to have a very nervous, impetuous leader, and one day in turning in a narrow road, the accident I have described happened to me. The leader got one of his hind legs over the trace, and, of course, began to kick ; this proved a most serious matter, for nothing could persuade him to desist until he had freed

himself of almost all his harness. Shortly afterwards I found a new method had been invented, but was hitherto almost untried; I can only say it has proved a most complete success. This method involves the use of two bars, the first 23 inches long, and the second 29½ inches long; the first one has at each end 22 inches of trace, which hook on to the tugs of the wheeler's traces; in the centre of this bar is a small chain 10½ inches

A leg over the trace.

long, which fastens on to the wheeler's collar by the ordinary kidney link and ring as for a pole-chain. This is to prevent the bars touching the wheeler when standing still. In front of the main bar is a large hook, on to which is affixed the second bar, the space between the two being 4½ inches. To the second bar are hooked the leader's traces. By means of this excellent invention, which I would strongly urge all tandem-drivers to

adopt, the leader's traces are no longer than the wheeler's, and they can never touch the ground. The result is that a tandem can be turned round in the narrowest space without any danger. The leader also, in drawing from a bar, derives the same advantage as the wheeler, who pulls from a draw-bar, and sore shoulders are avoided. Many people lay down rules as to the exact and correct distance that should separate the two horses or ponies; some say the proper space is two feet six to three feet, but to my mind this should be left to the discretion of the driver, for I think it should vary according to the shape of the animals, and according to their action. One thing I would impress on all drivers, and this is to keep the leader as near his work as possible. Let the whole turn-out look very compact and be very compact. No advantage is gained by the distance being very great; on the contrary, much power over the leader is lost, and the appearance is very ugly. Therefore keep your horses close together, only providing that they have space for free movement.

And now comes the pith of the whole matter—the driving. Let the cart be perfection, let the animals be faultless, let them be perfectly broken in and trained, let the harness and harnessing be without a flaw—it is all of no avail and as good as useless unless the driver is efficient, and handles the ribbons with skill. Horses are invariably admitted to be most intelligent, and it is a certain fact that they find out instantly if an inefficient and timid driver is striving to obtain, and retain, the mastery over them. Of course it is only 'practice that makes perfect,' but there are certain principles to be learnt, and faults to be avoided, that should be the preliminary course commenced and studied by all drivers. For nothing is so easy as to acquire bad habits, and nothing so difficult as to correct them.

We will suppose that the horses are harnessed, and being put to. Let this be done as quietly as possible, and as soon as they are ready, I would advise the driver to look all round first and see that the harness and harnessing are quite correct, that the horses are properly bitted, and, in fact, that everything

is right according to his ideas. He should then take the reins in his left hand, standing on the off side of the cart. The wheeler's reins should be put on the second finger, and the leader's on the first finger. He must then hold them in his right hand while he gets into the cart, changing them again to the left as soon as he is on his box. The whip must then be in the right hand, with the thong neatly caught on to the stick. The driver must just feel the mouths of both horses, and draw the leader back slightly, so that the traces of the latter are slack. He can then start the animals both together – if anything, the wheeler should move first. On no account should the leader do so. Having then moved a few paces, the leader's reins should be slackened, and he should be allowed to go more into his collar. Not till both animals are fairly started and beginning to settle down to their work should the leader absolutely assist in drawing the cart; the reason is, that this would probably make the leading horse pull, and the shaft horse hang back as soon as he felt the weight behind dragged on to his quarters. Many drivers make the mistake of letting the leader do too much work; this is the source of many difficulties, and may drag the wheeler on to his nose. When both horses have been going for a short time, then both should be made to do their fair share of work. One of the difficulties experienced at first by all who drive tandem is to keep both horses straight —that is, following each other in a direct line. This is done by altering the position of the reins, either letting out one, or drawing in another, but always by lifting them with the right hand, never drawing them in from behind the left hand. The simplest manner of straightening a team is by shortening or lengthening the two reins lying between the first and second fingers, for the upper rein of these two is the off-side leader's rein, and the lower one the near-side wheeler's rein. Therefore, by slackening or tightening these two reins it stands to reason the two animals are pulled reverse ways.

We will now follow the driver, who has mounted his cart and is fairly started, and let us hope has found sufficient

assistance from what he has read to enable him to make safe and easy progress along a straight road. But there is an old saying, 'It is a long road that has no turning,' and this may be taken figuratively and literally. In the former case the difficulties in his hitherto unchecked success will come and must be met with quickness and skill, and in the latter case we may be quite certain there will be many turns in the road, sharp corners and hills, not to mention the chance of perhaps taking the wrong road, and our driver may then have to turn, possibly in a narrow, awkward place, and retrace his course. We will suppose that he first comes to a sharp curve in the road; horses will always try to cling to the inside of the curve, and, therefore, he must be careful to keep them to the outside—this applies indeed to every form of driving, only that if the curve is miscalculated in a tandem it is more serious. Owing to the leader being farther from his work, it is less easy to correct the error and pull the team off before it is too late; therefore always keep well on the outside of a curve. Now a sharp corner leading into another road along which we have to go comes in view. The first thing to be done is to materially shorten the leader's reins. This is a principle of the greatest importance, and must never be omitted. I may say that it is one of the first rules to be learnt. The reason is that the wheeler cannot turn the cart if the leader is drawing it; again, owing to his distance from the vehicle, the leader will drag wheeler and cart on to the corner, and there is no knowing what obstacle may not be there; or else he will turn the cart so much too quick for the wheeler that there is every probability of the latter crossing his legs and falling. Therefore, to sum it up shortly, I would say this—that no driver can guide his team and cart round a corner in safety with the leader going into his collar. Having drawn the leader back and, I need hardly say, slackened speed, as soon as the driver sees his wheels are in line with the corner, he should point the leader; that is to say, supposing the corner is to right, the driver should catch up with the right hand on to the first finger of the left hand about four inches of the leading

horse's off rein, and hold this loop with the thumb of the same hand. This will turn the leader in advance of the wheeler, and then care only must be taken that the horses do not turn too sharply. This is to be prevented by turning the left-hand wrist slightly upwards and moving the hand from the centre of the body towards the right hip, which tightens the wheel-horse's near rein and prevents his following the leader. In turning to the left, turn the left-hand thumb down and draw your elbow a

Not knowing what obstacle may be there.

little up and outwards, which will bring your hand towards your left hip and will tighten the off-wheel rein. Should the corner be to the left, the same course is followed, only the loop is made with the near-side leader's rein.

Having turned the corner, the loop is loosed, and the team is straight again; and the leader can then be allowed to do his work. On descending a moderate or steep hill, there are but two cautions to be mentioned. First, draw back the leader,

and then slacken speed. Check all impetus before the hill is reached, otherwise the wheeler has hard work to keep the cart back. The pace can be increased as the end is reached.

In the event of the driver having to turn round, he must again shorten the leader's reins till the traces are quite slack. He will then point the leader to whichever side he wishes to turn, in the same manner as turning a corner. Provided he is driving with bars instead of long traces, he can then bring his team round in a space which seems astonishingly narrow for such a manœuvre.

A driver must always feel that both horses are well in hand, and both going well up to their bits, so that a touch of the hand or turn of the wrist will be felt and answered instantly. This applies to both animals, but more especially to a leader ; nothing is more objectionable than a leader who is inclined to hang back, preferring a slack rein. Many require more training in this respect than others. Some horses or ponies will be naturally free and always go well into their bits, whereas some require a great deal of handling, and then the clever and skilful use of the whip shows to great advantage. The leader must be hit exactly where you mean to touch him without noise to startle the wheeler. If the leader is always kept well up to the mark, and never allowed to go carelessly with a slack rein, he will soon get out of the habit of doing so, and will do his work freely, and answer immediately to the bit. I may here remark that the term 'a good whip,' meaning a 'good driver,' is derived from this very thing—the power of making each animal do its work by the skilful use of the thong of the whip. I think five feet is a good length for the stick, and eight feet for the thong. This should always be neatly caught up on the stick, but ready for use at any moment, so that it can be used with the greatest rapidity. In case of a leader turning round, the whip will frequently, if used at the proper moment, make him go straight again. Of course, one of the greatest difficulties in tandem-driving is the risk of this happening, and unquestionably it does happen sometimes. The risk is minimised, how

ever, by having a bold, free leader, and constantly it is the fault of the driver if the leader turns round—either one rein is pulled too hard, or the other not hard enough ; for the most delicate, quick handling is required, and exact knowledge where each rein lies. Supposing a leader is mischievous and will turn round, of course after a certain angle the reins fail to affect him ; then the whip is the only resort, and it must be ready to hit the leader across the face. In all probability this will have the effect of making him obey the bridle ; if not, quickly turn the wheeler round. Here, again, all will admit the value of bars ; for, if the leader does turn, he can do so with impunity, so close that he may touch the shafts, without the slightest danger or entanglement of the harness. On no account must the leader be allowed to have his own way, but the driver must turn his team again, and with the whip force the leader into his bit, and thereby prevent his turning.

I must now draw my remarks to a close, hoping that all will agree that I have been perfectly fair in taking into consideration whatever dangers may be attached to tandem-driving. These I have endeavoured to face, and to show their cause, and how I consider they can be avoided. I sincerely trust I have 'proved my case,' and that those who are most critical of tandems will admit that in reality there are not more dangers to be encountered in a tandem than in any other carriage, if proper care and precautions are taken. All the remarks I have made here have proved themselves correct by events and experience. One thing I am quite convinced of, and that is, if people will study the matter for themselves, they will admit that my views are sound, and that the course I have written is the best to follow in tandem-driving. Of course, to my mind it is the only one ; for I frankly confess I have not the nerve to recklessly drive an unbroken team with the confidence of those I have alluded to who will put two animals into any vehicle without any training, without proper harness, and without even the slightest knowledge how to drive. I cannot conceive any-

thing more trying to the nerve of those who have the misfortune to entrust their lives to such reckless drivers.

On the other hand, I know nothing is more delightful than to sit behind two perfectly broken horses or ponies, going well together, and well in hand, passing rapidly through the air. Complete harmony exists between them and the driver, they know his hand and voice, and he understands the character of each animal. At the same time, in the hands of a skilful, experienced driver, two horses only partially trained, and in many respects somewhat raw, will also go well and with safety. Therefore, study the driving, both for your own happiness and for the pleasure you wish to give those who accompany you. Accidents will sometimes happen, and perhaps the description of one or two would tend to enliven these few pages ; but I must confess, if I am to describe exciting catastrophes and hair-breadth escapes, I must invent them. Without wishing to be guilty of conceit, I can only say that such events have never happened to me during the many years it has been my good fortune to drive a tandem.

CHARMING AND SPEEDY TRAVELLING

Old seal of the Tandem Club.

CHAPTER X.

QUOUSQUE TANDEM?

By Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, R.A., V.C., K.C.M.G.

Some thirty years ago, soon after all the troops had returned from the Crimea, there was a large garrison at Woolwich, composed not only of gunners, but of the militia regiments which had been doing duty in the Mediterranean. The world went very well then, and a number of officers, for the most part young, were extremely anxious to amuse themselves now that the hard times through which so many had passed were over. In those days communication with London was not so easy and money not plenty as it now seems to be. Consequently amusement had to be found near home. Those were the days when Tom Hills was still the huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, and on almost every hunting morning sundry ardent youths were seen jogging off at an early hour to a meet which might have been hard on twenty miles away, to enjoy themselves amongst the hills and flints of a very peculiar country. Their hunting costumes were not precisely what the golden

youth of to-day would consider faultless, nor would their horses all have fetched 300*l.* at the hammer; but still, if after a hard day's work they managed to get home in time for mess, and especially if, by some error of its own, a fox had been killed, the stories told of the chase and of individual deeds of daring horsemanship would probably run those of the faultlessly dressed and mounted *sabreurs* of to-day pretty close. Well, for the sake of argument, let us say that for the sum above mentioned hard on ten young sportsmen might possibly have gone a-hunting in those merry days, and then we shall arrive at the useful class of animal that was then prevalent in barracks and had far too much to do and was generally too well ridden to indulge in many eccentricities. There was, perhaps, a good deal of analogy in the positions of the horses and their proprietors, except that the masters were probably a great deal keener to be always doing something than their mounts. That may explain why it seemed so natural that if the master was not riding his horse he should be driving him. It was not everyone who was the lucky proprietor of a vehicle of any kind. If he was, it was generally of the two-wheeled order – in some cases, an expert might have said a wheel and a half. But then all were not experts, and unlimited confidence was as good as half a wheel.

Thirty years ago the journey from Woolwich to the west-end of London was a tiresome and tedious affair, so that if pleasure or business called one there, it was much simpler and far more pleasant, in the absence of tramways, to drive at once from point to point, and the Old Kent Road was worn by the constant *va-et-vient* of the military *einspänner*. Now one day it came into the head of a festive aide-de-camp who owned two perfectly dissimilar quadrupeds, that, although he could not ride them both at once, it was quite possible to utilise their time by driving them together. The difficulty was, that the only vehicle he possessed was a dogcart, and that to purchase anything with four wheels and a pole was quite out of the question, for several simple reasons. This preyed upon his mind, until

AN INEXTRICABLE TANGLE

the sight of a passing tandem produced the idea that should have developed itself spontaneously if everyone were imaginative and original. The next step was to confide the acquired idea to a celebrated horse-dealer, whose opinion on the subject was given much in these terms: 'I always look upon a man as drives a tandem as a fool; he makes two hosses do the work of one and most likely breaks his silly neck.' Nothing could be more satisfactory to ambitious youth than that, and so no one will wonder that in about a fortnight after the delivery of the oracle two horses might have been seen in the middle of a road about half a mile from their stable standing, or rather struggling, side by side, but head and tail in an inextricable tangle of harness, reins and long whip, somehow attached to a tall dog-cart on the top of which sat an utterly helpless and perplexed would-be charioteer!

This little difficulty probably originated the Tandem Club. There were only two important spectators of it, standing at safe distances on opposite sides of the road. One was for the moment a very anxious parent, and the other a past master in all the arts of riding, driving, racquets, cricket, and other manly sports. When the horses had been put straight and had acquired a confidence that their driver neither possessed in himself nor in them collectively or individually, they careered away without any more notable trouble until, with true military instinct, they returned quietly to their barracks and food. Said the anxious parent to his friend across the road, 'Will you for Heaven's sake try and prevent my boy from breaking his neck? for *I* can't.' The answer was, 'I will. I will teach him to drive a tandem.' . . . Now it may be doubted whether that promise was exhaustively satisfactory to a fond father, but at all events it was carried out, so that not very long afterwards Mentor and Telemachus, or for short M. and T., would often sit together in the same vehicle with a relative sense of security and a positive one of pleasure in driving over every road for miles around, and interchanging jocosities with the envious. As chaff did not drive the one tandem off the road, and as it is human to err and to be

imitative, it became evident that there would soon be more tandems about, and the notion of a Tandem Club germed in the fruitful brain of the Mentor. The first fruit of that germ was that the Mentor started a tandem of his own. Nobody knows, probably no one ever knew, what animal he drove at the wheel, but everyone from the oldest to the youngest inhabitant knew the leader 'Kitty.'[1] That horse was probably coeval with the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and must have taught many generations of subalterns their drill on Woolwich Common, besides having run numberless garrison flat races, hurdle races, and steeplechases, and jumped every fence marked on the ordnance map, and many others within twenty miles of his own manger. At the time we are speaking of, however, no living soul could ride, drive, or manage the Kitten but his own master; and nothing could be more instructive to the anxious student than to watch the various methods by which the master invariably overcame the eccentricities of the wayward steed. If he refused to start, a quite inimitable holloa would set him going; if he ran away, a little playful badinage as to his age and unfitness for such exertion would stop him; and if he came round to see if his nose-bag was under the driving seat, a few kindly kicks on the nose sent the docile animal nearly into its place again. Of course, at the time, these magistral touches in the art of driving seemed to be easy of imitation, though after the lapse of many years one is forced to see that only the genuine artist can hope to attain to such proficiency.

Howbeit, tandems of one sort or another appeared, and a conclave of their owners was called. The subject to be discussed was the formation of a club. M. voted himself Chairman: carried *nem. con.* M. constituted himself President: great applause. M. nominated T. Secretary: murmurs, but carried in deference to the Chairman. All present elected themselves

[1] *The Kitten*, brown gelding, by *Willoughby* out of an Irish mare, was bred at Ruperra Castle, Glamorganshire, and was used for many years as second charger by an officer of the Royal Horse Artillery.

members unanimously. Magnum Bonum, the Hebrew accommodator, and a Polish nobleman of distinction were elected Honorary Members, without the formality of their being consulted; and the club having been thus regularly constituted, the rules were then drawn up. Finance: The entrance fee to the club is to be *nil*,[1] and the annual subscription is on no account to exceed the entrance fee.

Any member falling in arrears is to cease, *ipso facto*, to be a member of the club.

Discipline.—The President is at liberty to issue such orders as he may think fit for the guidance of the club.

The members are at liberty to obey such orders if they please.

Other regulations of a similarly stringent nature were enacted, and the Chairman, having passed a vote of thanks to the meeting, adjourned to the ante-room.

Everything now went on swimmingly, but the want was felt of some great and indisputable authority on all matters connected with driving. Very luckily for the Club such an authority was at hand. Colonel Fane, commanding the Oxford Militia, was one of the most celebrated whips of the day, and after some coaxing, he consented to be installed critic-in-chief to the 'Tandem Club, with plenary powers. The usual order of proceeding was as follows. A day, hour and place were announced for the meeting of the tandems, the usual spot chosen for the meet being in front of the Map Establishment, as the broad expanse of parade ground in front afforded scope for any erratic movements of members, whose wishes as to position were not always quite in harmony with the views taken by their teams. Colonel Fane would sit calmly on the box of his drag, which served as a citadel and place of security to the ladies, scanning with a judicial and unerring eye the conduct of each individual driver. When order had been more or less established, the signal was given to start, and the

[1] This was cribbed from I. Z. rules. No apology to J. Loraine Baldwin, originator of the Zingari. 'Imitation is the sincerest flattery.'

procession moved off to whatever point had been agreed upon. It might be to Gravesend, Richmond, Dulwich, the Crystal Palace, even to the wilds of Kensington ; but perhaps the most favoured spot was Greenwich. Stabling and dinners were alike good there, and the road home so familiar, that be the night never so dark, the horses could always find their own way back, which was sometimes an advantage.

When dinner was over, the President placed his white hat on the table as a badge of office, and called on the Secretary to explain to the meeting the position, financial and otherwise, of the Club. This having been done, the President would then deferentially request Colonel Fane to make some remarks upon the performances of the day, reminding members that it was strictly forbidden to answer or discuss any criticism. The great whip would then rise with an extra twinkle in his merry eye, and solemnly begin. 'Mr. Secretary, I noticed that when you passed my coach this afternoon to show the ladies how you could drive' ('No!' Silence !) 'your leader was all over the road, and your wheels a great deal too close to mine.' ('Well, how could I help my leader shying at your old——' Order, order, order.) 'Besides, when you wanted to rouse your leader, you very nearly hit my young 'un. Now if ever you want to pass me again, *and I choose to let you*, set your horses going before you come up to me, then lay hold of them both and steady them : when your wheels are quite clear of mine, drop your hands and let them shoot, and instead of flourishing your whip about as if you were fishing with a dry fly, keep it still, and try and look as if you could drive.' (Great applause, during which the Secretary hides his confusion in the bowl.) Then one after the other had to suffer, until the conversation became very general, and the ladies thought it nearly time to be going home.

We have now seen something of the method by which the theories of driving were inculcated into the heads of the would-be Jehus. Their practical education was conducted in another way. When the President, armed with all the arbitrary

powers conferred upon him by the rules of the club, could gather six tandems together, he would take them to the drill ground on the Common and draw them up after the manner of a troop of horse artillery, and then put them through every evolution that a troop was ever capable of performing. This was the more easy, as the command consisted almost entirely of gunners, if they were not all drivers. Certain it is that these drills made horses and men so handy, that road-work soon came to be looked upon as mere child's play, and the distant expeditions were conducted with great confidence. Mercifully no accident of any importance to man or material occurred, and whether or not tandem-driving be of any practical value, an immense deal of very harmless fun and amusement was got out of it. How long the Tandem Club lasted is not recorded: certainly the vehicles could not have held together much longer; and the original members were soon scattered all over the globe, as they never had been over the neighbourhood of Woolwich. Many are not (for the lapse of thirty years produces many gaps in the ranks of old comrades), and of those that remain, perhaps not one could be dragged back to his box by wilder horses than he ever drove in his youth.

There is no reason, however, why a tandem should be a particularly dangerous or useless mode of conveyance. Let anyone while he is young and has strong and steady nerves, a quick eye and patience to learn his business thoroughly, try it, and perhaps he will not repent. Let him begin by learning the uses, places and combination of the harness to the last buckle. Then, if he can find a good professor, let him sit beside him, watch, listen and learn. When he feels confident that he can set up on his own account, let him possess himself of a stout dogcart, a steady well-bitted wheeler, and a free leader in a ring snaffle, and, above all, an active and sober groom. Then he may go far and certainly might fare worse. Nothing could well be more pleasant than for two great friends who did not quarrel more than three times a day to make a tour through a hilly district where (*pace* the horse-dealer)

there is plenty of work for both horses to do, and all the elements of open-air enjoyment. If there be a small degree of danger connected with the pastime, and a man must needs be a fool for liking it, long may there be many such fools in England to keep up all its sports and exercises as well as tandem-driving.

'Two minutes to spare.'

CHAPTER XI.

OLD COACHING DAYS.

By Lord Algernon St. Maur.

AMATEUR REMINISCENCES.

The number of old coaching men—of those, that is to say, who were accustomed to drive when coaching was the speediest and most familiar form of locomotion—is gradually becoming fewer and fewer. It is because I had the advantage of being—or the misfortune to be?—an enthusiastic coachman in days of yore that the Editor has applied to me for a contribution, and I hasten to fulfil the request without further apology or preface.

My active experiences go back half a century. In 183c

Mr. Stevenson was driving the 'Brighton Age;' and I begin with him because he was the great reformer who set a good example to coachmen generally, as regards punctuality, neatness and sobriety. Before his day many were very slovenly They drove without gloves or aprons; the old night coachmen frequently wore glazed hats such as sailors wear, and had bands of hay or straw twisted round their legs; they were uncouth and careless in appearance; rough in manner and language; much given to drink; and, if admitted as representatives of the profession, were likely to get the coachman a bad name which he did not deserve. The 'Age' left Brighton as the clock struck twelve, and a vast crowd assembled every day to see it start; it was well horsed and well driven. This has always been the most fashionable road for driving, and later on the late Duke of Beaufort, Lord Chesterfield, and several other gentlemen drove on that road. The professional drivers afterwards were Charles Jones, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Dick Brackenbury, Jack Willan, Charles Ward, and Frank Jerningham. Willan had what was called a 'double load,' the 'Times,' which he drove from London to Brighton and back; it was said to be worth 700*l.* a year; but a man who drives one hundred miles every day, in all weathers, deserves to be well paid.

If I go back to my very earliest recollections of coaching, I must begin before the date I have mentioned.

In the year 1820, being then six years old, I was put into the old Frome coach, which carried six inside, to be taken to London. We left Frome at 6 P.M., and reached our destination at 12 next day—eighteen hours doing one hundred miles; but I have never yet forgotten that every time we changed horses the same question was always put to the guard, which was, 'Well, George, how is your brother Robert?' It turned out that shortly before, at some inn, the horses had been left to themselves, while the coachman and guard went in to drink; the horses started off, the guard rushed out, just in time to jump on to the coach, but as they were making for a pond he jumped off and broke his leg. Such instances of neglect were not

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uncommon, and I remember an old coachman telling me that he once met two coaches in one night without any coachman, and that he managed to stop them both without any accident. From the age of six till twelve I was at school on Wimbledon Common, and went home three times a year in Mr. Dawnay's four-horse coach. This was a strange conveyance. It carried four inside; then, behind the body of the coach, there was a circular sort of basket which carried six passengers. A very few years previously, although the coaches were on springs, the box seat was not so designed, so that the coachmen were terribly shaken. State coaches were then built in the same manner. I was always very fond of horses, and when at this school I much envied our dancing-master, who came once a week in a tandem.

In those days Lord Spencer lived in Wimbledon Park, which abounded in game of all sorts. Wild ducks were by no means rare visitors, woodcocks were not seldom found, and there was also a heronry. Sir Francis Burdett lived upon the Common, also Tooke, Lord Melville, Count St. Antonio, and many more. At twelve years of age I went to Eton for four years ; this was in 1826. Goodall was provost, Keate headmaster ; Staniforth, captain of the boats. Here I first began to drive, having a gig occasionally or a phaeton from Bob Davis, who kept the inn next to Windsor Bridge. My next coaching experiences were from London to Peterborough and back three times a year, either by the Louth mail, which ran through Cambridge, or by the Stamford 'Regent.'

Ringrose drove the mail from Cambridge to Huntingdon and back. One fine summer morning, just at dawn, a donkey stood in the middle of the road, but as the mail drew near, he lay down and rolled, causing such a dust that the leaders took fright and upset the mail. Such an accident might, of course, have happened to anybody, but poor Ringrose was so chaffed, and was asked so frequently whether he had met the donkey that morning, that he was nearly driven off the road. There were some good inns in those days, the Cock Inn at Eaton,

the Wheatsheaf at Atconbury Hill, the Haycock at Wansford, and the George at Grantham. Although I had no driving, I passed three very pleasant years in Peterborough, with five other pupils, at a tutor's. We read six or eight hours on most days; in summer we hired a four-oar from Cambridge and rowed on the Nene; we also sailed on Whittlesea Mere, then a lake about fourteen miles round, where we shot snipe, ducks, teal, widgeon, sheldrakes, ruffs and reeves, herons, and other birds. There were some very fine men in the Fens, who lived entirely by the gun, especially one Bate, six feet two. He shot with an old flint and steel gun, worth a few shillings, and for wadding he picked dry sedge as he walked along. I once asked him how it was that he scarcely ever missed a snipe: he replied, 'I never shoots at them, I always shoots where they're a-going, and then the shot meets them'—this, however, is a digression from coaching.

In 1833 I went to live in London, where I had such a seven years of coaching as I shall never forget. At that time all the mail coaches assembled once a year on the 1st of May, either in Lincoln's Inn Fields or some other roomy place, coachmen and guards all in their new liveries of scarlet and gold, all the horses in new sets of harness All the best horses in or near London belonging to the mails were put in on that day; several gentlemen, lovers of the road, such as Sir Henry Peyton, Sir Lawrence Palk, and several others, also lent their own teams to join in the procession, as the mails were driven through all the principal streets in the West End; but, before leaving London, all the regular mail teams were put in again. A dinner was always given at Westminster to the mail coachmen and guards; at this Mr. Chaplin (afterwards member for Salisbury) presided, and he generally gave 'shouldering' as a toast, which was considered a capital joke. As the meaning of the word will be little understood by the present generation, I may explain that it referred to a system in vogue which was rather against the interest of the coach proprietors. Coachmen were allowed to pick up 'short passengers'

between the different towns, charging them a shilling or half-a-crown, according to the distance, and to put these small sums into their own pockets ; and as these short passengers handed the money to the coachman over his shoulder before alighting, this custom was called shouldering. Foreigners were much struck with this procession of the mails. I and other gentlemen who were interested in coaching always rode round with them on horseback. The last procession took place in May 1838 ; there were then twenty-seven mail coaches in London ; the Earl of Lichfield was Postmaster-General, and Mr. George Louis was Superintendent of the New Post Office.

I belonged to the B.D.C., or Bedfont Driving Club ; an association which had about thirty members. We dined there, at the Black Dog, three times during the summer. The Club was formerly held at Benson, near Oxford, but Bedfont was much more convenient. It was a pretty sight, about eleven at night, when starting for London, to see all the coaches in the yard, all the lamps lit, and teams of divers colours. I regret that I have not retained the list of the members of the Club, but it included Lord Sefton, Sir Henry Peyton, Messrs. Villebois, Bunbury, Kenyon, Spicer, Sumner, and many others. We also had a very pleasant coach dinner in Botham's, at Salt Hill ; the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Chesterfield, Counts d'Orsay and Batthyany, and a host of others, sat down to the number of about fifty ; the hours were small when we reached Kensington Corner.

The Bath road was in excellent order, as there were pumps at short intervals for watering the road all the way to the western city. There were several excellent coaches on this road—the 'York House' to Bath, the 'Berkeley Hunt' and 'Tantivy' to Cheltenham. About this time some of the coaching men [1] put a very smart Windsor coach on the road called the 'Taglioni,' with a picture on the hind boot of the *danseuse*

[1] The Earl of Chesterfield and Count (afterwards Prince) Batthyany. It was a two-end coach. Charley Jones (a brother of the former Sir Henry Tyrwhitt) and young Dick Brackenbury were the coachmen.—B.

as she appeared on the stage. The horses, all piebalds, were supplied by Mat Milton, a noted character in those days, and they were splendidly driven by Charles Jones. I must also mention a first-rate pair-horse coach, the 'Wonder,' put on the road by Lovegrove of the Bear at Maidenhead. It was full every day, and did the twenty-six miles to London in two hours and a half to a minute.

Among my own early experiences was driving the 'Age' to Oxford by way of Uxbridge and Beaconsfield. There was much racing and opposition on this road between the 'Age' and the 'Royal William'—indeed, with such energy was the coach conducted that the driver told me he once drove the whole distance, fifty miles, in three hours and sixteen minutes. The 'Age' ran from the Green Man and Still in Oxford Street to the Mitre at Oxford, leaving London at one, reaching Oxford at half-past six. Major Fane, a fine coachman, often drove the 'Royal William.' Such was the jealousy between these two rival coaches that the horse-keepers of the 'Age,' which happened to be first and was changing horses, put a number of stable buckets across the road, thinking to delay the 'Royal William;' but Major Fane, who was driving and galloping at the time, the moment that he saw their little game, caught all his horses fast by the head, and giving them a smack all round, splintered the buckets into pieces and went on his way rejoicing. At first I used to drive to Oxford and return the next day, but I soon wished for more work; so after dining at the Mitre I used to send for one or two friends who happened to be in the city, and we sat together till eleven, when I drove the Gloucester mail back to London, by Henley and Maidenhead, reaching London at six; then to bed for two hours, after which I passed the day as usual. I was very fond of driving by night, as horses are always so lively; to hear the ring of their feet on a sharp frosty night, the rattle of the bars, and the clatter as they rose and surmounted the tops of the hills, was to me the sweetest of music. Sometimes I drove the Gloucester mail from London nearly to Benson, where we met

SPLINTERING THE BUCKETS

the up-mail, when I got on to that and drove back again. The first night that I drove this mail out of London the old coachman would drive with short-wheel reins, which just came round the middle finger. He called the usual reins 'a newfangled French fashion.' It was a dark, wet night, and rather foggy. When half-way down Henley Hill he began chirping at the leaders, which set them pulling. All he said was, 'It's a nasty hill with a bridge at the bottom, but we must go along, only mind what you're at, as this is just the spot where my partner was killed this day week; he ran up the bank and turned her over.' Some of these men were terribly reckless. I soon left this road for the Basingstoke or Exeter, which I much preferred to any other, and I never left it as long as coaching lasted. The 'Quicksilver,' or Devonport mail, and the Exeter 'Telegraph,' were simply perfection—such coachmen, such guards, and such horses! How well I remember the four blood chestnuts, with ring-snaffles, out of London! Then there was a grey leader over Hounslow Heath, who refused to start at all unless he had ear-caps on. These looked very odd when the ground was covered with snow. I often wondered who found out this horse's peculiarity, for it was such a strange remedy for a bad starter.

We left Paine's Old White Horse Cellar, opposite Hatchett's, at half-past eight; we changed at Hounslow and at Bedfont Gate (invariably called Bellfound Gate, but I never knew why), and reached Bagshot at a quarter before eleven—twenty-six miles. Here I slept, was called at half-past three, left at four, reached London at half-past six; then to bed till eight or nine, as the case might require. Sometimes I drove right down to Whitchurch, near Andover, met the up-mail and drove it back again, thus driving all night.

On two coaches, the 'Quicksilver' and 'Telegraph,' we had no side-reins or check-reins, never crossed or lapped the traces, nor throat-lashed the leaders; four reins in one hand and whip in the other was deemed sufficient. The mail-coaches carried four passengers inside and three outside, the guard

having a small seat behind all to himself; he also had a sword and a blunderbuss, and a 'yard of tin,' which he could blow with sufficient expertness to make himself heard at a great distance. The motto on the forepart of the mail was 'Nemo me impune lacessit.' A coachman one day asked me what it meant, and I explained to him; but I added, 'On the "Quicksilver" it means, "Nobody ever gives me the go-by,"' and nobody ever did; for even when we were last out of London we were nearly always first into Hounslow. When going into Devonshire I got on to the mail at half-past eight in the evening, and got off it again at four the next afternoon, thus occupying twenty hours, driving all sorts of distances. When I went to Exeter by the 'Telegraph' we left London at five in the morning and reached Exeter at half-past ten at night —176 miles in seventeen hours and a half! We breakfasted at Bagshot, dined at Deptford Inn, and had tea at Ilminster. We changed horses nearly twenty times. There were three guards belonging to the 'Telegraph,' all first-rate men, who carried small twisted horns in their pockets, as the passengers were troublesome in trying to blow the usual long horns. These guards frequently managed to jerk the drag from under the wheel without stopping the coach, but this was very dangerous; a guard on another coach was killed in attempting it. There was a four-mile stage from Wincanton to Last Gate. A friend of mine, a first-rate coachman, asked the professional the shortest time in which he had ever done the distance, and he replied fifteen minutes. My friend, who was driving, said, 'I think it might be done in twelve.' He started at a gallop and did the four miles just under twelve minutes. The next day the professional tried to do the same, but, unfortunately, when at full speed one of the horses put his foot into a hole near the side of the road and broke his leg, which spoiled all. I never heard that he tried it again.

When I went into Dorsetshire I used to go by the old Exeter mail. I drove to Salisbury, eighty-six miles; sometimes to Dorchester, 120 miles. One evening I met this mail at

Dorchester. The only passenger was the coachman's wife, so they both got inside and I drove them to Salisbury, where Billy Chaplin, as he was called, got into the mail, which he horsed himself, and, of course, the professional ought to have been driving. I was just mounting the box when the guard said to me, 'I don't know what to do with the calf.' 'Calf,' I said; 'what calf?' He replied, 'I did not tell you before, but veal is cheap in Dorchester and dear in London, and there's a crown to be got out of that calf, only the London butchers like them alive; but now that Billy is inside perhaps I had better cut its throat, as if he hears it "bah!" I might get into trouble for carrying it in the hind boot.' I replied, 'Leave the calf alone. I will drive very steadily out of the town, and in less than twenty minutes our only inside, barring the calf, will be fast asleep.' I think it only fair to add that both our insides behaved very well, as we heard no more of either of them till we reached Piccadilly, when Mr. Chaplin jumped into a cab, the calf was dropped into the bottom of the mail-cart under the bags, and carried off to Newgate Street.

I was often asked in those days why, being so fond of driving, I did not keep a coach and team of my own. My reply was: 'In the first place, consider how much more practice there is in driving road-coaches with all sorts of horses; a man must become a judge of pace, which is not only useful but necessary; and then again one learns how to put horses together.' A man's own team is all very well for ten or twelve miles, but in driving a hundred miles he has the variety of ten or twelve teams, likewise of all sorts of ground, and again of driving horses with all sorts of mouths, all sorts of tricks and all sorts of tempers. I drove the Basingstoke coach whenever I could, frequently three days a week. It ran long stages. The coach stood at Gerrard's Hall, near St. Paul's, and ran from there to Bedfont, fifteen miles; thence to Bagshot, thirteen; Hartley Row, thirteen; Odiham, four; Basingstoke, six. It was considered a slow coach, but it was not so in reality. It left the Cellar at half-past nine, reaching

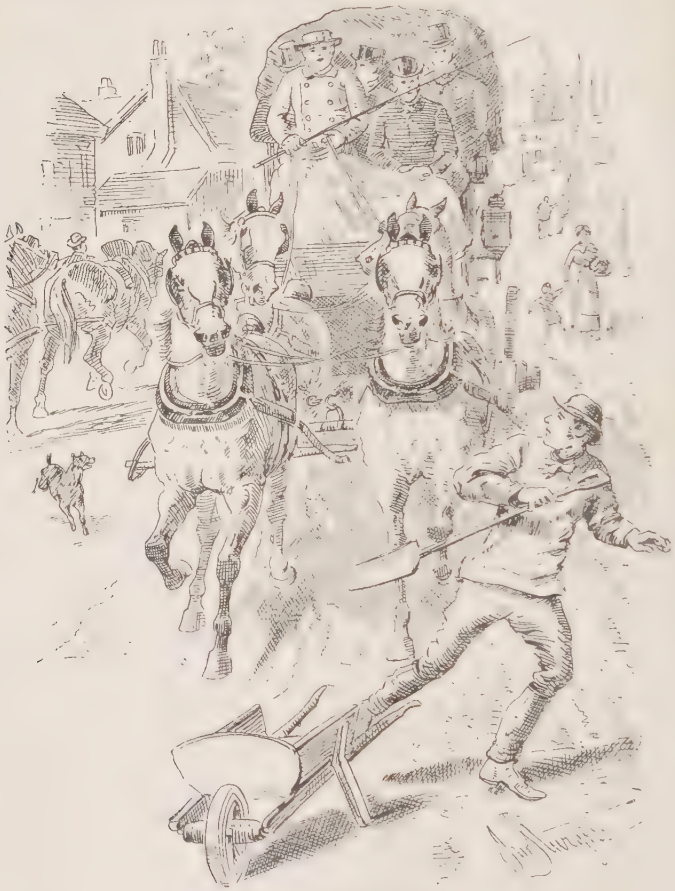
Basingstoke at three, doing fifty-two miles in five hours and a half; but there was much road-work to be done, picking up a great many 'short passengers.' We also stopped ten minutes at Virginia Water for refreshments, and generally more than ten minutes at Odiham, where the proprietor of the coach lived, and he always had a very nice luncheon laid ready on the table. It was my invariable practice to keep time to a minute. We had roan horses nearly all the way, and it was, of course, not always easy to supply deficiencies. One day, after changing horses at Hartley Row, on nearing Odiham the coachman said to me: 'Do you find any difference between this team and the others you generally have?' I replied that I thought that they rather wandered about the road just at starting. 'Well,' he said, 'I did not like to tell you before, but they have not an eye among them.' On reaching Basingstoke I remained till five, when I got on to the Weymouth 'Magnet,' and arrived in London at nine, nearly a hundred miles. There were many amateurs on this road—Sir John Rogers, Sir Lawrence Palk, Sir Walter Carew, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Wadham Wyndham, and many others.

There was much life on the road in those days, as those who could not afford post-horses went by coach; occasionally four ladies would engage the inside from Exeter to London. One night the guard said to me, 'Be sure not to turn her over to-night, as we have four members inside,' and I found that these were four members of Parliament. The day after the Coronation, I was just leaving the White Horse Cellar, with a very heavy load on the Basingstoke coach, when a clergyman came running up, and asked if I had any room. I replied that I was very sorry, but that the coach was more than full already. He exclaimed, 'I really must go, or I shall be in a sad scrape; cannot you make room for me somewhere? I am ready to jump into the boot or anywhere, sooner than be left behind.' 'Well,' I said, 'both boots are full I know, but sooner than you should get into trouble we will try what we can do.' So I told one of the porters to take a large trunk out of the front boot and pile

it up on the top of the other luggage, and then the clergyman scrambled into the boot. Of course I left the door open that he might breathe, and I actually left London the day after Her Majesty's Coronation with four in, eleven out, a ton of luggage, and a clergyman to boot, and in the boot! Strange to say, we were liable to be fined for carrying one extra passenger, also if the luggage was piled up beyond a certain height; whereas, at present, omnibuses, with only a pair of horses, appear to carry any number of passengers.

Now as to pace. It often struck me that coachmen seldom knew at what pace they were going, unless they were driving themselves. I will give an instance of this. The Exeter 'Defiance' left the Cellar every evening at half-past four, loaded very heavily—I was always very fond of a full load. It was well horsed with four dark browns, all sixteen hands, which trotted much faster than they appeared to do. The usual coachman kept on telling me that I was losing time, and repeated this so often that I resolved to play him a trick if I could; for, driving as much as I did in those days, I began to think that I knew something of pace. So I trotted along, making all possible haste I could, but, of course, without galloping. When we reached Basingstoke, the ostler stood at the inn door with his hands in his pockets. It was a fine summer evening, and the town clock was exactly opposite the inn. The coachman said, 'Well, Jim, where are the horses?' 'Lor! bless ye, master, I haven't put the harness on yet,' was the man's reply, 'for you be here forty minutes sooner than you've a ben for six months.' I looked another way, and slipped off the coach, as my journey ended there. Soon after, being invited to shoot in Norfolk, I went there by the 'Phenomenon,' which left Mrs. Nelson's inn at the East End of London at seven o'clock. I had never been that road; the distance to Norwich is 116 miles, of which I drove eighty; the coach was well horsed, but we had no guard. Mrs. Nelson was a good business woman, and all the passengers were asked to pay their fares when on the coach before it left the inn yard. We had a very smart

team into Sudbury– three piebalds and a grey. Just as we entered the town there was a man with a wheelbarrow in the middle of the road, with his back towards the coach. I ex-



The Sudbury barrow.

pected him to move, but he did not do so till we were close to him; he then ran away with his shovel, leaving the barrow,

luckily lengthways, in the middle of the road. As it was downhill and I had a heavy load (nearly all Quakers), it was impossible to stop, so I opened out the leaders as well as I could ; they were not throat-lashed or coupled very close, and fortunately did not shy. I managed to clear the barrow with the wheelers also, but the near hind wheel caught it, smashing it to atoms, with a loud report. The Quakers at the back, behind the luggage, all jumped up much alarmed, asking what had happened, as, of course, they had seen nothing and most likely thought that the coach had given way.

I returned in a day or two, driving a hundred miles. It so happened that I did not go that way again for two years. I then met this same coachman coming towards London, who made a sign for me to stop ; after a few observations, just as we were both starting again, he remarked with a smile, touching his hat at the same time in the most respectful manner, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but you didn't happen to meet with the Sudbury barrow again, did you?' These long coachmen loved a joke dearly, and never forgot to name it if you happened to touch anything when driving.

I may here add a few words about the patent, or pressure, drag. That this drag is a great boon I cannot deny ; but as to treatment, I know nothing that has been so much abused. In the days of the mails and fast coaches it would have been invaluable. Stopping to put the drag on, or take it off, would have been quite unnecessary ; whereas, formerly, if behind time, a coachman was often tempted to run down a hill with a heavy load, without the drag, to save time, and this caused several sad accidents, the coach getting the better of a weak team of horses who could no longer sustain the weight behind them. There is also another great advantage in this drag, as some hills are only steep just at the top, so that after descending a short distance all pressure can be removed, and the rest of the descent being gradual, you can run down the hill at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. With the old drag and chain, when once it was on, it could not be removed till

level ground was gained, as no horses could *back* a coach uphill.

The drag, however, may be, and often is, greatly abused. What do we see now? We may note a well-appointed coach being driven about London, but when necessary to pull up, the horses are no longer expected to stop the vehicle; the coachman's duty is to put on the patent drag. It is also often kept on after the coach has been stopped, lest the horses should move again. As the team descends, either in town or country, or even when going over the London bridges, on goes the drag. But the place of all others in which to see the popularity of the patent drag is the top of St. James's Street; here it goes on with a jerk, a pressure and a noise, that would almost lead one to think that the coach had arrived at the top of Henley Hill, with 'eleven and four,' and two tons of luggage; whereas, for years, we formerly trotted down St. James's Street, full in and out, with many loads, bound for Mr. Hart's hospitable Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich or elsewhere, without any skid at all. But then horses knew their business. The drag is still more abused in the country, as every flyman makes use of it down gradual descents, where it is not the least required, causes a most unpleasant noise, and wears away both itself and the tires of the wheels to no purpose.

Now, I beg to state that I am not finding fault with the coachmen of the present day; no doubt there are excellent men among them, and I think it marvellous how few accidents have happened to coaches, especially in and about London, since railways opened, as modern drivers could not have had the opportunity of driving all sorts of horses, by day and by night, as had to be done formerly. The fact is, that horses are not taught to hold back, as every horse ought to be; but, of course, if dealers and horse-breakers can sell them when ignorant of this useful accomplishment, they will continue to do so. The drag should never be used excepting when absolutely necessary. I have heard much about the drag

saving horses' legs; it may do so to a certain extent, but not nearly so much as some people imagine. I have not found that horses last any longer; and two of my oldest friends, who have driven four horses all their lives, still take a pride in descending steep hills without any drag at all, and declare that their horses last quite as long as other people's. Of course, in driving a pair of groggy wheel-horses the drag may save them from coming on their heads when going downhill. Living in a hilly country, I still retain breeching and bearing-reins, and the old drag and chain swung under the coach, as in old days, but I employ the pressure drag as well. There may be many changes yet; for,

> What can escape Time's all-destroying hand?
> Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand?

as somebody wrote years ago.

But Troy's in Wales, there's no question about that. I quite forget who sang,

> The team trots merrily o'er the road,
> The rattling bars have charms;
> Eleven and four is our average load,
> And we change at the Coachman's Arms.

There was one team in the Brighton Day Mail quite perfection, three chestnuts, and a brown near wheeler who could trot while all the others galloped, but the horn upset him, and unless held hard he was off like a rocket. Such were some of the quaint experiences of horses which one gained on these old coaches.

The love of driving was so strongly developed in many enthusiasts, that when coaching came to an end as a business it began to be followed as a sport or amusement, and I now propose to make a few observations about the pleasure road-coaches, London teams, the meets at the Magazine, and driving generally.

In 1839, finding that railways would soon put an end to coaching, I was one day much surprised by two old friends calling upon me, and inviting me to purchase their coach,

which they had kept between them for some years, stating that they could no longer afford to keep it, and that they were both going on to the turf to make fortunes. I begged them to reconsider their decision, adding that if they really intended to leave the road for the turf I thought it quite likely that I should see them 'both out,' which I regret to say has long since come to pass, nor did I ever hear of those fortunes to which they then looked forward.

I bought their coach, however, which proved to be an old mail. These mails, made by Ward about 1835, ran better than any coaches that I have ever driven; they travelled very steadily, followed well, galloped without rocking, and I have never heard of any one of them being upset.

Having bought a coach, I had no team; in fact, I never really had a team, as I was always driving odds and ends, perhaps a cabriolet horse and a hunter at wheel, and two buggy or gig horses as leaders, or some equally eccentric combination. Occasionally this was not all pleasure, but it was grand practice, nor can I ever forget the kindness of my friends in lending me all sorts of horses, and sending them on with servants and helpers, when I wished to drive twenty or thirty miles; one of the best and pleasantest teams that I ever drove consisted of four gig horses, each belonging to a different owner. I soon began to drive large parties of friends to Greenwich, Richmond, Windsor, Henley, Hampton Court, and Virginia Water; also to Epsom, Ascot and Goodwood, and the latter, as we arranged it, made a most enjoyable outing. We were generally a party of ten; we left London on Monday morning, sent horses on, had four teams in all, stayed the whole week with a kind friend about twelve miles from the course, so that we had a twenty-four-mile drive every day, and drove back to London, some sixty or seventy miles, on Saturday. We also used to attend the races at the Hoo, then held in the park, some six miles below Welwyn, and thirty-three from London.

I cannot help regretting that there should have been a sort of interregnum between the stage-coaches and pleasure-coaches.

The road came to an end in 1840, but it was not till some ten years had elapsed that the Tunbridge, Brighton, and Dorking coaches were put on the road. During these years everything appeared to have got out of gear. The new coaches were badly built, good crops or whips were not to be found, and nearly everything connected with coaching cost more than double, especially horses. I have had a few drives on these pleasure-coaches, but must confess that I never had the same joyous sensation as of yore, when mounting the box of the 'Quicksilver' Mail or the Exeter 'Telegraph,' for a journey of two hundred miles. It seemed so very tame by comparison, just driving a few miles out of London and back again ; but I am very glad that good coaches and horses have not altogether disappeared, and that the love of the road survives so strongly as it evidently does. Some of these coaches load well, are well horsed, and well driven ; the chief fault to be found is with regard to the time lost in changing horses, sometimes five or ten minutes, which time the horses have to make up. In old days, two minutes was deemed quite sufficient. Till invited to do so, it never entered my head to write about driving, but now I wish I had retained one half of the coaching songs, anecdotes, and other matters, which might have interested or amused those who still care about coaching. I remember a few lines of a coaching song, written by an old friend in 1835, as under :—

Some people delight in the sports of the turf,
  Whilst others love only the chase ;
But to me the delight of all others is
  A coach that can go the pace.
There are some too for whom the sea has its charms,
  And who sing of it night and morn,
But give me a coach with its rattling bars,
  And a guard who can blow his horn.

How the girls all doat on the sight of a coach,
  And the dragsman's curly locks,
As he rattles along with eleven and four
  And a petticoat on the box ;

His box is his home, his teams are his pride,
And he ne'er looks downcast or forlorn ;
And he lists to the musical sound of the bars,
And a blast on the old mail horn.

There was another song, 'The Tantivy Trot,' which had a great popularity.

THE TANTIVY TROT.

Here's to the heroes of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, sir ;
Here's to the dragsmen that after them came,
Ford, and the Lancashire lord, sir.

Let the steam-pot
Hiss till it's hot ;
Give me the speed
Of the Tantivy trot.

Here's to the arm that holds them when gone,
Still to a gallop inclined, sir,
Heads to the front with no bearing-reins on,
Tails with no cruppers behind, sir.

Let the steam-pot
Hiss till it's hot ;
Give me the speed
Of the Tantivy trot.

Here's to the dear little damsels within,
Here's to the swells on the top, sir ;
Here's to the music in three feet of tin,
Here's to the tapering crop, sir.

Let the steam-pot
Hiss till it's hot ;
Give me the speed
Of the Tantivy trot.

The subject of accidents seems to be an interesting one to those who are fond of reading about coaching in the old days.

My own luck in this respect was great, personally. During all the years that I drove, I never witnessed any accident, but I will try to describe some of which I have heard, as such description may serve to teach the young coachman what to do and to avoid doing.

The Edinburgh Mail on leaving London one foggy night was driven by an old man named Penny; he became nervous, and asked Jack Webb the guard (a first-rate man, and very active) to come over the roof and drive for him, which he did; but the fog was so dense that in a few minutes he turned the Mail over, and poor old Penny was killed. Webb saved one or two mails from accidents by letting himself down from the foot-board, either on to the pole or on to one of the wheel-horses, and collecting the reins which had been accidentally dropped, and was thus enabled to stop the horses; this feat required great nerve and activity, and I am pleased to add that he was liberally rewarded.

A coachman named Bollin, in Northamptonshire, was driving down a steep hill when the near leader's rein broke. Of course he could not stop, but he had the presence of mind to do the only thing possible to get out of the scrape; he gave his off leader a smack under the bar, put them all into a gallop, over the bridge at the bottom of the hill, and managed to stop them going up the next hill, which was fortunately steep. The passengers were so delighted that they all clubbed together and made him a very handsome present, as they quite expected to be killed, and no wonder; for I must admit that it requires some nerve, nor is it all pleasure, to sit still on a four-horse coach with a Christmas load when galloping down-hill, with a bridge at the bottom, and only three reins to the four horses; but all's well that ends well, as this gallop did.

Sydney Robinson, who drove from London to Basingstoke, had his leg broken in a most unfortunate manner, he being a steady man and a good coachman; he left Bagshot with only one passenger who was on the box-seat. After passing the

Jolly Farmer, a small public-house on the road, a brewer's dray, with empty barrels, went by the coach at a trot, and the barrels made such a noise that the coach-horses started off. The box passenger was so alarmed that he quite lost his head, and frantically clutching the two near-side reins, pulled the horses out of the road, and overturned the coach. This silly fellow escaped unhurt, but Robinson's leg was badly fractured; he was laid up for many weeks, and felt the accident for the remainder of his life.

Wignell, who also drove on the Southampton road, was upset, and broke his leg so badly that it was taken off above the knee, after which he wore either a cork or a wooden leg; he was upset twice afterwards, and broke his leg each time, but luckily the wooden one. During the seven years that I drove on the road, I had two horses down. We changed at Bagshot, when a most miserable off-leader was put into the coach. I exclaimed, 'What is that?' The coachman replied, 'I have often complained of that horse, but the master will not change him.' 'Well,' I said, 'my belief is that he will be on his head before he has gone a mile;' and it so happened in less than half a mile we left him by the roadside and went on with three. Another day I was driving a coach called the Forester through the New Forest; on descending a hill, down came the off-wheeler; the coachman burst out laughing and exclaimed, 'That's just where it is! I was a watching you, you know, how you pulled them together and came gently off the brow of the hill as a coachman had ought; but that horse would never have fallen had I been a driving, for I never interferes with them old cripples, for if you goes fast enough down them 'ere 'ills, they are afraid to fall.' Now I never forgot that lecture, as there is much truth in it: always go fast with unsound horses if you can.

One night, the mail from Salisbury to Southampton being rather behind time, they were having a merry gallop through the Forest, when the horses bolted out of the road, having taken fright at the cover of a carrier's cart which had been

blown off and left by the roadside. The mail was overturned, and the coachman was killed ; the guard, a ready and active man, went on with the mails as soon as he could, and on reaching Southampton, had some bills printed describing the accident, which he distributed at all the inns and public-houses, and in a few days the sum of 500*l.* was collected for the coachman's widow and children.

There are certain things that nearly all horses dislike and shy at. I remember one of the mails being upset in the same manner, through the cover of a cart being blown off between Egham and Staines, at early dawn. I never was on the Worcester Mail, but I have heard that it has been seen 'the other way up' more often than any other mail out of London.

I have always been given to understand that the late Duke of Beaufort, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Probyn, Mr. H. Villebois, Sir Walter Carew, and Lord Willoughby de Broke were reckoned among the best coachmen between the years 1830–40.

Mr. Charles Jones, Age, Brighton ; Bob Brackenbury, Age Brighton ; George French, Tunbridge Wells Telegraph ; Williams, Light Salisbury ; Charles Ward, Devonport Mail ; Tim Carter, Exeter Telegraph ; Jimmy Witherington, Oxford and Cheltenham ; Bill Harbridge, Exeter to Plymouth : these are a few of the best coachmen that I can remember, about the same time.

I have heard it stated that, if a set of four-horse harness were taken to pieces and thrown upon the floor, very few coachmen would be able to put it together again. This may be so, but I found enough to do in learning how to bit and harness four horses properly, and to put them together, taking care that the bridles or headstalls did not pinch their ears, which is often the case ; that the bits were not too high nor too low in their mouths ; bearing-reins, cruppers, pole-chains or pole-pieces not too tight or too loose ; that the pads fitted well to their backs, and were well stuffed ; all traces the right

length ; throat-lashes rather tight if no bearing-reins ; the pole-hooks downwards, not to catch the bar of the bit, coupling-reins the right length. Be sure that the reins of your four-horse harness are cut properly ; many sets of reins are sent out from the saddler's cut all wrong.

After driving seven years on the road by day and by night, I began to think that I knew most part of my lesson, but I was very soon undeceived, as, when I began to drive about London, I soon found that I still had a great deal to learn. In the country, going straight ahead, your chief duty was to make each horse do his own share of work and to keep time ; but in London, so to speak, a man must be all eyes and ears ; horses all well in hand, and ready to stop in a moment. I found it a good plan to couple my leaders a little closer, and to pole up my wheelers a link or two, when squeezing through the City in the afternoon. I have seen a few meets of both clubs at the Magazine in Hyde Park, and have been glad to notice a few good coachmen, some very well-built coaches, and many excellent horses. At first, the horses were too often very badly put together, traces much too long, and pole-chains generally much too tight ; nor have I seen much improvement in these matters lately. I dislike carriage-horses in a coach ; they are quite different animals from coach-horses : both are excellent in their proper places, but not by any means interchangeable.

I will now imagine that some young man who has never yet driven, but is attracted by the revival of coaching and is anxious to learn, desires to know how he may best set about it. First, I would buy a second-hand coach, or a strong break, having had it carefully examined ; the harness, if second-hand, should also be looked over most carefully, the reins and hame-straps particularly. Horses could be bought at Tattersall's, or at Gray's Inn Lane, or St. Martin's Lane, or at any well-known dealer's. The best sizes for horses is perhaps about fifteen three, and they need not be too well bred. If the team only requires holding and not hitting, you will never learn to

use your whip, the proper use of which is among the novice's greatest difficulties. He is nearly always to be met twisting his whip round and round, trying to catch up the thong, and looking at that when he ought to be watching his horses. He should learn to use his whip at home, before getting on to a coach at all. Let him sit on a table or high stool, in a large room, or, perhaps, a garden is better still. He should drive a short split stick, about six inches long, into the ground, at a proper distance from his chair, insert a small piece of card or paper into the cleft of the stick, and slash at it and try to hit it with the whipcord or point of the whip. This he will soon learn to do ; then let an old hand teach him how to catch up the thong instantly ; for the moment you hit a leader, some wheel-horses hang back, and should have a reminder at once, smart and effective. The next thing to be done is to learn how to put your team together, so that you may be well able to teach your servants, who generally know little or nothing about it. Then the novice will do well to take some lessons in driving from some one who thoroughly understands the art, always taking his whip and reins in his hands before mounting the box ; when there, he must place his knees and feet close together, without any apparent stiffness, and be sure to cover his legs and feet with an apron : light jean in summer, strong cloth in winter.

Teach your horses to stand still after you are on the box, till you wish them to move ; having all your reins properly in hand, raise it gently, and they will all start at once ; you should never have recourse to that horrible new custom of crying out 'Hold up,'[1] in a stentorian voice, which is most unseemly and quite unnecessary, only intended for Bath wagon-horses in the olden time. Begin by driving a few miles into the country, then round the parks, and as soon as you can shift your reins properly, and use your whip, take a turn in the streets before twelve o'clock. Having gained confidence, begin at the Marble Arch, drive down Oxford Street, Holborn, round St. Paul's, and back by the Strand and Piccadilly ; this was a favourite

[1] Or more commonly 'Pull up,' which is ridiculous.—B.

drive of mine, and should you take this drive about four o'clock in the afternoon, you will find plenty to do, and have a really good practice.

Do not stoop or lean forward, but sit quite upright on the coach-box; not at all stiffly. Hold your whip well up across your body; do not hold it close to the end, in the present fashion, but some distance from the end, otherwise you have no power to strike when necessary, and are very likely to let the whip fall altogether. As to your reins, they should be held as near your heart as possible, if you happen to have one: if not, where your heart ought to be. When you arrive at the top of a hill, pull your leaders gently back, as their traces should then be slack, and the bars should 'chatter.' When about to rise a long steep hill, catch hold of all their heads and trot up as far as possible, no matter how slowly, as in walking, few horses step together; consequently they will work better together and rise the hill more easily at a slow trot. The Scotch, or pressure drag, is an admirable and most useful invention; how glad we should often have been of such assistance some fifty years since, on dark or foggy nights when among steep hills with heavy loads and weak wheel-horses! But I must add that it is now most absurdly abused, as country flymen put it on on all occasions, whether the hill is steep or not; and I also see young raw-boned coachmen using it continually, even when they stop or wish to do so; whereas all horses should be taught to stop the coach themselves, also to run down any ordinary incline without any drag at all. My drag-chain has broken more than once when half down a steep hill; but, with a strong sensible pair of wheelers, and sound breeching, I never got into trouble.

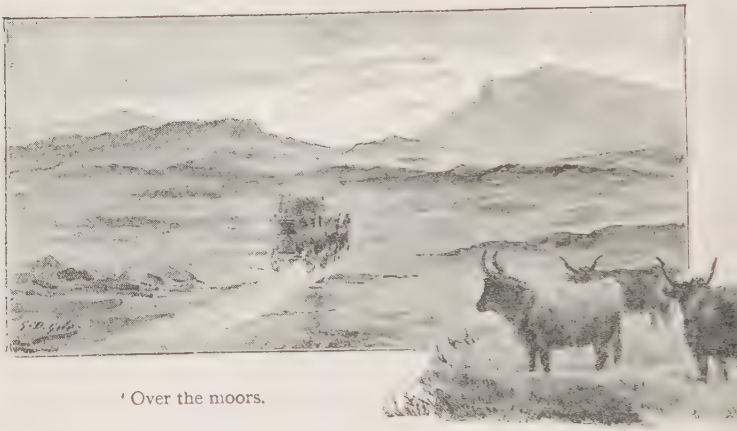
In old days, when wishing to shorten, or take up the reins when driving, it was customary to seize the reins with the right hand behind the left, and pull them back through the fingers of the left hand; but this is a slow process. You should learn to take your reins back from the front, by placing the right hand in front of the left, and pushing them back as quick as

possible, but taking the greatest care not to *drop* a rein in so doing, which is most dangerous; in fact, a beginner should practise this, either at first in the house, or on the coach-box without horses, or when the horses are standing still. If you build a coach, employ one of the best coachmakers, and do not try to build it too light, as light coaches are failures. I never knew one under 18 cwt. fit for all sorts of work or to carry a load well without rocking; most coaches weigh quite one ton. Be sure to build it with the foot-board well over the horses; when on the box you should not be able to see the part of the wheelers from the hips to the tail; let these horses be as near the splinter as possible with safety. Your pole should be rather a short one, as the nearer your leaders are to the coach in reason, the better, as the draught is less, and they are more within reach should they require your right hand; and be sure your traces are not too long; in this way you will have all snug and under control. When driving about the streets of London take care to keep your leaders well in hand, and never allow them to pull when turning a corner, or you will soon be in trouble; take plenty of room, and time also, when possible; in fact, it should be a case of 'eyes everywhere'; and, above all, remember that you must practise often, as is the case with chess, whist, or billiards. Study pace, which is most useful, especially in the City: suppose that you wish to pass a vehicle going the same way as yourself, and that another vehicle is meeting you at some little distance, you should know your own pace, and, at a glance, the pace that the vehicle you wish to pass is going, also the pace of the carriage approaching; in fact, a judge of pace can squeeze through the City in half the time of an ordinary mortal. I believe that I have now ventilated the four-horse coach pretty freely; and if I have only interested or amused for a few minutes any past, present, or future coachmen, I shall be more than repaid for these feeble efforts, made for the road, which is still dear to me. But ten times more shall I rejoice if, from the hints which I have given about driving four horses, I have been able to teach the rising

generation of coachmen how to get on comfortably and avoid accidents, from which I myself had the good fortune to be totally exempt from 1833 to 1887, some fifty-four years.

THE OLD NORTH ROAD.

What pleasant nights and days I have passed on the old North Road, when going to shoot on the Moors in Yorkshire or in Scotland !



'Over the moors.

Two or three friends and myself used to secure the whole of the Edinburgh mail about a week previously ; we went in hackney-coaches with our servants and luggage to Sherman's Bull and Mouth Inn, opposite the New Post Office, and here was a grand sight about eight o'clock in the evening, as the yard was filled with mails and stage-coaches with enormous loads, starting for the North : teams of magnificent horses, mail-guards and coachmen in their liveries of scarlet and gold lace ; horse-keepers busy with the horses, porters helping to load the heavy night-coaches, some of which carried from two to three tons of luggage, as besides the roof and the two boots there was a scrole from behind the back seat, on which was often placed a heavy trunk, and occasionally a sack of oats. Some

coaches also had a cradle under the coach, which consisted of a large square piece of wood, suspended from the perch by ropes or chains, on which luggage was also carried; add to this fifteen passengers of twelve stone each, and we must not be surprised that the cattle sometimes sobbed a little when going over the brow of the hill.

I had often driven this mail, and one night it was proposed that I should begin at once, take the reins in the Bull and Mouth yard, drive into the Post Office yard, take up the mail-bags and drive out again. Now this was very unusual for an amateur; however I did it, and nothing was known or said about it, so we trotted off at once, and I drove 146 miles, the longest drive that I ever had at one sitting. I then began to grow sleepy, as we had had heavy rain all night, and the sun came out very hot the next day. About midday the coachman begged me to go on driving, declaring that the next team was the best between London and Edinburgh; but having driven about seventeen hours, I declined. I once went to Fort William, returning by the Pass of Glencoe, and the coachman told me that, as nearly all the harness happened to be worn out at the same time, new harness had been ordered for the whole seventy miles at once, but it had arrived without winkers. Strange to say, no accident happened, as not one horse in all the seven teams appeared to miss anything. I regret that coaching did not last a few years longer, as in 1830 it had scarcely reached perfection, and in 1840 it came to an end, as railways in all directions were opened that year. I also regret that the Government did not forbid the opening of more than a few lines at first, to see how they answered, as in that case those connected with the road would not have suffered as they did, many being utterly ruined. Few people are aware of the misery caused by railways to innkeepers, coachmen, guards, postboys, ostlers, and horse-keepers, as it all came to pass so suddenly. Nor could anybody foresee exactly the effects they would have, as the proprietor of a coach on the Western Road was offered 800*l.* by the railway company to take

his coach off the road within a year of the opening of the railway; and those who have read the life of George Stephenson, the chief inventor of railways, may remember that he thought it likely that railways would only be used to carry heavy goods, or that, if they carried passengers, it would only be at the rate of twelve miles an hour, as most people would fear to go faster, whereas very shortly I found myself being carried to Bath, 110 miles on the broad gauge, in two hours and twenty minutes. At first railways met with much opposition, for not only were companies made to pay fabulous prices for land, but several large landed proprietors ordered men to watch day and night to prevent levels and measurements being taken on their property, and there were many free fights in consequence. Then we suddenly fell into the other extreme, many people being most anxious that a branch railway should be brought almost to their doors, or, at any rate, to the small town or village near which they happened to reside.

I think it was Charles Dickens who told the touching story of the two coachmen (brothers, if not twins) who met daily on the road, just raising their whips, or waving their hands to each other, but scarcely ever having time to stop or exchange a word. One died, after which the brother complained how dull the road had become, adding, 'I never see Tom's cheery face now, all life seems to have left the road;' and in a very few months he followed his brother.

Let me conclude these remarks by mentioning the requisites for driving, which are good eyes, strong arms, light hands, good nerves, good temper, and plenty of practice.

PROFESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

Any account of old coaching days and matters appertaining to them must necessarily be interesting to those fond of the road, and the fact that these reminiscences were supplied by Philip Carter, a coachman of more than fifty years' experience commencing from the year 1828 and continuing almost up to the present time, will, it is hoped, tend to give them value.

The Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, fifty-eight years ago was the property of Robert Nelson, son of Ann Nelson, of the Bull Inn, Aldgate, and was justly celebrated for being one of the most extensive and popular establishments of its kind in the metropolis. Among the most noted of the fast coaches was the Defiance, which ran from London to Oxford, and the honour of driving it was divided by two very well known coachmen, Adams and Foreman. It was horsed out of Oxford by Christopher Holmes, who had for some years strongly opposed a wealthy firm of that town, by name Coster and Waddall. Mr. Nelson was at the same time proprietor of the fastest and most popular mail in England, the Devonport Mail, commonly called the Quicksilver. In 1828 Mr. R. Nelson instructed one of his coachmen to give young Carter all possible advice and information that he might go to work as soon as he was capable, and after a few weeks Carter drove the Leeds Courier out of and into London from the Belle Sauvage.

On his first day out with him, his mentor took the opportunity of having him 'sworn at Highgate,' stating it was a very essential form to go through in order to become a qualified coachman. His curiosity to know the nature of such an oath induced him at once to assent. He immediately pulled up at the Wellington Hotel at Highgate, where he was duly sworn, 'not to drink small beer when he could get strong; not to kiss the maid when he could kiss the mistress, and never to pass that house without calling to have a bottle of champagne,' and the landlord was bound to give him credit if he had not the wherewithal to discharge his liability. Carter continued on this coach until 1829, and next drove the Stroud Water mail as far as Benson in Oxon; he was then fortunate enough to be appointed to drive the Red Rover to Brighton, a coach started conjointly by Messrs. Nelson and Holmes, the latter having sold his business at Oxford. It began to run at the time of the proclamation of William IV., whose residence was at the Pavilion in Brighton, and in consequence of performing the journey in half an hour less time than any other

coach, it had a capital season. This coach left London half an hour later than any other and arrived at the same time as the rest, leaving at 4 P.M. and reaching its destination at 9 P.M.

In order to advertise and give notoriety to the coach, on the occasion of the King opening Parliament the coach conveyed his maiden speech to Brighton in the short time of 3 hrs. 35 mins., Philip Carter driving, Mr. Holmes having made strenuous efforts and obtained the speech in shorthand notes.

Soon after this Carter had a most miraculous escape from a fatal accident. He carried a full load of passengers, and Captain Barclay (of pedestrian notoriety) was on the box. He was a man well known in the coaching world, and was in the habit of driving a great deal with the Brighton coachmen, many of whom were part proprietors; not being one himself, however, Carter could not allow anyone to drive. On leaving the office at the Clarence Hotel he had twelve outside passengers all booked and loaded. A gentleman who was a regular customer came up at the last moment, and being the last coach from Brighton, Carter was prevailed on to take him on his consenting to ride on the roof and pay the expenses of an information in the event of there being one. The accident occurred by the pole breaking close to the futchels at the top of the hill going off Thornton Heath down into Streatham. Immediately the pole broke it fell down between the horses, and they commenced the descent with fearful rapidity. Carter had some difficulty in preventing Captain Barclay from trying to pull the horses up, as he knew it was an impossibility, and he managed to get round the very awkward turn at the bottom of the hill with only a slight concussion which threw the aforesaid gentleman off the roof on to the ground; but he fortunately escaped with a severe shaking. The impetus with which they were going carried them up to the top of the other hill, where, with the assistance of the Captain, he pulled up near the Pied Bull, a pair-horse coaching establishment. Here they were furnished with a new pole and continued their journey to London.

When the coach became well established, soon after Christ-

mas, both proprietors sold their horses. Carter then went on to the Hope, a coach running to Sheffield and Halifax, and this he drove to Hockliffe and back for about two years. In consequence of the Hope being removed to the Bull and Mouth, he went on to a coach called the Stag to Shrewsbury, put on by the proprietors of the Wonder coach, which also ran to Shrewsbury, with a view of running a coach called the Nimrod off the road. They succeeded in doing this in about a year, after a very strong opposition during the whole time ; each coach used to gallop for the lead of the road, leaving the Wonder going at its usual pace and time. Carter had strict injunctions not on any account to allow the Nimrod to be in advance of the Stag. Mr. Sherman, who was at that time increasing his coaching establishment, had just finished building the hotel in St. Martin's-le-Grand, now called the Queen's, which was first opened during that year ; it was then called the Bull and Mouth, and was carried on for some years on his responsibility entirely managed by a Mrs. Sanderson. When the Stag was taken off the road Carter went to Oxford to drive a coach put on by the tradesmen of that town, who had formed a company, and horsed by Major Fane, who contracted with the proprietors. The coach started from the Three Cups, Oxford, leaving at 8.30 A.M., arriving at the Gloucester Coffee House at 2, going to the Old Bell, Holborn, leaving the Gloucester Coffee House on its return journey at 3 P.M., arriving at the Three Cups at 8.30 P.M. This Carter drove up and down as long as the coach was on the road, about twelve months, daily except Sundays, without the assistance of either guard or break. He then went back to Nelson's, of the Bull Inn, Aldgate, and drove the Exeter Telegraph to Basingstoke and back daily, until the railway interfered with it, leaving Piccadilly at 5.30 A.M., arriving at Basingstoke at 9.55 A.M., stopping at Bagshot to breakfast ; leaving Basingstoke on his return journey at 6 P.M., arriving at Piccadilly at 10.15, and the Bull Inn, Aldgate, at 11 o'clock. This he did for some years without ever missing a day except Sundays, and he is always pleased to think it was undoubtedly

the best-appointed and fastest coach in England up to its last journey. The entire distance (176 miles) was performed in seventeen hours; they stopped one hour for meals.

Carter never remembers being late at the Bull Inn, Aldgate, during the whole time he drove, except once, and then only seven minutes; but he was told of it by Mr. Nelson. This happened to be a coach that he was more particular about than any other in his establishment, having gone to great trouble and expense in bringing it to the perfection it reached. All other Exeter coaches being very slow, the people who horsed them ridiculed the idea of his success, and declined horsing it over the same ground, although they horsed his other Exeter coach. He was not to be discouraged, sent horses all the way to Exeter, and horsed the coach himself the entire journey from London to its destination. By making punctuality the primary consideration the coach became a very good property, and enabled Mr. Nelson to sell all his horses, with the exception of two London stagers, at a remunerative price.

For some months before this coach ceased running to Exeter the proprietors took advantage of the South-Western Railway being open as far as Basingstoke by contracting with the company to carry the coach and passengers as far as they were open, the proprietors paying the ordinary first and second class fare for all passengers, the coach and either coachman or guard to be conveyed free of charge. By this arrangement the coach performed its journey to Exeter in two hours less time, leaving the South-Western Railway Station, which was then at Nine Elms, one hour later than it had left London theretofore, and arriving in Exeter one hour earlier, during the whole of which time, until the Great Western Railway opened throughout, the coach loaded better than before.

Curtis Brothers being the proprietors at Basingstoke, they placed the London coachman on the coach to drive from Basingstoke to meet the coach coming from Exeter, and on one occasion an extraordinary incident occurred. The coach passed many miles over a very extensive tract of country then and

now known as Salisbury Plain, remarkable for very long ranges of hills and deep valleys, extending many miles right and left of the road, and in the month of February of that year a very rapid thaw set in immediately after an exceptionally heavy fall of snow. The ground was frozen very hard, the water from the hills descending so rapidly that in seven or eight hours there were streams of a great depth in the valleys where a drop of water had never before been seen, and the current in some instances was so strong that it did a great deal of damage. Changing horses at Amesbury about twelve o'clock, the coach should have passed Stonehenge, standing on the summit of a steep hill, a deep valley approaching it. At this time the water was running down the valley, and was headed by an embankment at the bottom of the hill, which had been thrown up by reducing the hill. On the return journey, about three hours later, changing horses at the next village called Winterborne

Left behind.

Stoke, a small trout stream there had so much swollen that it had destroyed a great part of the village, in which was the stabling the coach-horses had just vacated, and the horses taken off were about to enter. On reaching the hill at Stonehenge, about half an hour later, the water had so much increased that it was just running over the embankment. The coachman, having some doubt as to the safety of crossing the embankment, pulled up. Two or three of the passengers got off the hind part of the coach, intending to follow over on foot. On getting safely over, the coachman had just pulled up when the whole bank gave way. The passengers that had got off were left behind, without a possible chance of getting to London that night, the coachman making the best of his way to the Star Hotel at Andover, where the coach stopped half an hour for dinner, and reached Basingstoke at 7 P.M., the time it was due, to be conveyed by the last train to London.

A comprehensive idea of the life and work of a coachman in former days may be gathered from the sketch of the career of Mr. Charles Ward (one of a family well-known on the box), written by himself, and published for private circulation a few years back. The Editor takes the opportunity furnished by the author of quoting the following extracts.

My father was a coach proprietor as well as a coachman, and, I am proud to say, one of the best whips of his day. He gave me many opportunities of driving a team. I will not, however, enter into all the details of my youthful career, but proceed to state, that at the early age of seventeen I was sent nightly with the Norwich and Ipswich mail as far as Colchester, a distance of fifty-two miles. Never having previously travelled beyond Whitechapel Church, on that line of road, the change was rather trying for a beginner. But fortune favoured me; and I drove His Majesty's mail for nearly five years without an accident. I was then promoted to the Quicksilver, Devonport mail, the fastest at that time out of London. It must be admitted that I undertook this task under difficult circumstances—involving, as it did, sixty miles a night—since many had tried

it ineffectually, or at all events were unable to accomplish the duty satisfactorily. It is gratifying to me to reflect that I drove this coach more than seven years without a single mishap.

Getting at length rather tired of such incessant and monotonous nightly work, I applied for a change to my employer, the well-known and much-respected Mr. Chaplin, who at that time had seventeen hundred horses employed in coaching. His reply was characteristic. 'I cannot find you all day coaches,' said he; 'besides, who am I to get to drive your mail?' I must say, I thought this rather severe at the time, but, good and kind-hearted man as he was, he did not forget me.

Not long after this interview, the Brighton day mail being about to start, he made me the offer to drive the whole distance and horse the coach a stage, with the option of driving it without horsing. Like most young men I was rather ambitious, and closed with the former conditions. The speculation, however, did not turn out a very profitable one, and, the railway making great progress, I sold my horses to Mr. Richard Cooper, who was to succeed me on the box. I was then offered the far-famed Exeter Telegraph, one of the fastest and best-appointed coaches in England. My fondness for coaching still continuing, and not feeling disposed to settle to any business, I drove this coach from Exeter to Ilminster and back, a distance of sixty-six miles, early in the morning and late at night. After driving it three years, the railway opened to Bridgewater; this closed the career of the once-celebrated Telegraph. But those who had so long shared its success were not inclined to knock under. My brother coachman and myself, together with the two guards, accordingly started a Telegraph from Devonport to London, a distance of ninety-five miles by road, joining the rail at Bridgewater, thus making the whole journey two hundred and fifty miles in one day. At that time there was a coach called the Nonpareil, running from Devonport to Bristol.

The proprietors of this vehicle, thinking that ours would take off some of their trade, made theirs a London coach also, and started at the same time as we did. We then commenced

a strong opposition. I had a very good man to contend against—William Harbridge, a first-class coachman. We had several years of strong opposition, the rail decreasing the distance every year, till it opened to Exeter. The Nonpareil was then taken off, and they started a coach called the Tally Ho! against the poor old Telegraph. Both coaches left Exeter at the same time, and this caused great excitement. Many bets, of bottles of wine, dinners for a dozen, and five-pound notes, were laid, as to which coach would arrive first at Plymouth. I had my old friend Harbridge again, as my competitor. The hotel that I started from was a little farther down the street than the one whence the Tally Ho! appeared, so that as soon as I saw my friend Harbridge mounting the box, I did the same, and made the running. We had all our horses ordered long before the usual time. Harbridge came sailing away after me; the faster he approached, the more I put on the steam. He never caught me, and, having some trifling accident with one of his horses over the last stage, he enabled me to reach Plymouth thirty-five minutes before he came in. My guard, who resided in St. Albans Street, Devonport, hurried home, and as the other coach passed he called out and asked them to stop and have some supper; they also passed my house, which was a little farther on, in Fore Street. I was sitting at the window, smoking, and offered them a cigar as they passed—a joke they did not, of course, much relish. The next night they declared they would be in first; but it was of no use, the old Telegraph was not to be beaten. Thus it went on for several weeks; somehow they were never able to get in first. We did the fifty miles several times in three hours and twenty-eight minutes (that is, at the average rate of a mile in four minutes and nine seconds, including stoppages), and for months together we never exceeded four hours.

Still, in every contest one party must ultimately give in; that one, however, was not the Telegraph. We settled our differences, and went on quietly for the remainder of the time, occasionally having a little 'flutter,' as we used to call it in

those days, but we were always good friends. Should this narrative chance to meet the eye of some of those who used to travel with us in bygone times, they will doubtless well remember the pace we used to go.

After a few years the railway opened to Plymouth, and many gentlemen asked me to start a fast coach into Corn-

Rivals.

wall, promising to give it their patronage. I accordingly started the Tally Ho ! making it a day coach from Truro to London, joining the rail at Plymouth ; this was a very difficult road for a fast coach, but we ran it, till Government offered the contract for a mail ; we then converted the Tally Ho ! into a mail, and ran it till the rail opened to Truro. It will have

been seen that I kept to coaching nearly as long as there were any coaches left to drive.

I had for some years given up driving regularly, having taken the Horse Bazaar at Plymouth, where I used to supply officers of the garrison with teams, and give them instructions in driving; this I still continue to do, and in every variety of driving. It gives me, indeed, much pleasure to see many of my pupils daily handling their teams skilfully; not a few of them giving me good reason to be really proud of them, as I know they do me credit. In my description of my driving career, I stated that I had never had an accident; I ought to have said, no serious casualty, never having upset or injured anyone; but I have had many trifling mishaps, such as running foul of a wagon in a fog, having my whole team down in slippery weather; on many occasions I have had a wheel come off, but still nothing that could fairly be termed a bad accident.

During the last twenty-five years I have been engaged keeping livery stables and breaking horses to harness, and in that period I have had some very narrow escapes. In one instance, the box of a new double break came off and pitched me astride across the pole between two young horses; I once had the top of the pole come off when driving two high-couraged horses; a horse set to kicking, and ran away with me in single harness. As I was of course pulling at him very hard, my feet went through the bottom of the dog-cart, he kicking furiously all the time. Fortunately I escaped with only a few bruises. On another occasion, in single harness a mare began kicking, and, before I could get her head up, she ran against the area railings of a house in Princess Square, Plymouth, broke both shafts, and split the break into matches; myself and man nearly went through the kitchen window, into the arms of the cook; she did not, however, ask us to stop and dine.

I could mention many little events of a similar kind, and consider myself very fortunate in having never had anything more serious than a sprained ankle or wrist during my tolerably long career.

Before concluding, I will relate some of the difficulties we had to encounter in foggy weather.[1] We were obliged to be guided out of London with torches, seven or eight mails following one after the other, the guard of the foremost mail lighting the one following, and so on till the last. We travelled at a slow pace, like a funeral procession. Many times I have been three hours going from London to Hounslow. I remember one very foggy night, instead of my arriving at Bagshot (a distance of thirty miles from London, and my destination) at eleven o'clock, I did not get there till one in the morning. I had to leave again at four the same morning. On my way back to town, when the fog was very bad, I was coming over Hounslow Heath when I reached the spot where the old powder-mills used to stand. I saw several lights in the road, and heard voices, which induced me to stop. The old Exeter mail, which left Bagshot thirty minutes before I did, had met with a singular accident; it was driven by a man named Gambier; his leaders had come in contact with a hay-cart on its way to London, which caused them to turn suddenly round, break the pole, and blunder down a steep embankment, at the bottom of which was a narrow deep ditch filled with water and mud. The mail-coach pitched on to the stump of a willow-tree that overhung the ditch; the coachman and outside passengers were thrown over into the meadow beyond,

[1] These words remind me of a good plan for driving on a foggy night, which it may be well to mention here. I have often when driving at night been obliged to pull up and put my lamps out, and was able to get on better without them than with them. The lights shine on to the fog and back again into the coachman's eyes, so that he can see nothing, and is fairly dazzled. So far as he is concerned he is better without lamps, but a light at night is desirable in order to prevent other vehicles from running against one. It is therefore a great object to have a light and to prevent it from shining in the eyes of the coachman, as it is apt to do in a fog. In the coach wallet or the pockets of coach or carriage should be a thick bit of leather fitting over the square or circular lamps, coming down just so far as to cover rather more than half the flame, and firmly strapped or buckled on. This shows the ditch or fence on either side, lights the road, and does not come back off the fog into the driver's eyes. It shows a certain distance, and keeps other people from running against you.—B.

and the horses went into the ditch ; the unfortunate wheelers were drowned or smothered in the mud. There were two inside passengers, who were extricated with some difficulty ; but fortunately no one was injured. I managed to take the passengers, with the guard and mail-bags, on to London, leaving the coachman to wait for daylight before he could make an attempt to get the mail up the embankment. They endeavoured to accomplish this with cart-horses and chains. They had nearly reached the top of the bank when something gave way, and the poor old mail went back into the ditch again. I shall never forget the scene ; there were about a dozen men from the powder-mills trying to render assistance, and, with their black faces, each bearing a torch in his hand, they presented a curious spectacle. This happened about thirty years ago. Posts and rails were erected at the spot after the accident. I passed the place last summer ; they are still there, as well as the old pollard-willow stump.

I recollect another singular circumstance occasioned by a fog. There were eight mails that passed through Hounslow. The Bristol, Bath, Gloucester and Stroud took the right-hand road from Hounslow ; the Exeter, Yeovil, Poole, and Quicksilver, Devonport (which was the one I was driving) went the straight road towards Staines. We always saluted each other, when passing, with 'Good night, Bill,' 'Dick,' or 'Harry,' as the case might be. I was once passing a mail, mine being the faster, and gave my wonted salute. A coachman named Downs was driving the Stroud mail ; he instantly recognised my voice, and said, 'Charlie, what are you doing on my road?' It was he, however, who had made the mistake ; he had taken the Staines, instead of the Slough road out of Hounslow. We both pulled up immediately ; he had to turn round and go back, which was a feat attended with much difficulty in such a fog. Had it not been for our usual salute, he would not have discovered his mistake before arriving at Staines. This mishap was about as bad as getting into a wrong train. I merely mention the circumstance to show that it was no joke driving

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

a night mail in those days. November was the month we dreaded most, the fogs were generally so bad. A singular event happened with the Bath mail that ran between Bath and Devonport. Its time for arriving at Devonport was eleven o'clock at night. One eventful evening, they had set down all their outside passengers except a Mrs. Cox, who kept a fish-stall in Devonport Market. She was an immense woman, weighing about twenty stone. At Yealmpton, where the coachman and guard usually had their last drain before arriving at their destination, being a cold night, they kindly sent Mrs. Cox a drop of something warm. The servant-girl who brought out the glass, not being able to reach the lady, the ostler very imprudently left the horses' heads to do the polite. The animals hearing some one getting on the coach, doubtless concluded that it was the coachman ; at the same time, finding themselves free, and being, probably, anxious to get home, they started off at their usual pace, and performed the seven miles in safety, passing over the Laira Bridge and through the toll-bar, keeping clear of everything on the road. Mrs. Cox meanwhile sat on the coach, with her arms extended in the attitude of a spread-eagle, and vainly trying to attract the attention of those she met or passed on the road. She very prudently, however, abstained from screaming, as she thought she might otherwise have alarmed the horses. They, indeed, only trotted at their ordinary speed, and came to a halt of their own accord at the door of the King's Arms Hotel, Plymouth, where they were in the habit of stopping to discharge some of the freight of the coach. The boots and ostler came running out to attend to their accustomed duties, but, to their astonishment, beheld no one but the affrighted Mrs. Cox on the coach and two passengers inside, who were, happily, wholly unconscious of the danger to which they had been exposed ! The coachman and guard soon arrived in a post-chaise. Poor Mrs. Cox drank many quarterns of gin to steady her nerves before she felt able to continue her journey to Devonport, where she carried on a prosperous trade for many years. Many people patronised

her, on purpose to hear her narrate the great event of her life. I often used to chaff her, and hear her repeat the history of her memorable adventure.

I will add a little anecdote of Bob Pointer, who was on the Oxford road. Giving his ideas on coaching to a young gentleman who was on the box with him, on his way to college, he said :—

Soldiers and sailors may soon learn to fight; lawyers and parsons go to college, where they are crammed with all sorts of nonsense that all the nobs have read and wrote since Adam—of course, very good if they like it—but to be a *coachman, sir*, you must go into the stable almost before you can run alone, and learn the nature of horses and the difference between corn and chaff. Well can I remember the first morning I went out with four horses; I never slept a wink all night. I got a little flurried coming out of the yard, and looking round on the envious chaps who were watching me—it was as bad as getting married—at least, I should think so, never having been in that predicament myself. I have escaped that dilemma; for he concluded when a man is always going backwards and forwards between two points, what is the use of a wife? A coachman could never be much more than half married. Now, if the law—in the case of coachmen—allowed two wives, that would be quite another story, because he could then have the tea-things set out at both ends of his journey. Driving, sir, is very like life; it's all so smooth when you start with the best team, so well-behaved and handsome; but get on a bit, and you will find you have some hills to get up and down, with all sorts of horses, as they used to give us over the middle ground. Another thing, sir, never let your horses know you are driving them, or, like women, they may get restive. Don't pull and haul, and stick your elbows a-kimbo; keep your hands as though you were playing the piano; let every horse be at work, and don't get flurried; handle their mouths lightly; do all this, and you might even drive four young ladies without ever ruffling their feathers, or their tempers.

Shortly before the publication of this volume, in December 1888, the sudden and unexpected death of James W. Selby shocked lovers of the road, to few of whom he was unknown;

for Jem Selby was without doubt the most widely popular of modern professional coachmen. Selby's white hair gave a suggestion of age which was not borne out by the calendar, for he was only in his forty fifth year. His energetic career shows that even in these modern days a coachman may work hard

The late James Selby.

and lead an extremely busy life. Born in 1844, Selby seemed to have appeared out of due time, for at that period railways had driven coaches off the road and the coaching revival had not begun. The lad was sent into an auctioneer's office, but he found many opportunities to follow the occupation in

which he delighted, his father being proprietor of the Railway Hotel, Colney Hatch, to which a large livery-stable business was attached. James Selby's professional career opened about 1870, when he began to drive the Tunbridge Wells coach, owned by Lord Bective, and on this he continued for five summers, occupying his winters on the St. Albans road. In the summer of 1876 the late Lord Helmsley, Colonel Chaplin, and Lord Arthur Somerset ran the coach to Tunbridge Wells, Selby retaining his position; in 1877–8 he drove from Beckenham to London and back for Mr. Charles Hoare, and in the autumn of the latter year Selby's own coach, the Old Times, was put on the St. Albans road. The venture was highly successful, and in 1879 the Old Times did a double journey, starting from West Wickham at 8 A.M., going through Beckenham to London, and arriving at Hatchett's at 10.30. It then left for St. Albans at 11 A.M., and reached the Cellar again at 6 P.M., when Selby once more took up his passengers for the return journey to West Wickham. This was hard work, for he had to reach his home in St. John's Wood to sleep, and to leave not later than 6 A.M. the next morning. In the winter of 1880–81 the Old Times coach went to Windsor, and in the summer of the same year it was put on to Virginia Water, on which road it continued until the summer of 1888, going in the winter only as far as Oatlands Park. Last winter (1888), however, the Old Times started for its journey to Brighton. Major Dixon, Sir Thomas Peyton, and Sir Henry de Bathe were his first subscribers on the Old Times coach in 1878, Major Dixon remaining with him, his firm friend and patron, until his death in 1886. On January 18, 1881, the Old Times had a memorable journey, the only passengers being Major Dixon and Selby. They drove to Windsor in a severe snowstorm, Selby being forced on his return home to have his hat thawed, it being 'frozen to his head.' The coach ran these eleven years without intermission, Sundays and Christmas Days excepted. In the spring of 1879, Selby went to Paris and started a coach for Captain Cropper, which ran from Paris to

Versailles, but only for a short time. He visited Ireland in 1883, at the request of the late Captain Chaine, to see if it was possible to put a coach on from Larne to the Giant's Causeway, but he considered the expense of working too great.

Selby's name will be memorable in the annals of coaching in consequence of his having beaten the record by driving from London to Brighton and back in 7 h. 50 min. At the Ascot meeting of 1888 a bet of 1,000*l.* to 500*l.* was offered and taken that the journey could not be done in 8 hours. On July 13 Selby started from the White Horse Cellar punctually at 10 A.M., having on the coach Messrs. Carleton Blyth, McAdam, Beckett, Walter Dixon, W. P. Cosier, and Alfred Broadwood. Passing along Piccadilly, Grosvenor Place, and Buckingham Palace Road, over the Chelsea Suspension Bridge, the Horse and Groom at Streatham was reached at 10.28, and here the first change occupied 47 seconds. West Croydon was passed at 10.45 o'clock. A pace of thirteen miles an hour was maintained to the Windsor Castle, Purley Bottom, where another change, occupying 1 min. 5 sec., took place. Horley was reached at 11.51½, the coach having travelled some of the distance between Earlswood and that town at a speed of 20 miles an hour. At Crawley the time was taken 12.11, a couple of minutes having been lost by a delay at some level crossing gates which were open to let through a train. Fresh teams were taken on at Peas Pottage, Cuckfield, Friars Oak – the galloping stage between the two last-named places being covered in admirable style—and Patcham. The coach drew up at the Old Ship, Brighton, at 1.56.10 – that is to say, 3 min. 50 sec. under four hours.

Of course there was no delay at Brighton; the coach was turned round, the return journey begun, and the Cellar reached at 5.50.

One other notable performance may well conclude this chapter. In 1834 opposition coaches—the Oxford Age, driven by Joe Tollit (one of four brothers, John, William, George, and Joe), and the Royal William, driven by Snowden—ran

from Oxford to London, starting at the same time. There was keen rivalry between the two. The Age usually reached London first; but on the evening of April 30, Snowden gave out that next day he was determined to have the best of it, and he had prepared the way for a remarkable achievement by ordering horses to be ready and waiting for him at the different changes, these orders having been given as he drove back to Oxford on the afternoon of the day named. Joe Tollit was no less resolved not to be beaten, and the result was that the Age accomplished the journey from Oxford to Oxford Street in 3 h. 46 min. Tollit started from the Vine Hotel, High Street, at 11 o'clock on May 1, and thus describes the journey :—

I was just two hours going to Wycombe (25 miles), leaving that place exactly at one o'clock, and one hour and forty minutes going from Wycombe to London (29 miles). The Old Blenheim Coach left the Star Hotel at 9 o'clock, and we passed it at Gerrard's Cross, 20 miles from London, although we had to wait at Uxbridge, for the horses were not harnessed, and at Acton I had to drive the same team back to town that had just come down, and also to help harness them. I had a lady just behind me, and I asked when at Notting Hill if she had felt at all alarmed? She said not in the least, her only fear was that her friends would not be at the Bell and Crown, Holborn, to meet her. This turned out to be the case, so I put her into a 'growler' and sent her home. Sir Henry Peyton, of four-in-hand renown, met Mr. James Castle, the driver of the Blenheim, in Oxford Street, and said, 'Well, what's become of the Age and Royal William; I thought they were to be in town before you to-day?' 'Well,' he said, 'so they are, I should think, for they passed me while I was changing horses at Gerrard's Cross, and I have not seen them since. If they have not had a jolly good dinner before this time, they have been very idle.'

A more remarkable achievement than this has rarely found a place in coaching annals. It was said of Joe Tollit that he could get more out of four horses than any man in England. The following instance of coolness and daring must have somewhat astonished anyone of weak nerves who happened to be on

the coach at the time. Black Will, as the people used to call him, a well-known whip, went to London with Tollit on the box-seat one day, and just after he changed horses at Beaconsfield, and was going down Dupree's Pitch, as it was called, one of the leaders began kicking and got one of her legs over the inside traces Black Will asked Tollit if he was not going to stop, but he replied, 'No, not till I get to Gerrard's Cross, for if I do she will begin again.' 'Well,' the other said, 'I have been driving for forty years and never dared to do a thing of the sort.' Tollit drove the animal right through to London, and she never kicked afterwards.

CHAPTER XII.

'ON THE BOX.'

BY THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

THOSE who have never travelled on or in stage-coaches can have no idea of the pleasures experienced by those who made such journeys in former days, supposing the traveller had any fondness for horses, and entered into the fun of the road. It cannot be said that the inside passenger enjoyed himself much, cramped up in small space with perhaps three other people. If one was an old woman, she was sure to have a canary-bird or

LIONESS ATTACKING MAIL COACH AT WINTERSLOW HUT

parrot in a cage and several parcels, all of which she placed on the floor, so that one's legs could not be moved. No! it was better outside, even on the coldest night, and neither by day nor by night was any of the fun of the road to be had inside, though adventures occasionally befell inside passengers; indeed, I have heard of a marriage being brought about on one occasion by the accident of a young lady and a young gentleman, previously strangers, making a journey alone together in a mail—and that was not an entirely exceptional case.

To the outside passenger there was always the excitement before starting of guessing what sort of a man the coachman would turn out to be. Some few were very bad coachmen and surly individuals; but the bulk of them were cheery jovial fellows, full of anecdotes of adventures and accidents either to themselves or others, careful of the comforts of their passengers, and masters of the art of driving. As you changed horses there was much interest as to what kind of team the fresh one would prove on acquaintance. Then there was the hasty run into the inn bar for a mouthful of bread and cheese and a glass of home-brewed beer—far better for circulating the blood and warming the feet than any amount of spirituous liquor; or the twenty minutes' stop for breakfast and dinner. Not much time to feed, and generally more profitable to the provider of the repast than to him who partook of it! Well do I remember as a boy, going to school on a bitterly cold January afternoon, ordering a glass of hot port-wine negus. Hot! there was no doubt about its being hot; it was quite undrinkable in the time we had to do it in. I had the satisfaction, having paid first and run out to avoid being left behind (which would have caused the schoolmaster next day to have warmed his tardy pupil in a less agreeable manner), to see, through the window of the inn parlour, the waiter scraping off the nutmeg with a spoon and proceeding to sip the beverage. A few had less pleasant experiences in the shape of accidents, some of which, all authentic, it may be interesting here to narrate, as instances of what used occasionally to happen on the old coaches.

Simpson, a very little light fellow, not over five feet four and weighing about nine stone, was one of the numerous coachmen on the Devonport and London mail, commonly called the Quicksilver, timed throughout at eleven miles an hour, *including stoppages and changing horses*, forty-five seconds being the time allowed for the latter operation. Here I may interpolate, with reference to Simpson's size and weight, that it used to be said of the very small coachmen, of which there were not a few, that what the big ones did by strength the little ones did by artifice. Well, Simpson was running out of Andover driving the down Quicksilver on a very tempestuous wintry night, with the snow falling in thick flakes and not a soul in or on the mail but himself and the guard. He had set the horses into a gallop, and was rising the hill, after crossing the brook in Abbots Ann Bottom, when suddenly his leaders shied off to the near side, and he found himself pitched off the coach right away in front of the leaders. Whether the snow made it soft falling or why I cannot say, but he was unhurt, and discovered that it was a tilted miller's waggon with the man asleep inside, with two horses abreast in shafts, coming home empty. The lights of the lamps had glanced sufficiently on the waggon and horses for the leaders to see it and clear themselves, but the unfortunate off-wheel horse had not seen it, and the shaft entering his chest had killed him. The guard on his perch behind had observed nothing, but suddenly found himself shot through the air and falling on the dead off-wheel horse. The coachman and guard, with the assistance of the miller's man, backed the coach, pulled the dead horse to the side of the road, put one of the leaders at wheel, and started off pickaxe, past the Golden Ball to the Pheasant at Winterslow Hut, where they changed: and they reached Salisbury only forty-five minutes late. Not bad work on such a night and with so little assistance to set them going again!

Writing of Winterslow Hut reminds me that it was there a lioness which had escaped from a travelling menagerie killed one of the leaders in a coach that travelled this road—most

A NARROW ESCAPE

likely the Devonport mail, but of this I am not sure. This same mail, or I might say two of them, had a very narrow escape from collision on Hartford Bridge Flat. The down-mail was nearing this spot, when the coachman turned round to his guard with the remark, 'Bill seems to be in a hurry to-night' (referring to the coachman of the up-mail). 'I can hear the pebbles flying, and he must be over a mile off.' It was a lovely still moonlight summer's night, or rather early morning. Presently the coachman exclaimed, 'Why, there's not a soul on the coach!' and immediately pulled as much into the heather on the flat as he could, in order that the other might pass him without accident. Their hearts went up into their mouths, when suddenly the off-leader of the runaway coach put his ears back and came at them. The coachman hit his off-wheel horse, and that just saved them; for at that pace it would be the work of an instant, and the two boxes of the off-wheels of both coaches just clinked together sufficiently to be heard, but not to shake them. A lucky escape! There was one passenger, a Frenchman, inside the flying up-mail. The coachman and other passengers had gone in for a cup of tea or 'hot stoppings;' the horsekeeper had been left at the wheel-horses' heads, and was holding the leaders' reins as usual, when some one called him, and, very wrongly, he left his charges and ran into the house. Hartford Bridge was a flat galloping stage both ways, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Hartley Row to Blackwater, and the horses starting off broke as usual into a gallop. When they got to their place of changing at Blackwater, not having a coachman to steady them, they kept on at their full pace and stopped suddenly at the door, so suddenly that they all four slipped up. The Frenchman, who had quietly sat it out, opened the door when they stopped, jumped out, and rushing at the off-wheel horse, kicked him violently three or four times as he lay on the ground, saying, 'Ah! you d——n beast! I see your white legs'—he was a chestnut with white legs—'going all de way.'

Old Jack Adams was many years on the Oxford Defiance, and a very first-rate coachman; a big strong steady man with

fine light hands and a good use of his whip. He was very fortunate as a rule in freedom from accidents, but one day they crowded in upon him in a very extraordinary manner; perhaps just as a hint that those sort of things did or might happen sometimes, or as a reminder that coaches, however strong to appearance, might have a weak spot in them. Jack came out of the Golden Cross one morning on his journey to Oxford, sitting behind as good and quick a team as ever were driven, with a flower in his button-hole and a cheery anecdote for his box passenger, or some remarks on the passing carriages and horses. He had a full load, and a good bit of luggage. All went well till they were in the Kensington Road, just opposite Holland House, when crack went the front axletree, and off the box went Jack, falling on to the pole with his heels forward and his head towards the coach. One of the wheelers was a mare and a tremendous kicker. She smashed his hat and cut the collar of his coat to ribbons, but most fortunately never touched him. He managed to extricate himself, jumped on one of the leaders and galloped back to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, got a fresh coach and a couple of porters, and hurried back to his passengers and luggage, which were soon loaded upon the coach he had brought. Things went well till they got to Brentford, when right in the middle of the town crack went the front axletree of that coach. Fortunately Jack did not come off the box this time, and beyond the annoyance of the delay no one was the worse. He had to get another coach, and was very late into Oxford. He was a great many years on the road, and had never known an axletree of a coach break but on that one day—strange that two should have gone, one so immediately after the other! Good old Jack Adams was one of the few who saved a good bit of money, and he and his excellent wife survived for many years after the coaches were run off the road by the rail, and lived in peace and comfort. He used to come to Badminton every year in the winter or the spring, and enjoyed driving some of the many pied or skewbald horses that were there in those days, or

some of the well-bred dark browns that were in the coach stable.

As a reminiscence of the final days of coaching it may be interesting to many readers to give a list of well-known coachmen who drove the mails and stage-coaches for the last twenty years of their existence. Many of these men had driven them much longer. Some of them were dead, or run off the roads by the railways before the end of what may be called old coaching days. Some few of them are still living (1888).

Taking the Devonport or Quicksilver Mail first, as the one timed the fastest and consequently one of the best horsed, we find—

Charles and Harry Ward, brothers; alive now.

Isaac and two other brothers Johnson.

Little Harry Simpson, who lived for over thirty years as stud groom to the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and died there in 1885 or 1886.

Toby Philpotts, Gentleman Davis, Anthony Harden, Jack White, Big Brown of Bridgnorth, Jem Hennessy, Charles Tedder, Bob Magic. Blight drove from Devonport to Ashburton; he always wore top-boots and a light-coloured grey coat. In 1843 I rode up with him the last day of August and returned September 3. He then drove from Devonport to Ivy Bridge. He told me he had been twice married, and had eleven children by the first wife and twenty-one by the second, and at that time they were all alive; and on inquiry at Devonport I found this was quite true. He was not a good coachman to his horses, though a very respectable man and a chatty, pleasant companion on the box. Mr. Elliot, of the Royal Hotel, who horsed him out of Devonport with grey horses, used to complain of Blight, and say that he cost him several hundreds a year more than another coachman who formerly drove his horses—a fact which is well worth mentioning, as showing what careful driving may save, and what careless may cost. Most of the above were first-class coachmen and most respectable men; indeed, it was very rare to find a black sheep amongst the fraternity.

Both the Wards, all three Johnsons, Harry Simpson, Jack White, and Charles Tedder, if any were superior where all were so good, might be said to be quite the perfection of coachmen. Oddly enough, Jack White, from no fault of his own, upset the Mail going down Star Hill at the end of Hartford Bridge Flat. No one was hurt except the guard, Luke Tabor, who had his leg broken and was laid up at the White Hart Inn, where the Mail changed horses. This inn was then kept by the father of Charles (the well-known dealer in horses, of Brompton Road) and Harry Ward. Tabor was with Charles Ward as guard for many years after his accident. Perhaps, of the Johnsons, Isaac was the prettiest coachman, and had the most wonderful hands. They were equally good and safe coachmen; but one brother whose Christian name I forget was singularly unlucky, and turned the Mail over two or three times, though never from any fault of his own.

The ancient city of Oxford turned out many good and celebrated coachmen. Jack Adams—than whom there was none better—drove the Defiance from London, and Jemmy Witherington[1] took it on to Cheltenham and *vice versâ* each day. Will Bowers, generally known as 'Black Will,' drove the Alert. Tollit, a very celebrated whip,[2] Foreman, and Footman all drove out of Oxford, but I forget now the names of their coaches, for it is very long ago—over fifty years. The Age and Royal William coaches ran from Oxford to London through Uxbridge, starting at the same time and racing all the way. Joe and George Tollit horsed and drove the Age; Colonel Fane often drove, and Perrin, a livery stable-keeper, and Bill and Dick Snowden, horsed the Royal William, the two latter driving it. The Old Blenheim, driven by Charles Holmes, ran from London through Oxford to Woodstock, and I used often to go by it when going to Heythrop. It was a slow

[1] The passengers who travelled from Cheltenham to Oxford gave Jemmy a watch, the twelve letters of his name standing in lieu of the figures on the face.

[2] See p. 215.

coach, and I did not like it as well as travelling by the Defiance or the Alert to Oxford and posting the rest of the way. Old Sir Henry Peyton, grandfather of the late Sir Algernon and uncle of the present Sir Thomas, presented Holmes with a silver cup. The poor fellow committed suicide by jumping off a steamer into the Thames.

The longest route to Oxford is through Hounslow, Slough, and Maidenhead, turning off to the right on Maidenhead Thicket and through Henley—fifty-eight miles. The very steep hill into Henley was an objection to this road, however, particularly on the up-journey. The shortest road, through Tetsworth and Uxbridge, is fifty-four miles.

On the Edinburgh Mail were Blackmore, W. Edlington, George Leach, Tom Page, and Tom Holtby; Glasgow Mail, Jack Campson; Louth Mail, White, Ringrove, Lumm; Lincoln Mail, Gambier; Huntingdon coaches, Clarke, Carter, Sam Speller, Rowland Berkeley; Colchester and Norwich, Joe and Tom Wiggins, Jem Flack, and Jem Fenn; Southampton, Robinson and Wignell; Portsmouth Telegraph coach, A. White, Jack Parsons, and Jack Peer. These last two men were said to be able to drive the ground from London to Hounslow with fewer horses than any other coachman that drove that road—and their name was legion—for all Devonport, Exeter, Bristol, Bath, some Portsmouth, Southampton, many Oxford, and other coaches went that way. Some Portsmouth coaches went by Kingston-on-Thames and Esher, and some Oxford —notably the Age, Royal William, and Old Blenheim to Woodstock—went by Uxbridge. Robinson on the Blue coach to Alton; to Basingstoke, Henry Thumwood, Thomas Goodchild; Exeter, 'Tim' Carter (whose real name is Philip); Harbridge, Hennessy; Weymouth Magnet, Matcham and W. Dove; Bath, York House, Edwards, from Bath to Marlborough in morning and back at night—sixty-four miles a day; Jem Adlam and Jack Sprawson from Marlborough to London, or *vice versâ*; the latter quite first class—always kept his time, and neither

tired his horses nor appeared to go so fast as Adlam, who was always late.

There were some quaint characters amongst the coachmen. Ned Mountain drove the Exeter Defiance. He left Basingstoke at ten at night, drove down till he met the up-coach, when the coachmen changed coaches, and he got back to Basingstoke at eight in the morning, driving from eighty to ninety miles every night. He was once unwell and sent for the doctor, who cross-examined him as to his habits. He said he always had a pipe and a glass at eight o'clock every morning, upon which the doctor expressed astonishment that he was alive after drinking in the morning. 'It may be morning to you,' said Ned, 'but it's my bed-time, and I can't leave it off.' Billy Barrett drove the Nonpareil; he was called Old Billy, and drove the omnibus between Plymouth and Devonport for twenty years after the coaches were off the road. He used to get rather mixed with his words. He was fond of pointing out country gentlemen's seats on the road. At one place he used to say Lord —— had 'the finest revenue of trees in England.' On a certain occasion, wishing to be very polite to a lady for whom there was not room inside his coach, he endeavoured to persuade an inside passenger to give up his seat and travel outside; seeking to enlist sympathy by declaring that the lady was 'very ill-disposed.' There was a very eccentric coachman named Saunders who used to drive a coach from Tiverton to Exeter, and when the railway opened altered his route and drove to Beam Bridge (twenty miles from Exeter). He had a guard named Bill Emery, a fine player on the key-bugle. Emery could imitate the lowing of cattle, and often set oxen and cows running in the meadows. Saunders wore the most correct coaching costume: a low-crown flat-brimmed white hat, and spotted shawl round his neck, which he wore on the hottest day of summer, declaring that if he left it off 'he always got the chop-ache.' He also wore what some call overalls (otherwise knee-caps) of drab cloth that buttoned up from his ankles to the top of his thighs generally over top-boots—in the hottest

weather, declaring he got rheumatism if he did not. His top-coat was the thick drab West of England cloth. It was necessary to make the sleeves very large on account of the stiffness and thickness of the cloth, and the consequence was that in wet weather the rain drove up them and wetted him. To obviate this he used to make Bill Emery get some clean straw out of the stables to fill them up, and to do this effectually Bill kept a short strong stick to ram the straw tight. One day whilst they were changing horses Bill purposely left the stick up his right-hand sleeve. They had not gone far when they came to a sharp hill. Wanting to hit his leaders with his whip, Saunders was perplexed and pained to find that he could not bend his arm, and was unable to use his whip, so he called to the guard to jump down and touch up the leaders, declaring that his arm was quite stiff from rheumatism. He did not discover the stick up his sleeve till he got to the next change, when of course Bill vowed he had forgotten to withdraw it after the ramming operation; but Saunders stuck to it that it was rheumatism which made his arm stiff, and that it was stiff for weeks after.

All the mails had guards, who had charge of the mails and were responsible for their punctual arrival and safe delivery, and under whose orders the coachmen were. Very few of the day coaches carried guards; they only added to the load, and took up the place of a paying passenger. A good many of the heavy night and long-distance coaches, many of which ran through very long distances, had guards, however. I am told that Killingley on the Exeter subscription coach used to go right through to Plymouth from London, 220 miles. How long he rested before going back I do not know. On the mails were Jack Webb, Louth; Jack Tew, Gloucester; Jack Thetford, Edinbro'; Dick Watts, Devonport; Tom Preedy, Exeter; Bob Morne, Barnstaple; Exeter Telegraph (coach), John Acworth, George and Sam Southgate. There was a notorious little guard between Yeovil and Exeter on the Quicksilver, Tommy Waters, who always wore a green cutaway coat and brass buttons and top-boots. He had a very peculiar low voice. Whilst the mail

was changing horses one night about eight o'clock at the Globe Hotel at Newton Abbot, he went on to the post-office. The mail used to stop or slacken speed for him to jump up, and on this occasion some boy standing by, imitating Tommy's voice, called out 'All right, Bill,' and away went the mail to Totnes. Tommy had to get the best conveyance he could and catch the mail. Of course he was very angry with the coachman, Bill Crab, whom he began violently to abuse. The coachman said, 'You called out "All right."' 'Me call out "All right!"' he answered, 'how could I? Why, I was kissing the pretty girl in the post-office!' The explanation was deemed sufficient and satisfactory, so they made friends!

'The Red Rover in a gale.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BRIGHTON, BATH, AND DOVER ROADS.

BY THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

ON these roads there were many coaches and many coachmen of high reputation, and I select them for description as it chances that my experiences of them date back many years, and have been constant and considerable. Castle Square, Brighton, in the morning and evening was crowded with people assembled to see the departure and arrival of the various coaches. The Square had as many coach offices as other houses. I will begin with the Times office, belonging to Samuel Goodman. He had the seven o'clock Times, which left in the morning and ran to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, in about five hours and fifteen minutes. From Castle Square to the Elephant and Castle is fifty-two miles; thence a pair-horse branch coach

took the passengers to the City. The coach was timed five hours to the Elephant. It returned from the Golden Cross at two, and reached Brighton at 7.15. A heavy family coach, called the Regent, left both ends at ten, and was supposed to do the journey in six hours, but it was really six hours and a half. Goodman had also the four o'clock Times, which left both ends at four and was due in London and Brighton at 9.15. He generally drove this coach himself, and as he had a farm six or seven miles out of Brighton on the roadside, he had a man who often took it out of and brought it into Brighton, Goodman getting down and sleeping at his farm. There was a very peculiar old fellow who drove the Regent. He was a very slow safe old coachman, who would not have liked to drive any faster than he did. In 1833, my mother not being very well, my father took a house at Brighton—Western House, which is next to the easternmost house of Brunswick Terrace. He was then in the House of Commons, and had to go up and down between London and Brighton often. Being a very fine coachman—very powerful, and with hands as fine on a horse's mouth as a woman's—he could drive any horses ; indeed I have known him drive horses that went pleasantly and without pulling with him, when it had been declared that no man could hold them. He was in the habit of driving many of the coaches on the Oxford, Bath, Portsmouth, and Southampton roads, and was well known as a first rate artist. Goodman—a surly cross-grained fellow—would not let him drive. My father, vexed at the uncourteous treatment he had received, went to Alexander's, a large horse and coach proprietor in the Borough. In the lapse of time I have lost the name of his large stables, but well do I remember that whilst business was being discussed I used to wait in the coffee-room. Coffee ! save the mark—no whiff of the fragrant berry ever sweetened that den. Dog's-nose, gin, the smell of stale bad tobacco smoke, sand, sawdust, and spittoons offended the nose and eyes ! All coffee-rooms all over England had boxes—fancy an old-fashioned church pew, only higher, say six feet high, a brass rod above it,

another eighteen inches or two feet, and a dirty red stuff curtain (stuffy too), a narrow table in the centre of each, and a narrow ledge to sit upon against the side of the pew on each side, and you have 'the box presented to your view.' There would be five or six of these places on each side of the room, according to its size; they answered to the modern private room, and once taken were sacred to their occupants—the less favoured traveller having to share the still dirtier public table in the middle of the room. Oh! more fortunate youths of the present day who revel in the modern hotel, how little do you know of the discomforts of travelling shared not so very long ago with his contemporaries by him who writes these lines! You know not the perpetual 'Yes, sir! coming, sir!' (but he never came!) of the one unfortunate dirty, greasy waiter who had customers in the eight or ten boxes and at the middle table to wait upon. The memory of those days of my youth has, however, caused me to digress, so I must turn from the 'Chop, sir? yes, sir!' to our muttons, in the shape of my father and Alexander. Very little negotiation was necessary. It was settled that within a fortnight they should, between them, put on a coach leaving Brighton and London at the same time as Goodman's seven o'clock Times. Well can I recall it, a yellow coach, called the Wonder, and an afternoon coach leaving both ends at four, a dark coach with red wheels called the Quicksilver, both timed to do the journey to and from the Elephant and Castle in four hours and forty-five minutes. Capps drove the Wonder; Bob Pointer, as fine a coachman as ever was seen, drove one end of the Quicksilver.

All went swimmingly till one evening, going out of Brighton, a young coachman, son of one of the large coach proprietors whose office was in Castle Square, was driving the four thoroughbred chestnuts, as good and quick 'a Townend team' as could be found, when, for some never to be explained reason, they broke away from him, and he turned the coach over just opposite the New Steine Hotel. Several passengers were badly shaken, and two unfortunate ones were thrown on the spikes that surmount

the railings of the New Steine. Happily, in time they all recovered, but it cost some money to cure them. Nothing daunted, the proprietors painted the Quicksilver dark brown, renamed her the Criterion, and she resumed her place on the road. Bitterly did Goodman repent his surliness and want of courtesy, for these coaches very sensibly diminished his takings. Poor Bob Pointer had one infirmity, and one very curious peculiarity. He could be depended upon to start at any hour perfectly sober, but it was necessary to have the stables at which horses were changed out of reach of a public-house, or he would get intoxicated before the journey's end.

Before I leave this coach I must relate a small personal anecdote. I was at a school where our creature comforts were well attended to as far as food went, for we were fed like fighting cocks, and in case of illness were tended by the kind wife of the schoolmaster as though we were her own children. As regards cleanliness, in winter I used to get a warm sea bath three times a week, which in those days, when I don't think people washed as much as they do now, was looked upon as rather an effeminate luxury, and in summer we bathed in the sea four or sometimes five days in the week. Now I, with some others of the boys, was idle and liked amusement better than learning my lessons, or doing those—to me, who am no poet—abominations called verses. The consequence of this combination of unfortunate circumstances was that I used to go home striped like a hyena, the various stripes representing by their difference of colour the different periods at which I had been caned. Yesterday's wheals would be red; two or three turning yellow denoted a thrashing of the day before, whilst the green and black and blue were relics of an anterior date. Learn we should, said the pedagogue, and if we did not take it in kindly at one end, we should have it knocked into us at the other. Two stalwart ushers had long thin canes which lapped round one's shoulders, or the small of one's back, and caught the tender under part of the upper arm, and that was indeed pain; but the doctor himself had a thicker, stiffer and

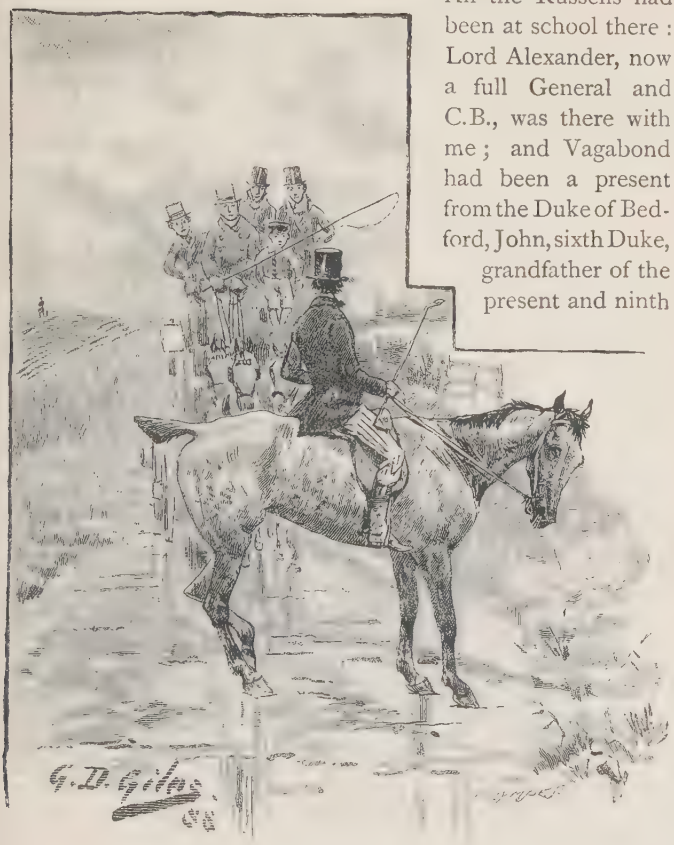
more bruising weapon. He had a large school and charged a long price for tuition, yet he was always in debt. If he was worried by creditors or served with a writ he would come down to the school-room, and woe to any unfortunate small boy on whom his eye fell, or whom he called to bring up his verses or theme. We used to think it was his fancy that we stood in the bailiff's shoes. We knew by the twitching of his nose if he had been served with a writ that morning. Like a hawk swooping on a bird did he pounce from his chair, drawing the dreaded weapon simultaneously from his desk ; his left hand was on the boy's collar and his knuckles in the boy's throat before he had time to say 'Oh!' and beginning at his heels he whacked him over the tendon Achilles all up the legs and up his back till he could whack no more, and dropped exhausted into his seat ; from thirty to forty blows would he give, too severe a punishment with a thick cane for small boys.

On one occasion, early in November 1833, I, being then nine years old, had committed the high crime and misdemeanour of ending a pentameter with a three-syllable word, for which the usher caned me at eleven o'clock school. At five o'clock school the Doctor came in—I think he must have been served with two writs that day. His eye fell on me. 'Have you been caned to-day?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What for?' I told him. 'What, a three-syllable word again! Go and fetch my cane.' The usher was a good fellow, though passionate, and said, 'I caned him severely for it.' 'Never mind,' said the Doctor, 'he will remember two thrashings better than one.' His hand was on my throat, and I was writhing under his blows for fully three minutes. As he went out of the room he turned and said, 'After prayers to-morrow morning you shall have just such another thrashing.' And this threat brings us back to the Wonder coach.

Before six next morning I woke, dressed in the dark, and started, for I had made up my mind to run away, feeling that I had been quite sufficiently punished for my offence. The gate between the playground and the front approach swung and

made a peculiar noise, and I was afraid to open it; but the dogs—there were half a dozen kept there—had scooped the ground out under, and through their private entrance I crept. Fourpenny bits, called Joeys after Joseph Hume, had just been invented; I had one of these in my pocket, the only coin I possessed. It was one of the bitterest, cold, foggy November mornings possible, and I had no greatcoat, and one glove. I knew where the Wonder put up—close to Mutton, the pastry-cook's. As I turned into the yard the horses were being put to. I saw Capps, whom I knew, and told him, with perfect truth, that my father had the gout and I was going up to him. Like a young idiot, instead of getting inside or into the front boot, I must swagger and go on the box. There were but three outside passengers. At prayers I was not missed; but the Doctor afterwards remembered his promise, and said, 'Now I will give that young gentleman an appetite for breakfast'—but I was not to be found. The son of the pedagogue, who was then home for a few days from Cambridge, got on to the Doctor's favourite horse and rode into the town, and a stupid porter told him that a little boy had gone on the box of the Wonder. Upon hearing this off went the Cambridge undergraduate, and performed the very extraordinary feat of catching the coach, though it had got a full hour's start. At Crawley, being so lightly clad, and having had nothing to eat since milk and bread and butter at six the night before, I was so cold I had got inside the coach. Just before we got to Horley, twenty-seven and a half miles from Brighton and five from Crawley, my pursuer overtook the coach and called upon Capps to pull up, but this he would not do, whereupon the undergraduate rode across the leaders, being nearly knocked over. Though his horse was dead beat, he followed the coach till it stopped to change at Horley; there a great palaver took place, and Capps was all for sticking to me, but at last reluctantly gave way, and I was delivered up. Some tea and some rashers of bacon and eggs were quickly put on the table, and we set off back to Brighton with a postboy, ride and drive, in an old Bounder, as postchaises were then called,

from the fact that they bounded about on their Cee-springs, with the Doctor's animal tied on to the hand-horse. Poor old Vagabond ! he never did another day's work, the ride finished him. All the Russells had been at school there : Lord Alexander, now a full General and C.B., was there with me ; and Vagabond had been a present from the Duke of Bedford, John, sixth Duke, grandfather of the present and ninth



'Rode across the leaders.'

Duke, who succeeded his cousin. When we arrived I was greeted with : 'Well, so you object to a caning, do you? I

shall respect your prejudices, and have prepared a very nice birch for you ;' and sure enough he laid into me till he was so blown he could lay in no longer. Fortunately for him my father was in bed with the gout, for he was furious at the treatment I had received. However, Christmas came, and I went home and returned to the same school again, and remained there till I went to Eton.

The Wonder and Criterion flourished for many years. I should have mentioned the Age, as an older established coach, before these, but their origin arising from Goodman's surliness they followed the Times. The Age was started by Mr. Stephenson, a gentleman by birth. I suppose I must have seen him, but cannot say ; his face and figure are familiar to me from the old coloured print of him standing by the side of his four greys in Castle Square just going to mount the box. Those connected with the Age that I remember well were Sir St. Vincent Cotton, a Cambridgeshire baronet, and Jack Willan, and on the baronet's retirement, Willan and Brackenbury—Bob I think his name was ; he was the elder of two brothers, the younger of whom drove the London and Windsor Taglioni a few years later. The Age left both ends at noon, and took about five and a quarter hours. It was a very favourite coach, well horsed and driven, and all three coachmen were very popular. All these coaches ran to Brighton by the Elephant and Castle, Brixton Hill, Streatham, Croydon, Smitham Bottom, Red Hill, and Horley, and most of them by Crawley, Hicksted, Piecombe, and Patcham to Brighton ; but some from Horley came by Cuckfield and Clayton Church to Piecombe, and so on.

Many coaches ran by Tooting, Sutton, Walton Heath, by Reigate, Hookwood Common, Crawley, and Hand Cross to Brighton ; others by Smitham Bottom and Redhill to Reigate, and others again by Ewell, Leatherhead, Mickleham, Burford Bridge, Dorking, Horsham, by Henfield to Brighton ; but this route was 61 miles as against 52½ the other way. Still there were passengers and fish and parcels to carry, so that, as all

could not live on one road, each was considered, and residents in different localities kept the coaches going by patronising them.

Returning to Castle Square, I next come to the old Blue Coach office. Coaches from here were good and safe, but slower than the others described previously. From this office they ran not only to London but to Hastings, Portsmouth, and other places. Then there was the White Coach office, Snow's, at the north-east corner of Castle Square, with windows into the Old Steine. The coaches running from here were all white and belonged to Snow. There were several to London and other places from this office: one to London was called the Magnet, I remember. Also from this office ran the Red Rover, through Shoreham, Worthing, Chichester, Southampton, Salisbury, and Wells, to Bath. I often went to school and came home for the holidays by it. It was a very good fast coach, a dark body and red wheels, and the horses had red collars. I have forgotten the names of the coachmen unfortunately, and do not know who can tell me them—fifty years have passed since I travelled by it.

I remember leaving Brighton on the Red Rover one morning in such a gale of wind from the south-west as I have seldom seen; as we went along the road between the Bedford Hotel, then just newly opened, and Brunswick Square we saw two flys coming out of side streets blown clean over, and a poor woman coming along the bottom of Brunswick Square was caught in a squall, and her petticoats being whisked up were caught over the iron spikes on top of the rails above her head. Had anyone been in the square at that early and tempestuous hour I think he would have been reminded of a peacock, who puts up his tail in the spring and invariably turns his back to you. Fortunately some man coming along got to her and unhooked her. We had a very unpleasant drive to Worthing. The gale was, as a sailor would express it, on our port bow, and more than one of the passengers lost their hats for ever and a day. After leaving there we altered

our course, and got it more abeam, and the wind subsided a little. I remember hearing that on that morning some elm-trees were blown across the London Road between Brighton and Preston, and that all the earlier coaches had to go up a very awkward narrow road on to the Down, and to come down another equally awkward one into the road beyond Patcham. There was an old fire-eating Irish major, some relation to an old Dowager Duchess who lived a good deal at Brighton. I remember his hat and wig well—beautiful silky brown curly hair it was—he lost them both off the coach on top of the Downs going to London that day. What was his name? O'Grady, I fancy.

After the Brighton Railway had run all the coaches off the road, and the Great Western Railway had done the same for the Bath and Bristol coaches, James Adlam, who for years had driven the Bath York House from London to Marlborough alternate days there and back, set up a four-horse coach on the long road to Brighton. Though I travelled by it a few times I forget the exact route he went. He was not a good coachman, but was the first that ever let me drive a public coach. When I was fifteen years of age and at Eton I had had hold of my father's horses several times for two or three miles at a time, so that I knew something about it, and was as handy with my whip then as any old coachman, and could both catch my thong or hit either leader without any difficulty. Jem Adlam did not get on well, which was his own fault. When people got sick of him and he gave up, George Clark started his coach and called it the Age. An ugly coach, very long, no perch, nut-cracker springs in front, and mail-coach springs behind ; not a coach to my mind, but one of the best to carry a load I ever sat on. Clark was very short of money, and so was I, but I managed to find him three-fourths of the horses. We had no break on our coach ; loaded tremendously : Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from Brighton ; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from London. Very long stages, some of them thirteen miles. Very weak, bad horses. It was splendid practice. Down some

of the hills we only kept in the road by the use of the whip ; no use pulling at their heads—their heads only came, and not their bodies ; and to keep them and the coach out of the ditch, nothing but a smart smack over the neck or shoulder would do it. We ran from London by Kew Bridge and Richmond, pulled up at the Greyhound to water, and pick up passengers and parcels. George Clark—a very fine coachman—was over eighteen stone weight. If the coach was full I used to send him down by rail. One day, one minute before the clock struck, reins and whip in hand, I jumped on to the box and found an old gentleman occupying the box-seat. 'Come,' he said, 'this won't do. I am not going to be experimentalised upon.' 'What do you mean?' 'Why, that I am not going to be driven by a young chap like you.' 'Such will be your sad fate,' I replied ; 'the horses are mine, the coach is mine, and I am going to drive. You have only one alternative, and that is to get down and have your money back in the office (White Horse Cellar) ; but sharp's the word, for in ten seconds the clock will strike and the coach start.' He grumbled something, but did not move. When we stopped at the Greyhound, I was getting the waybill from the landlord, with very particular directions about some parcel to be delivered, when a passenger got down from behind, and touching me on the elbow, said, 'Young man, which is the way to the Star and Garter?' 'Turn to left at the end of the street and keep the uphill road.' 'Thank you,' said he, 'here is a shilling for you.' So I touched my hat and thanked him, and put it in my pocket—one I kept clear, and the contents of which were handed over to old George Clark. My box passenger had not uttered a word, but as I got on the box and started again he unclosed his lips. 'You have begun well, earned a shilling already,' he said. 'Don't you think I deserved it?' said I. 'I will tell you more about it by-and-bye,' said he ; 'and, look here, it will all depend how you drive how much *I* give you when we get to Brighton, if Providence ever permits us to get there.' 'All right,' I said, 'and if you are fond of coaching, I bet you sixpence you

come and have another ride with me.' After a bit we got on, and chatted away. Our route from Richmond was under the Star and Garter, over Ham Common to Kingston-on-Thames, where we changed at the King's Arms, thence through Leatherhead, where we stopped at the Swan to water, and changed at the White Horse at Dorking; going then through Mickleham, we passed the Running Horse Inn, where old John Scott used to stay for Epsom, and in the stables of which many Derby winners have slept on the eve of and after their victory; and so by Burford Bridge, at the foot of the celebrated Box Hill. On our up-journey we dined at Dorking.

The first stage out of London was twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner. From Kingston King's Arms to Dorking fourteen miles, making twenty-six miles; by Westminster Bridge, Tooting, Merton, Ewell, Epsom, and Leatherhead it is twenty-three and a half miles. Our next change was at Horsham, thirteen miles, where on the down journey we dined at the King's Head. Thence we ran through Cowfold to Henfield, eleven and a half miles, and from there into Brighton, thirteen miles: a pleasant stage down, but up it was a twister; the first six miles out of Brighton uphill, and yet such a gradual rise a great part of the way that it took a practised coachman to find out it was uphill. Altogether it was about sixty-four miles; for I think it is impossible to get our route to Kingston in twelve miles certainly, from White Horse Cellar. When we arrived at Brighton my box passenger pulled out a golden sovereign. 'Young man,' said he, 'I never enjoyed a ride on a coach more in my life. Take this, and if the box seat is not booked I will ride up with you to-morrow,' and he did, and stood another sovereign, on receiving which second one I remarked, 'Thank you very much; this is a good job for old Clark.' 'Who is old Clark?' 'That fat old fellow standing down there; he is our ballast; when the coach is empty we take him down to make the springs ride pleasantly, when it is full we send him up to London or down to Brighton by luggage train in a truck by himself.'

'Is he your father that he takes all the money?' 'No,' said I, 'he's only my sleeping partner, and you know the sleeping partner in a firm gets all the money.' So he laughed, and said, 'I will come and have another ride as soon as ever I can;' and he often came after and we made great friends. Our existence depended on fish and parcels almost more than on passengers. We did very well till the branch rails to Leatherhead, Dorking, and Horsham ran us off the road. Poor old Clark got ill and bedridden, and we gave up the coach, after which for several years there was no coach to Brighton.

In 1866 there was no coach running regularly from London to Brighton, though Captain Haworth had been occasionally on the road, and in the year named he asked me if I would join in putting a coach on by way of Croydon and Crawley.[1] The result was that we started the New Times—it was a yellow coach Three or four people horsed it. The Captain used to go every day, but when any of us who horsed it went we used to drive a good part of the way. The first year he had no regular coachman, and, if I recollect right, one of the Cracknells was the guard. He drove some coach a few years later. This coach soon collapsed, and in the following year, 1867, the late Edward Sacheverell Chandos-Pole, of Radbourne Hall, Derbyshire, B. J. Angell, usually called 'Cherry Angell,' and I put on a two-end coach on the Croydon and Crawley road to Brighton. Pratt drove from London to Horley and Alfred Tedder from Brighton to Crawley, each taking the coach home from Horley. When any of us travelled by the coach, which was four or five days a week, we always drove. Angell horsed it two stages out of London, I horsed the middle ground three stages, and Chandos-Pole two stages out of Brighton. We had lots of fun and driving; the coach was very well horsed, and kept good time. There have been many Brighton coaches since; an American gentleman, Mr. Tiffany, ran for one or two years, and another American, Colonel de Lancey Kane, was a familiar figure on the road. In 1887, Selby's Old Times was put

[1] It was a three-days-a-week coach from each end.

on, making six stages. He drove it till almost the day of his death.

There were a great many coaches on the Bristol and Bath road to London. The one I usually travelled by was the York House coach from Bath, starting from both ends at seven A.M., and reaching London about seven, covering 110 miles. It stopped twenty minutes at Marlborough going up and at Salt Hill going down for breakfast, and half an hour at the Pelican at Speenhamland, better known as Newbury, both ways, for dinner. Old Mrs. Botham kept that hotel, and horsed the coach a couple of stages, and her nephews the Brothers Botham kept the Windmill at Salt Hill, where the coach breakfasted, and horsed it two or three stages. There was an hotel at Salt Hill, the Castle, where other coaches changed horses and breakfasted. Reilly, who kept the York House at Bath, horsed it some part of the way; I am not sure who horsed it out of London, but think it was Mr. Nelson. Their first change was nearly a mile short of Hounslow, close to where the railway arch now stands. That was the first public coach I ever drove, as I have mentioned before. James Adlam was not nearly so good a coachman as Jack Sprawson; the former was always going faster and taking more out of his horses than Jack. Adlam made his wheel-horses do all the work the first half of the stage, and when they were beat made the leaders pull both the coach and the beaten wheel-horses, so that he got the whole lot well tired before the end of the stage, and in spite of going faster he was always late—always a minute, sometimes five, sometimes more. Jack Sprawson made his horses work level, never seemed to be going so fast, and yet was always punctual to a minute. When they were run off the road Sprawson started a coach of his own from Reading to Devizes, and when the railway opened, first to Newbury and then to Hungerford; he ran from those places to Devizes through Marlborough, till finally the rail opened to Devizes and he had to shut up. He was universally liked and respected by every one, which I cannot say of the other man. They drove alternate

days to and from London and Marlborough, seventy-four and a half miles—hard work every day—in the heat of summer and the cold of winter. Bath by Devizes from Marlborough was 107¼ miles, but most of the coaches came through Chippenham and Calne, 110 miles. The roads down from London parted at Beckhampton on Marlborough Downs, the right-hand road through Chippenham, the left-hand through Devizes. Old Edwards drove in the morning from Bath to Marlborough and back at night, thirty-one and a half miles each way, making sixty-three miles a day by figures ; but ten miles each way over Marlborough Downs was equal to twenty miles ; it was a fearful road in the snow. We sometimes went by the Regulator, half an hour later than the York House ; Isaac Johnson, afterwards on the Quicksilver, Devonport mail (one of the three brothers elsewhere mentioned), drove from Bristol to Marlborough and back. Sometimes we came from London by the Emerald, a green coach leaving London at three P.M. ; the Regulator was a dark coach with red wheels, the York House chocolate with yellow wheels.

I omitted, whilst writing of the York House coach from Bath, to state a circumstance which will give an idea to the luxurious first-class railway traveller, now usually wrapped from his chin to his toes in furs, of the discomfort in which people travelled by public conveyances in former days. Coming home once from Eton for the Christmas holidays in bitterly cold weather with snow on the ground, I was so perished with cold that, instead of going into the Pelican at Newbury, and falling to on the excellent boiled or roast beef or mutton provided for the coach dinner, I ran to the saddler's and invested twelve shillings in a large and thick horse-rug, and was much laughed at for my pains, not only by my fellow-passengers, but by my own family when I got home. However, that evening coming over the Marlborough Downs between that town and Calne I think I had the laugh on my side ; and after I got home—mackintosh soft white stuff having then just been invented—I made the village tailor cover my rug with the patent,

and this excellent warm wrap I had for years. No such thing as a railway wrapper or travelling rug was known in those days. No apron or rug belonged to a coach. At starting, or whenever they changed coachmen, the new comer appeared whip in hand and an apron over his arm—generally a stiff tarpaulin large enough for the box passengers as well as himself—the other passengers made shift with a bit of clean straw if they were lucky enough to get it. Our greatcoats were uncomfortable; they had pockets behind like an evening tail-coat, and on the hips with flaps over them; without unbuttoning the coat you could not get your hand in or out of them or withdraw anything you wanted; a small breast pocket was put for one's handkerchief and that was all. There was no such thing as a tab for the collar, only three long hooks and three eyes, through which the wind whistled into one's teeth. Before my time, I am told, even the coachman had no apron: this probably was the reason why so many of them wore knee-caps, and a night coachman was swaddled up something like a mummy—how he got on and off his box or could use his arms was a mystery. I must not forget dear old Mrs. Botham, of the Pelican, at Speenhamland, with her rich black silk gown and her high white, sort of modified widow's cap. She was always kind and hospitable. When the family posted up they dined there, and all were made to drink a little most excellent cherry brandy, each was presented with a cornet or screw of white paper containing brandy snaps of the very best, and when children travelled by the coach they had the same. The cherry brandy was noted for its excellence all over the country. Mrs. Botham died at a ripe old age, respected by all who knew her.

A coach ran from Salisbury to Chippenham Railway Station and back again, horsed and driven by a very respectable man and good coachman of the name of Stevens, who did both journeys—thirty-three miles each way. That it should pay between Chippenham and Devizes I can understand, but how he took anything except from 'through' passengers and parcels

on the other two-thirds of the road I cannot think. About three miles out of Devizes you come to Red Horn turnpike on the edge of Salisbury Plain, and with the exception of the Bustard Inn, half-way and about two miles from Stonehenge, and the Druid's Head Inn and training stables about three or four miles further on, there is not only not a village, but not a house, in the twenty miles. The Great Western Railway branch by Westbury and Warminster drove Stevens off the road, and not long after the South-Western Railway opened their line from London through Basingstoke and Andover through Salisbury to Exeter.

The Dover road was always a very pleasant one to drive, excepting the fearful hill on the south of Chatham, not far from Brompton Barracks. Poor old Rickman, who was for many years stationmaster of the Midland Station at Derby, drove on this road. He was killed about the year 1879 or 1880 on the day they opened the loop enabling trains running from London and Trent to go through to Normanton or elsewhere without passing through Derby Station. He had walked along the line to see that it was being worked all right, and in coming back was run over and cut to pieces by a train. He was an excellent servant of the company, and most civil and obliging to the passengers. The three brothers Wright had many pairs of post-horses, and horsed several coaches. One kept the Ship Hotel at Dover, the principal hotel till the Lord Warden was built; another kept the Fountain Hotel at Canterbury, and was as well known and respected as the Cathedral; the third kept the Rose at Sittingbourne. When the Dover Wright died, he was succeeded by Birmingham, who had been commissioner to the hotel and used to take one's keys, and get one's luggage through the Custom House. When the Lord Warden was built, he took the hotel, and eventually became Mayor of Dover, and used to receive the potentates and princes who passed through. He was an excellent man and much respected. I knew him fifty years ago. He has not been dead above three or four years. When

quartered in London I used often to go down by the Dover Mail, get on to the up Mail when we met her, and come back again with her to London. The spectacle of the Mails driving into the General Post Office, and coming out of it, arriving or starting, was very pretty and interesting. I used to get a good deal of driving, but never up or down that hill on the other side of Chatham. The coachmen were afraid of a drag-chain breaking and of being discharged if a stranger was driving, and an accident should happen.

Hyde Park Corner.

CHAPTER XIV.

DRIVING CLUBS, OLD AND NEW.

THE date at which amateurs first began to drive four-in-hand is shrouded in obscurity Before a regular system of stage-coaching was established, the squire of the period may have added a leader or leaders to his travelling carriage, to help him over the rough roads ; and so necessity may have laid the first stone of what subsequently grew to be a great institution. It is probable, too, that, when stage-coaches were first started, gentlemen were found to be ambitious of driving, regardless of the discomforts of springless coach-boxes—for the springs under the box coachmen were indebted to John Warde, 'the father of fox-hunting'—ruts three feet deep, and, probably, very indifferent horses. This, however, is surmise ; yet there may have been amateur talent at least in the time of Oliver Cromwell, who, it appears, was himself something of a coachman. As, however, he is one of the earliest amateurs of whose doings on the box we have any record, we may make mention of him, especially

as the scene of his exploits was Hyde Park, a place which has since become closely identified with the gatherings of the now existing driving clubs. The Count of Oldenburg had presented the Lord Protector with six German horses, four of which Cromwell, regardless of the fact that they might never have been put together before, somewhat rashly attempted to drive himself. The accepted version of the story is that, being annoyed at one of the horses, he made an ill-advised use of the whip—how history repeats itself!—startled his team, and was eventually thrown from the box, falling on to the pole, and thence to the ground, after being dragged for some distance by his feet catching in the harness; while additional danger threatened the Lord Protector from the fact that his sudden descent caused the accidental discharge of a pistol he carried in his pocket. Such is the prose account of the accident; but Cleveland, the cavalier, commemorated the affair in verse, in these words:

Hark how the scoffing concourse hence derives
The proverb, 'Needs must when the devil drives.'
Yonder a whisper cries, ''Tis a plain case,
He turned us out to put himself i' the place;
But, God-a-mercy, horses once for aye
Stood to 't, and turn'd him out as well as me.'
Another, not behind with his snacks,
Cries out, 'Sir, faith, you were in the wrong box.'
He did presume to rule because, forsooth,
He's been a horse commander from his youth;
But he must know there's a difference in the reins
Of horses fed with oats and fed with grains.
I wonder at his frolic, for be sure
Four hamper'd coach horses can fling a *brewer*;
But 'Pride will have a fall,' such the world's course is,
He who can rule three realms can't guide four horses;
See him that trampled thousands in their gore,
Dismounted by a party but of four.
But we have done with 't, and we may call
This driving Jehu, Phaeton in his fall.
I would to God, for these three kingdoms' sake,
His neck, and not the whip, had given the crack.

In a poem entitled 'The Fall,' Sir John Birkenhead also commemorates Cromwell's accident. Both of the foregoing uncomplimentary rhymesters, however, fell upon evil times; Cleveland was imprisoned in Yarmouth gaol, whence he addressed to Cromwell a petition for his release; and Sir John Birkenhead was very nearly starved until, at the Restoration, he obtained a lucrative appointment as one of the Masters of Requests.

Whatever else we learn of amateur coachmanship is very fragmentary and wholly unimportant, until the end of the eighteenth century, by which time the labours of McAdam and Telford had begun to bear fruit. Roads were good, a higher rate of speed was attained; 'then,' in the words of a grateful coachman of old time, 'came Mr. McAdam, with his hammers, sand, and resin, and the crooked places were made straight, and the rough places plain and hard.' The advent of the famous road engineer was indeed the dawning of a new era, for in the old days of bad roads the lot of the coach traveller was far from being a happy one. A coach, which took four days to reach London from York, made its first journey on Friday, April 12, 1706, the announcement being made in the form of the advertisement on p. 250.

In due course other stage-coaches made their appearance: one between London and Dover was established on March 28, 1751, taking about thirty-six hours on the way, and having 'a conveniency behind the coach for baggage and outside passengers.' About the same time there was coach communication between London and Edinburgh, as in 1754 the vehicle previously in use was, 'for the better accommodation of passengers,' altered 'to a new genteel two-end glass coach machine, being on steel springs, exceeding light, and easy to go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter.' In 1757 the merchants of Liverpool organised their 'flying machine,' also on steel springs, in imitation of the Manchester 'flying coach;' and as time sped on, the business of coaching expanded; many of the best known men of the day interested themselves in the

ALL that are desirous to pass from LONDON to YORK, or any other place on their road, let them repair to the 'BLACK SWAN,' HOLBORN, in LONDON, and the 'BLACK SWAN' in CONEY STREET, YORK, at both which places they may be received in a STAGE COACH every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, which performs the whole journey in four days (if God permits), and sets forth at five in the morning, and returns from York to Stamford in two days, and Stamford to Huntingdon in two days more, and the other like stages on their return, allowing each passenger 14 pounds weight, and all above 3 pence per pound.

Performed by { B. KINGMAN. H. HAINSFORD. W. BAYNES.

affairs of the road, and were often seen 'at work.' The natural outcome of the taste for driving was the founding of the Bensington (*Oxonicé* Benson) Driving Club, which was instituted on February 28, 1807. 'Nimrod' says that it consisted of twenty-five members elected by ballot, each of whom paid 10*l.* on admission. To these enthusiastic coachmen, to whom long journeys were of every-day occurrence, distance was at first of no consideration. Accordingly, we find the club rules provided that members should drive twice a year to the White Hart, Bensington, in Oxfordshire, fifty-six miles from London; and twice to the Black Dog, Bedfont, near Hounslow, fourteen miles from town. This arrangement lasted for sixteen years, when the Bensington gatherings were given up. Bedfont, however, seems to have been the virtual head-quarters of the

B.D.C., and there it was that the club had its wine-cellar, a circumstance which may or may not have prompted a chronicler of the time to say, when describing one of the visits to Bedfont, that the members 'dashed home in a style of speed and splendour equal to the spirit and judgment (*sic*) displayed by the noble, honourable, and respective drivers.' During its early years the B.D.C. was colloquially known as the Black and White Club, owing to the places of meeting being the White Hart and the Black Dog.

Before the B.D.C. had been established for a year, the Benevolent Whip Club came into existence. It has been said that the Bensington Driving Club men founded it; but such was not the case. A dozen well-to-do professionals, anxious for the interests of their less fortunate brethren, conceived the idea of establishing a benefit society; and their deliberations took the form of the Benevolent Whip Club, whose object it was to relieve coachmen and guards, when in distress, and to allow 12*s.* per week to the families of those who were in prison for debt. To the funds of this society the B.D.C. contributed one hundred guineas, and its resources would appear to have been subject to a heavy drain, as, in twenty years, grants to the amount of 9,000*l.* were made to needy men, and the families of those who found themselves in prison. When this club was dissolved cannot be discovered; but its modern representative is the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association.

The *prestige* which immediately surrounded the original driving club caused applications for membership to flow in; but it was decided not to exceed the number of 25, so in 1808, Mr. Charles Buxton, the inventor of the Buxton bit, together with one or two of his friends, were instrumental in founding a second society, called the Four-Horse Club, but often, though erroneously, known as the Four-in-Hand Club, the Whip Club, and the Barouche Club. It no doubt received the last-named appellation owing to the fact that its members drove a sort of barouche. In the *Sporting Magazine* for February, 1809, under the heading 'Carriages for the

Whip Club,' a contributor wrote:—'The *Vis* landau will be the fashionable carriage among the members of the Whip Club this season. This carriage differs from the *vis-à-vis* in respect to its size; the former carries four, the latter only two. It is round on one side, with a single sweep from elbow to door-rail, the roof is less round than heretofore; the joints are of Prince's metal, or plated; the crests in raised silver in a garter on the head-plates; arms on door and end panels. The *Vis* landau differs from the barouche by reason of the former being divested of the sword case behind, and the sweep in the fore-panel, which latter gains another seat or two. There are two lamps in front. The body is yellow, between a patent and a king's yellow; the carriage is red picked out with black; its length is 8 feet, and the body is hung 4 feet from the ground on German instead of Polignac springs. It has a barouche box instead of a fixed or Salisbury one, and is hung to the body with open fore-end The lining is of dark blue, with blue and yellow lace. Lord Sefton, Lord Saye and Sele, Lord Hawke, the Hon. M. Hawke, Messrs. Butler, Best, and Buxton will exhibit a splendid appearance.' The club rules, however, merely said that the barouches should be yellow bodied, with 'dickies,' the horses bay, with rosettes at their heads, and the harness silver-mounted. Inasmuch as Mr. Annesley drove roans, and Sir Henry Peyton greys, however, the stipulation as to the colour of the horses does not appear to have been strictly enforced.

Equally particular were the Four-Horse-men about their personal appearance. The uniform of the modern driving clubs is very simple; but eighty years ago far greater attention was bestowed upon matters of detail. The prescribed dress consisted of a drab coat reaching to the ankles, with three tiers of pockets, and mother-o'-pearl buttons as large as five-shilling pieces; the waistcoat was blue, with yellow stripes an inch wide; breeches of plush, with strings and rosettes to each knee; and it was *de rigueur* that the hat should be $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep in the crown. Making all allowance for the whims of

fashion, and the changes in dress in the course of three-quarters of a century, there was something rather *outré* in this attire. Charles Mathews, the elder, ever on the watch for a subject for travesty, caricatured the uniform of the Four-Horse Club in 'Hit and Miss,' and thereby brought upon himself the wrath of the coaching fraternity, one of whom professed to see in the comedian's get-up a likeness to himself. 'Hit and Miss,' however, ran its course, and was laughed at by the public. Joseph Grimaldi, too, the famous clown, made capital out of the dress in one of his comic scenes. After the fashion of clowns, he stole a blanket which served for a coat; this he decorated with cheese-plates (the result of a second theft) for buttons; and a cabbage served for a bouquet. A landau and wheels was extemporised out of a cradle and some cheeses, and a toy-shop burglary yielded four blotting-paper horses. Behind this team Grimaldi took his seat, and, after having in pantomimic action filed his front teeth, in imitation of one or two amateurs who had in that particular copied certain professionals, was drawn across the stage amidst much whistling and whip-flourishing. This, however, was taken in good part; indeed, the travesty soon became popular, and all the coaching men in London filled the boxes at the theatre to witness Grimaldi's scene.

The first meeting of the Four-Horse Club was held in April 1808, and the subsequent days of meeting were the first and third Thursdays in May and June. The members assembled at Mr. Buxton's house in Cavendish Square, and drove down to Salt Hill to dinner, patronising the Windmill and the Castle alternately. At one of the club dinners a controversy arose concerning the merits of the two houses; both had their advocates, and, as the question of supremacy could not be satisfactorily settled by the experience of the past, it was resolved to give both landlords notice of the dispute, and to notify the fact that, in the next season, the usual visits would be made with the special object of deciding in favour of one or the other. In due course May arrived, and the first visit was to the Castle. The

dinner and its surroundings were as perfect as they could be, and no exception could be taken to the *cuisine* or the wines. The next foregathering at the Windmill only resulted in a gastronomic dead heat, for the preference could be given to neither. There was then nothing to be done but to give one more trial to each hostelry ; and the second dinner at the Castle served but to further fog the self-appointed arbiters. Then it so happened that, when the club went to the Windmill, for the last time, the day was broiling hot. The cloth had been cleared, and the diners were on the point of settling down to their wine, when the head waiter entered, followed by numerous attendants. Each guest was requested to rise, and the chair on which he had been sitting was exchanged for a *cool* one. After this careful attention to detail, the verdict was in favour of the Windmill. There were a couple of halts on the way down to Salt Hill, a distance of 24 miles from London. The club lunched at the Packhorse, Turnham Green, on the right of the road, and took further refreshment at the Magpies, Hounslow Heath ; thence they ran to their destination, and back the next day, 'without,' as Nimrod says, 'the horses being taken out of their harness.'

Scarcely, however, had the Four-Horse Club been fairly started ere a charge of furious driving was formulated against some of the members : 'an ungovernable phrensy,' it was stated, took possession 'of these youths, who fancied, no doubt, that they were in the act of directing Roman chariots in the field of Mars, by their declared hostility to everything that came in their way.' For this, they 'received permission to resign,' and there was some talk of starting a new club, the Defiance, to be composed partly of 'new hands and partly of the members who were lately permitted to retire from the Buxton and Peyton Association.' The intending founder of the club was a gentleman whose name cannot be discovered ; but he was a coachman of repute, and likewise a personage with science enough to 'design many of the improvements in the new-fangled machines.' Preliminaries were carried as far as de-

claring that the key-bugle should be substituted for the straight horn, that the coats should be of Yorkshire drab, and the waistcoats of 'white silk shag.' Arrangements, however, fell through, and the club never existed.

For several years both the B.D.C. and F.H.C. flourished in friendly rivalry; members turned out in their full strength, and the coachmen were, from all accounts, the very embodiment of good-fellowship. About 1815, however, the Four-Horse Club began to wane, and in 1820 its dissolution came. 'I hear you men have broken up,' was the remark made by a well-known amateur to one of the club. 'No, we haven't broken up,' was the reply; 'we've broken down; the Four-Horse Club had *not enough in hand* to keep on with.' In 1822 it was revived under somewhat altered conditions. The carriage was a brown landaulet without ornaments; the horses might be of any colour, and the harness was brass-mounted, instead of silver-plated, as formerly. Even these more simple regulations were ineffectual to restore the club to its earlier popularity, and, after existing for a year or two in a casual sort of way, it finally died out altogether about 1824. Meantime the B.D.C. held its way, was never short of its 25 members, who drove to its meets with unfailing regularity, at least till the year 1824, when the long journeys to Bensington were abandoned, and the expeditions confined, as already stated, to the Black Dog at Bedfont. B.D.C., nevertheless, stood just as well for Bedfont as for Bensington, and as long as the club initials only were used there was no great solecism in giving up the visits to the place from which the club took its name. The alteration, however, appears to have been in accord with the taste of the members, and the Bedfont dinners gained in popularity. One night, after the club had dined, the King stopped to change horses at the Black Dog, and, on the members being informed that His Majesty's carriage was at the door, they drank his health with three times three. The King shortly afterwards saw one of the B.D.C. men, and having acknowledged the loyalty of his subjects on the night in question, asked, 'Was not old John Warde among

you?' On being told that he was, the King remarked, 'Ah! I thought I knew his holloa.' 'Nimrod,' who relates the story, tells another about a Mr. Prouse, whose name seems to have been a household word on the Great Western road. In his own proper person good coachmanship, good fellowship, a marvellous capacity for liquor, and the skill of the juggler would seem to have been happily combined.

After five bottles of hock (says the narrator) which he could put under his waistcoat at a sitting without the smallest inconvenience, he has often been seen to fill a bumper, and place the glass on his head, during the time he would sing a song, in which not only every coachman's, but every innkeeper's, name between London and Plymouth was introduced. At the same time also he would go through the manœuvres of hitting wheeler and leader, without spilling a drop of his wine; and, after he had drunk it off, he would run the empty glass up and down the large silver buttons on his coat with very singular effect.

In more ways than one, probably, worthy Mr. Prouse would be more than a match for most coachmen of to-day.

To return to the history of driving clubs, however, the B.D.C. was without a rival from the time of the break-up of the Four-Horse Club until the year 1838, when the Richmond Driving Club was founded by Lord Chesterfield 'the magnificent,' who was its president. No longer was it the correct thing to ape the manners and dress of stage-coachmen; for 'Ches,' as the originator of the club was familiarly called, insisted on his followers 'driving like coachmen, but looking like gentlemen;' and his lordship's standard of both qualifications was a high one.[1] At the outset the club consisted of the following members, their names and the description of their equipages being as given by Lord William Lennox: President, Earl of Chesterfield, blue and red coach, four bays; Marquis of Waterford, brown and red coach, four greys; Earl of Waldegrave, blue and red open barouche, bay team; Earl of Sefton, dark coloured barouche, bay team; Earl of Rosslyn,

[1] No better coachman ever drove four horses.—B.

dark coloured coach, bay team; Count Batthyany, dark blue and white coach, bay team; Viscount Powerscourt, open barouche, four greys; Lord Alford, dark brown and red coach, bay team; Lord Alfred Paget, yellow and blue coach, mixed team; Lord Macdonald, dark brown and red coach, mixed team; Hon. Horace Pitt, blue and red coach, mixed team; Sir E. Smythe, Bart., dark green coach, three greys and a piebald; Mr. A. W. Hervey Aston, dark blue and white coach, two bays and two greys; Mr. T. Bernard, dark brown coach, bay team; Mr. J. Angerstein, dark brown coach, bay team; Colonel Copeland, yellow barouche, four browns; Mr. George Payne, yellow coach, bay team; Mr. Lewis Ricardo, dark blue and white coach, bay team. Mr. H. Villebois, Junr., yellow coach, four bays.

Whatever may have been the criticism bestowed upon the earlier driving clubs, an outline of whose history has already been given, the efforts of the members of the Richmond Driving Club were not, perhaps, uniformly successful, if, indeed, any reliance is to be placed upon the stinging satire, The 'Chaunt of Achilles,' at first attributed to 'Charley' Sheridan, but afterwards recognised as the production of Mr. Surtees, the author of 'Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds,' 'Soapy Sponge,' and other works of a like character. At any rate, after stating that Lord Chesterfield led the way, this is how the author dealt with the procession :—

> Following his track succeeds a numerous band,
> Who vainly strive to work their fours-in-hand.
> For Richmond bound I view them passing by,
> Their hands unsteady, and their reins awry.
> Some scratch their panels, some their horses' knees—
> Beaufort and Payne, I class you not with these;
> For who so smartly skims along the plain
> As Beaufort's Duke? What whip can equal Payne?
> No matter—dinner comes, when all are able
> To drive their coaches well about the table.
> Ricardo then can driving feats relate,
> And Batthyany swear he'd clear the gate;

Till midnight closes o'er the festive scene,
Then who so bold as ride with Angerstein?[1]
He who aloft can mark with unmoved nerve
The wheelers jibbing while the leaders swerve,
And sit, all careless, 'mid the wordy war
To lose a linch-pin, break a splinter-bar.

With reference to the above scathing lines, it may be mentioned that the then Duke of Beaufort, though taking part in some of the processions, was not a member of the club. There were, however, other opinions besides those expressed by Mr. Surtees, for another rhymester is more complimentary :—

In this famed driving club it were endless to trace,
All the notable coachmen the ribbons who grace ;
Since Waterford, Paget, and Pitt swell the stream,
And the eye dwells delighted on every team.

'Paget' was the late Lord Alfred ; and 'Pitt' was subsequently Earl Rivers.

The Richmond Driving Club used to meet at Lord Chesterfield's house, and drive to dinner to the Castle Hotel, Richmond. There poor Charley Sheridan would sing his best songs, one of them being 'John Collin,' beginning :—

My name is John Collin, head-waiter at Limmer's,
At the corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square,
Where my chief occupation is filling up brimmers
To solace young gentlemen laden with care.

In spite of the prestige the club gained under its noble president, the Richmond Driving Club only lasted about six or seven years, and the B.D.C. was once more alone in the

[1] Mr. Angerstein was so rash a coachman that no one would ride with him. On one occasion, when starting home after dinner at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, a guest inadvertently climbed on to his (Mr. A.'s) coach-box. Mr. Angerstein was so delighted at getting a passenger that he did not wait to start in procession, but went off at once. This caused his box-seat passenger to turn his head, whereupon, seeing to whose care he had entrusted himself—that he was on Angerstein's coach—he said nothing, but stood up and jumped straight off the box into the road.—B.

field, and so it continued to the year 1853 or 1854. By this time, it must be remembered, the 'palmy days' of coaching were over; the train had driven most of the coaches off the road; and amateur driving was no longer influenced and inspired by the real business. Moreover, many members of the B.D.C. were well stricken in years; while, lastly, the Crimean war had broken out. Each of these circumstances had, without doubt, its influence upon the B.D.C., and contributed its share towards the breaking up of the club in the years 1853 and 1854, when, after an uninterrupted existence of forty-six years, it was dissolved, the bars were hung up, private fours-in-hand seemed likely to become as extinct as the *quadriga*, and the driving of four horses a lost art.

There was one amateur, however, who still remained faithful to the amusement in which he had for so long a period excelled. In the last of his papers upon the 'Four Georges'—written in 1852—Thackeray says:—

> Where my Prince did actually distinguish himself was in driving. He drove once in four hours and a half from Brighton to Carlton House—fifty-six miles. All the young men of that day were fond of the sport. But the fashion of rapid driving deserted England, and, I believe, trotted over to America. Where are the amusements of our youth? I hear of no dicing now but amongst obscure ruffians; and no boxing except amongst the lowest rabble. One solitary four-in-hand still drove round the Parks in London last year; but that charioteer must soon disappear. He was very old; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of the Styx before long, where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revellers, who boxed and gambled, and drank, and drove, with him who died George IV.

This 'solitary charioteer' was none other than Sir Henry Peyton, whose yellow coach and grey horses had been, for many, many years, a familiar sight at the gatherings of the B.D.C., and in London. Ten grey horses was the average strength of his coach stable; he drove all the year round; when not in London, his coach was invariably to be found in Oxfordshire, either between Swift's House and Oxford, or, laden with

a party of hunting men, on its way to the fixture of Mr. Drake's hounds. It was Sir Henry Peyton who first introduced the two mounts now seen on nearly every whip.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVING CLUB.

On peace being proclaimed, in 1856, the taste for driving once more asserted itself, and the idea was conceived of forming a new club, to take the place of the defunct B.D.C. A meeting was accordingly called, and took place in April, 1856, at 2 Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, the residence of the Marquis of Stafford, afterwards Duke of Sutherland. On that occasion there were present the Marquis of Stafford, Earl Vane, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry, William Morritt of Rokeby, Esq., the Hon. Leo Agar-Ellis, and John Loraine Baldwin, Esq. After some discussion it was determined to form a four-in-hand driving club, and the following members joined and formed the club :—

Duke of Beaufort.
Marquis of Stafford, afterwards fifth Duke of Sutherland.
Earl Vane, afterwards third Marquis of Londonderry.
Lord Edward Thynne.
Lord Henry Thynne.
Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.
W. Morritt, of Rokeby, Esq.
C. P. Leslie, of Glaslough, Esq., M.P.
Captain Hugh Smith Baillie, Royal Horse Guards.
W. Cooper, of Stoke D'Abernon, Esq.
W. Craven, Esq., 1st Life Guards.
W. P. Thornhill, Esq., M.P. (Warwickshire).
J. Inglis Jones, Esq., Royal Horse Guards.

Secretaries.

J. L. Baldwin, Esq. Hon. L. Agar-Ellis.

At the first meeting the following rules were proposed and adopted :—

1. That this Club be called the Four-in-Hand Driving Club.
2. That the Club be limited to thirty members.

3. That the Committee consist of President, Vice-President, and three members.

4. That the Committee alone have power in the election of members, and in all matters connected with the Club.

5. That during the season two days at least be appointed for a meeting of the coaches to drive down to some place for dinner.

6. That any person being absent from the Club during a whole year cease to be a member.

7. That five form a quorum of the Committee.

Committee, elected April, 1856.

Duke of Beaufort, President.
Marquis of Stafford, Vice-President.

Members.

Earl Vane.
Captain H. S. Baillie, Royal Horse Guards.
W. Morritt, of Rokeby, Esq.

Secretaries.

J. L. Baldwin, Esq. Hon. L. Agar-Ellis.

It was agreed that, no Subscription being necessary, there should be none to the Club.

DRIVING RULES TO BE OBSERVED ON CLUB DAYS.

1. That no coach be permitted to pass another, unless the latter be standing still, or permission has been obtained.

2. The general pace not to exceed ten miles an hour.

3. The order of starting to be arranged by lot.

4. The starting-point to be within Hyde Park. The hour 4.45 P.M.

The date of the first meeting of the coaches is not entered in the book, but Lord Stafford, Lord Henry Thynne, Captain H. S. Baillie, Royal Horse Guards, Mr. W. P. Thornhill, and Mr. W. Morritt turned out early in May, and they went to the

Trafalgar at Greenwich. The second turn-out was on Whitsun Monday, May 12—a fearfully wet day—not a soul in the Park but the three or four coaches that went. No record in the book who put in an appearance, but the President and Captain H. S. Baillie both took their coaches down, and there were two or three others in addition; the dinner took place at the Castle Hotel, Richmond. The only note is 'The badness of the dinner surpassed by the execrable wine.' We can say the weather was a match for either in point of badness. On May 24 they turned out again: the President, Vice-President, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, Messrs. W. G. Craven, W. P. Thornhill (the late), W. Morritt (the late); and on June 5 eleven coaches, headed by the Vice-President, assembled again. On June 28 eleven coaches, the President, Vice-President, all the Committee except Lord Vane, and seven others met; and there was a last meeting of seven coaches on July 9, 1856. It was a very bad wet summer.

On May 13, 1859, the thanks of the Committee and Club were voted to the two Honorary Secretaries, and they were elected Honorary Members of the Club. In 1861, on July 5, Lord Sefton and Mr. W. P. Thornhill were added to the Committee. In 1867 Colonel Leslie, in 1870 Lord Londesborough, in 1872 Lord Aveland were also placed on the Committee. In 1873 Mr. W. Morritt, who had acted as Secretary since 1859, died, and Lord Aveland kindly undertook his duties. The Club had increased to fifty-four members, including the officers driving the coaches of the three regiments of Household Cavalry. It was now found necessary to have a subscription of 1*l.* per annum to meet the expenses of police, &c., in the Park, and Lord Aveland appointed Mr. Lovegrove, who is in the Lord Great Chamberlain's office in the House of Lords, to be Secretary, since which time the irregularities in the keeping of the records have ceased, and the name of every member who turns out at the meets, or is present with his coach in the enclosures at Ascot, Lord's, or elsewhere,

is duly entered. On May 18, 1874, the Earl of Macclesfield and the late Lord Wenlock were put upon the Committee. On June 24, 1874, the German Ambassador, Count Münster, was elected a member of the Club, with which he almost invariably turned out, and to which he still belongs. In 1875, the annual subscription was raised to *2l. 2s.* In consequence of the very great increase in the number of the carriages using Hyde Park during the season, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Ranger, wrote to the Chief Commissioner of Works to say that the driving clubs when they met in the Park caused such an obstruction to the traffic that it would be advisable for him (the Commissioner, the Right Honourable Gerard Noel) to suggest their meeting elsewhere. This was after the first meet of the coaches that year. Not only the Park, but Piccadilly, St. George's Place, Grosvenor Place, and Hamilton Place were completely blocked for over an hour. Soon after June 30, it was arranged between the Board of Works, the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Committee, that the meets should take place at 12.30 P.M. instead of at 5 P.M., and there is, in consequence, but little inconvenience on the days of meeting. As the members like, in July, to dine at the Crystal Palace on a firework night, they met on July 19, 1877, in Belgrave Square, and carried out their gathering with scarcely any crowd. Since then H.R.H. the Ranger has permitted the Club to meet, when it wishes to do so in the afternoon, on the Horse Guards Parade in St. James's Park. On June 17, 1879, the Earl of Macclesfield was elected Vice-President *vice* the Duke of Sutherland, who took his name off the list of members of the Club, and Viscount Castlereagh (now the Marquis of Londonderry) was added to the Committee. On June 19, the Earl of Fife was elected a member of the Committee *vice* Lord Wenlock resigned. On Saturday, May 12, 1883, Rule 10 was added, viz: 'That, in future, the Club shall consist of fifty members,' and it was resolved on June 12 that the subscription be raised to *3l. 3s.* per annum; on May 13, 1885, the Duke of

Portland was added to the Committee, in place of the Marquis of Londonderry deceased.

The following are the

RULES.

1. That this Club be called THE FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVING CLUB.

2. That the Committee consist of President, Vice-President, and Six Members.

3. That the Committee alone have power in the election of Members, and in all other matters connected with the Club.

4. That during the Season two days at least be appointed for the Meeting of the Coaches, to drive down to some place for dinner.

5. Any Member, by turning out with his own Coach and Horses at a Meeting of the Club, will be entitled to a Ticket for the F.H.D.C. Enclosure at Ascot, Hampton (since abolished), Lord's, &c., Tickets for which must be paid for at the time of issue.

6. Any Member who has not turned out at a Meeting of the Club during the seasons of 1872 and 1873 will not be entitled to a Ticket for the Enclosures in 1874. This will apply in future to any Member who does not turn out for two years.

7. Any Member who has not been out for two years, upon turning out at a Meeting of the Club, will again be entitled to a Ticket for the Enclosures.

8. That each Member pay an Annual Subscription of 3*l.* 3*s.* The Subscriptions to be paid to Mr. Lovegrove, 9 Halkin Street West, Belgrave Square, during the month of May; and any Member whose Subscription remains two years in arrear shall cease to be a Member of the Club.

9. That three form a quorum of the Committee.

10. That in future the Club shall consist of 50 Members only.

BEAUFORT, *Chairman*

The uniform of the Club is brown coat and vest with gilt buttons.

The following are the Members (1888):—

Honorary Member.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Committee.

Duke of Beaufort (President).
Earl of Macclesfield (Vice-President).
Earl of Sefton.
Earl of Londesborough.
Lord Aveland.
Marquis of Londonderry.
Earl of Fife.
Duke of Portland.
Earl of Abingdon.
Capt. Evelyn Atherley.
Hon. L. Agar-Ellis.
J. L. Baldwin, Esq.
Earl of Bective, M.P.
Lord Charles Beresford, M.P.
Major Brocklehurst.
Lord Carrington.
H. Chaplin, Esq., M.P.
Lord Cheylesmore.
Marquis of Cholmondeley.
Col. Stracey-Clitherow.
W. G. Craven, Esq.
Baron Deichmann.
Gen. Dickson.
Earl of Enniskillen.
Col. Sir H. P. Ewart.
Sir Edward Guinness, Bart.
Lord Hastings.
Adrian Hope, Esq.
Lord Hothfield.
Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart.
H. Gerard Leigh, Esq.
Walter Long, Esq., M.P.
Earl of Lonsdale.
Count Münster.
Lord Muncaster, M.P.
W. E. Oakeley, Esq.
Earl of Onslow.
R. A. Oswald, Esq.
Sir Roger Palmer, Bart.
Reginald Chandos Pole, Esq.
Lord Poltimore.
C. Birch-Reynardson, Esq.
Sir M. Shaw Stewart, Bart.
Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.
Captain John Spicer.
Sir H. Meysey-Thompson, Bart., M.P.
Lord Tredegar.
F. E. Villiers, Esq.
Capt. Whitmore.
Maj.-Gen. Owen Williams.
Capt. H. Wombwell.
Marquis of Worcester.
Marquis of Waterford.

Officer driving 1st Life Guards Coach.
Officer driving 2nd Life Guards Coach.
Officer driving Blues Coach.

In connection with the Blues old coach there is a somewhat curious story. A few years ago the regiment ordered a new coach of Messrs. Holland & Holland, who took back the old one. When that firm came to scrape the latter, it was found that she had been an old West-country Mail, and on taking off the front seat, an antiquated bird's nest was found underneath, the supposition being that the coach had at some period in her career stood in some inn yard, and that the bird

had taken advantage of the circumstance to build her nest therein.

Some years later, a club on a smaller scale was established in Monmouthshire, also under the presidency of the Duke of Beaufort, their chief meet being to drive to Abergavenny Steeplechases, when the little parade made a most imposing show. Mr. Hamilton, of Hillstones, formerly in the 13th Hussars, was the originator, and the late Major Alec Rolls, Mr. Crompton-Roberts, the late Lord Raglan, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. Crawshay Bailey, and one or two more were members; but death, vacancies, and change of residence among the little band, have broken it up and it has now ceased to exist. A Coaching Club has also been started at Hyderabad.

The Four-in-Hand Driving Club continued alone in its glory from the day of its foundation until 1870, by which time the four years of coaching revival had invested with greater interest the meets of the F.H.D.C., and had given a decided fillip to the taste for driving four horses. The Four-in-Hand Driving Club was both exclusive and limited in its numbers, and could not, even if its members had been so inclined, have received a quarter of the candidates upon their books. At this juncture Mr. George Goddard suggested to one or two gentlemen interested in coaching the formation of a second driving association. The idea was approved of, and the Coaching Club was established: history thus repeating itself in the formation of an overflow society. A beginning was made with fifty members: but the club became so popular, and the driving mania, as it was derisively called at the time, increased so greatly, that, in a very short time, it had quite outgrown itself, and there were no fewer than 120 on the books. This was found to be too great a number, and no fresh candidates, excepting under extraordinary circumstances, were put up for election, until retirement, and other causes, had reduced the muster-roll to one hundred. As already stated, the Coaching Club was founded in 1870, but its opening meet did not take place until Tuesday, June 27, 1871, on which day 22 coaches (a larger number, it is believed,

than had ever before been seen at a driving club meet) assembled at the Marble Arch, preparatory to driving down to the Trafalgar at Greenwich for dinner. Among those who attended were the Duke of Beaufort, president; Lord Carrington, vice-president; Marquis of Downshire, Earl Poulett, Lord Cole, Lord Valentia, Colonel Armitage, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. Foster, Mr. J. Harrison, Mr. Candy, and Mr. Murrieta. The uniform of the club is dark blue coat, buff waistcoat, gilt buttons with 'C.C.' engraved on them; and the following are the rules of the club, and a list of its members (1888):—

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. That the Club be called THE COACHING CLUB, and be limited to 100 Members, who will pay an Entrance Fee of 10*l.* 10*s.* and an Annual Subscription of 2*l.* 2*s.*; but, notwithstanding the above limit, the Committee shall have power, if they think it desirable, to elect in each year not exceeding three Members from the Book of Candidates.

2. That the Members be elected by the Committee, five Members to form a quorum.

3. Every Candidate for admission shall be proposed by one Member and seconded by another, and be the *bonâ fide* owner of a Coach and Four Horses. The Candidate's name, usual place of residence, rank, profession, occupation, or any other description, shall be inserted by the proposer in the Book of Candidates at least one month prior to the day of election: the Candidate must be personally known to both the proposer and seconder.

4. That the Entrance Fee and Subscription be payable in advance to the Bankers of the Club for the time being. Subscriptions to be payable on the 1st of January in each year. Any Member omitting to pay his Subscription by April 1 shall have his name erased from the List of Members.

5. That the Committee consist of Twelve Members, three of whom are to retire annually in rotation; the vacancies to be filled up at the Annual General Meeting.

6. That the First Meeting of the Coaches shall take place annually on the Saturday next but one before the Derby.

7. That the Annual General Meeting of the Club shall take place during the week before the Derby. The day to be fixed by the Committee.

8. That each Regiment in the Service possessing a coach shall be entitled, on payment of Entrance Fee and Subscription, to name an annual representative, who shall enjoy all the privileges of the Club as an *ex-officio* Member.

9. That no coach race with or pass another belonging to the Club when driving on Meeting Days.

10. That the Committee be empowered to make such Rules that from time to time they may consider necessary for the welfare of the Club.

11. That any Member (with the exception of *ex-officio* Members) not having turned out at a Meeting of Club Coaches for two years, shall not be entitled to a Ticket for any of the Club Enclosures, till he again turns out.

12. That the Committee shall have the power to decide any dispute arising out of irregular driving, or any other matter brought to its notice, when the Club assembles to drive to Races and other places; and that their opinion on such matters shall be accepted by the Members of the Club as final.

Committee.

The Duke of Beaufort (President).
Lord Hothfield (Vice-President).
Sir John Thursby, Bart.
F. Seager Hunt, Esq.
Captain Charles Bill.
Major Frank Shuttleworth.
Pryce B. Hamilton, Esq.
Colonel F. Aikman,[1] V.C.
Henry A. Brassey, Esq.
W. E. Oakeley, Esq.
Captain S. T. Ashton.
Lord Arthur Somerset.

Bankers.

London and Westminster, 1 St. James's Square, S.W.

Secretary.

Mr. J. Lovegrove, 9 Halkin Street West, S.W.

Members are particularly requested to inform the Secretary of any change of address, to avoid delay in their receiving notices of meetings, &c.

List of Members.

Aikman,[1] Colonel F., V.C.
Allfrey, Major Goodrich.
Anglesey, Marquis of.
Armitage, Lieut.-Col.
Ashton, Captain S. T.
Beaufort, The Duke of (President).
Baird, Alexander, Esq.
Banbury, Frederick G., Esq.

[1] Colonel Aikman, V.C., has since died.

Bective, the Earl of, M.P.
Beech, Rowland, Esq.
Beresford, Lord Charles.
Bill, Captain Charles.
Bischoffsheim, Ferdinand, Esq.
Boulter, Stanley C., Esq.
Brand, Andrew, Esq.
Brand, James, Esq.
Brassey, Albert, Esq.
Brassey, Henry A., Esq.
Bruce, James, Esq.
Burns, James, Esq.
Byass, Arthur, Esq.
Carew, Frank H., Esq.
Clifford Constable, Sir Talbot, Bart.
Colston, Edward, Esq.
Cook, Frederick L., Esq.
Coupland, J., Esq.
Craven, J. A., Esq.
Crawshay, William, Esq.
Crompton-Roberts, C. H., Esq.
Darell, Edward, Esq.
Darell, Sir Lionel, Bart.
Deichmann, Baron.
Eden, Sir William, Bart.
Edwards, Charles, Esq.
Enniskillen, Earl of.
Ferguson, Victor, Esq.
Fernie, C. W., Esq.
Fife, Earl of.
Foster, James, Esq.
Flower, Arthur, Esq.
Fulcher, Arthur W., Esq.
Gassiott, Charles, Esq.
Hamilton, Pryce B., Esq.
Hamilton, Charles E., Esq., M.P.
Hanbury, John, Esq.
Hanbury, Charles, Esq.
Hargreaves, C. Reginald, Esq.
Hargreaves, John, Esq.
Harter, Hatfeild J. F., Esq.
Harter, James C., Esq.
Hesketh, Sir Thomas G., Bart.
Hoare, Charles A., Esq.
Hothfield, Lord (Vice-President).
Hunt, F. Seager, Esq.
Jary, Major.
Jones, Gerwyn, Esq. (of Pont Glâs).
Kaye, Sir John Lister, Bart.
Kelso, Capt., R.N.
Lennox, Lord Algernon Gordon.
Mackenzie, Austen, Esq.
Marton, George B., Esq.
Meysey-Thompson, Sir H., Bart. M.P.
Mitchell, John, Esq.
Monteith, John, Esq.
Morley, Robert, Esq.
Murray, Colonel C. E. Gostling.
Murrieta, A. De, Esq.
Murrieta, C. De, Esq.
Nickalls, Patteson, Esq.
Oakeley, W. E., Esq.
Onslow, Earl of.
Palmer, Sir C. M., M.P.
Paulet, George, Esq.
Phillips, Charles J., Esq.
Phillips, S. H., Esq.
Poulett, the Earl.
Praed, Winthrop M., Esq.
Reade, Colonel Colquhoun.
Rothschild, Alfred De, Esq.
Sandeman, Albert, Esq.
Sassoon, Edward, Esq.
Scott, Charles Tollemache, Esq.
Shuttleworth, Major Frank.
Somerset, Colonel Alfred.
Somerset, Lord Arthur.
Stapylton, Major.
Stern, Sydney, Esq.
Starkie, Colonel Le Gendre.
Swan, John, Esq.
Talon, Marquis de.
Throckmorton, Sir William, Bart.
Thursby, Sir John, Bart.
Trotter, Henry J., Esq.
Trew, J. P., Esq.
Turnor, Captain Wyatt.

Valentia, Viscount.
Villiers, Frederick E., Esq.
Wheble, Lieut.-Colonel.
Whitmore, Capt.
Winnington, Sir Francis, Bart.
Wood, Joseph Carter, Esq.
Wood, Thomas, Esq.
Wynne, L. M., Esq.

Members Abroad.

Lord Carrington (O.H.M.S.)
Lord William Beresford (O.H.M.S.)
Count Münster.

Regimental Coaches (Ex-Officio).

[1] 1st Life Guards.
2nd Life Guards.
Royal Horse Guards.
1st Dragoon Guards.
2nd Dragoon Guards.
3rd Dragoon Guards.
4th Dragoon Guards.
[1] 5th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoon Guards.
7th Dragoon Guards.
[1] 1st Dragoons Royal.
[1] 2nd Dragoons, Royal Scots Greys.
6th Dragoons (Inniskilling).
3rd Hussars.
4th Hussars.
7th Hussars.
10th Hussars.
11th Hussars.
[1] 14th Hussars.
15th Hussars.
[1] 18th Hussars.
[1] 19th Hussars.
20th Hussars.
21st Hussars.
5th Lancers.
9th Lancers.
[1] 12th Lancers.
16th Lancers.
17th Lancers.
[1] Royal Horse Artillery.
[1] Cavalry Depôt Coach, Canterbury.
[1] Grenadier Guards, 1st Batt.
Grenadier Guards, 2nd Batt.
Grenadier Guards, 3rd Batt.
Coldstream Guards, 1st Batt.
Coldstream Guards, 2nd Batt.
Scots Guards, 1st Batt.
[1] Scots Guards, 2nd Batt.

Each driving club has a private enclosure for itself at Ascot —the Four-in-Hand being stationed nearly opposite the Royal Stand, and the Coaching Club by the telegraph board—in each of which from twenty to thirty well-turned-out coaches are drawn up on each of the four days of the royal meeting. Private enclosures are also reserved for both clubs at Sandown Park, Kempton Park, and Lord's Cricket Ground. The meets of the coaches at the Magazine, in Hyde Park, are among the most popular sights of the whole London season.

[1] Ex-officio Members 1888.

Each club has two parades a year, the Four-in-Hand Driving Club generally meeting at the Magazine on the Wednesday before the Derby, and later in the season on the Horse Guards Parade ; while the Coaching Club holds its first levée on the Saturday next but one before the Derby, and its last shortly after Ascot. This, at least, is the recognised programme, though, from unavoidable circumstances, it has of recent years been more often the exception than the rule.

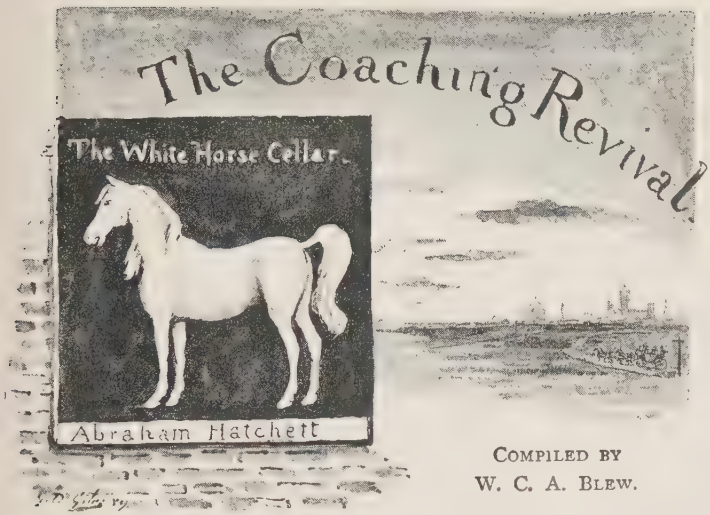
The Four-in-Hand Driving Club, being much smaller and more exclusive, does not generally turn out in such large numbers as the junior club, which, on two or three occasions, has mustered over thirty. In 1880, at the meet of the F.H.D.C., twenty-two members turned out, and the same number were counted at the corresponding gathering in 1881. In 1882 the number dropped to fourteen, but rose to twenty-two again in 1886. The meets and the parades of these clubs are often patronised by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the former of whom occasionally occupies the box-seat of one of the coaches, and by other members of the Royal Family. The crowds that assemble far exceed in magnitude any others that are ever seen at any time in the Park, while the show of magnificent horses and carriages can scarcely be equalled, let alone surpassed, in the whole wide world.

Neither club has a house of its own, and on the meeting days, after the drive round the Park in parade order is over, the members generally disperse, some going down in a body to luncheon at Greenwich or Richmond, the Crystal Palace, the Hurlingham or Ranelagh Club, or elsewhere, the others merely to take a turn round the Park again. Several years ago the Road Club was established in Park Place by Major Furnivall as a home for the coaching fraternity, and at first it answered very well, kept a coach of its own for a season or two, and was a very comfortable house ; but other attractions, not so innocent as the road, crept in : Major Furnivall at last left the sinking ship, and in a short time it ceased to have the remotest connection with coaching. In 1875, the late Mr. Hurman,

who, when not engaged in coaching, hunting, or racing, practised as a medical man at Turnham Green, took the lease of 100 Piccadilly, and there established the Badminton Club, which was then, to all intents and purposes, a thorough coaching club, always having all the year round a coach, a break, a team or two, besides brougham, mail phaeton, &c., as well as capital stabling and coach-houses, with chambers and bedrooms kept for the use of its members. The idea of 'the Doctor' was a novel one, and most people thought at the time that he had gone mad, for to all appearances there were no available means of utilising, for the purposes of a club, the premises which had for years been occupied by a succession of horse-dealers, and consisted of about forty or fifty stalls and loose boxes. But the Doctor set to work. The front yard, where the horses used to be trotted up and down, was metamorphosed into a very pretty garden; a stable leading out of it, that had contained five stalls and three loose boxes, was transmogrified into a smoking-room; the hayloft became the coffee-room; the corn store was converted into a billiard-room: and so it was occupied until 1883, when the number of members beginning to increase rather too rapidly for the capacity of the premises, and the lease falling in, the opportunity was seized of converting the club into a company. The two next houses, 98 and 99, were secured, and a noble pile of buildings has sprung up. All the old associations, the garden in front, the stables, &c, in the rear, with all their surroundings, are kept up, and the new club-house now (1889) forms a prominent feature of Upper Piccadilly.

The institution of driving clubs has not been confined exclusively to England, as in 1875 a Four-in-Hand Club was founded in New York. The first meet took place in 1876, on which occasion six coaches turned out; but the taste for driving four horses having once taken root, flourished, as in 1878 there were nine coaches by English builders, two of Parisian make, and several of American construction. Subsequently the number rose to twenty-two; but the total has since declined.

CHAPTER XV.



COMPILED BY
W. C. A. BLEW.

THE old stage-coaches, except in very far-away districts, had long been off the road, and Clark's Brighton coach, The Age, was the last link left between the old days, when coaching was in its zenith, and those to come, which were but little dreamed of then, when we were once more to witness its revival, and pretty nearly a dozen coaches rattling down Piccadilly every day. The Age, of which Mr. Eden, who afterwards put on the High Wycombe coach, was one of the supporters, after having stopped for a year or two, was started again and ran through 1862, on alternate days, driven by the Duke of Beaufort, Sir George Wombwell, or Clark, from the Globe, Baker Street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10.30 A.M., calling at the Gloucester, in Oxford Street; Griffin's Green Man and Still, also in Oxford Street; the Universal Office at Regent's Circus, and Hatchett's White Horse Cellar,—the

time at the latter place was 11 o'clock—both in Piccadilly; then on to Slark's office, Knightsbridge, after which stoppage they fairly began to go, and travelled quickly along through Richmond, Kingston, Leatherhead, Dorking, Horsham, Cowfold, and Henfield, arriving at Brighton at 6 P.M., returning from Castle Square on the alternate days. The distance was sixty-two miles, which makes the time look slow; but it must be remembered that there were five stoppages before the London stones were left behind, and a good deal of time was lost in picking up parcels and passengers; while in older days heavily laden coaches, like the Royal Sovereign to Leamington, and many others, used to be allowed an hour from the City to the Marble Arch.

In the year 1854, Mr. Charles Lawrie, who at that time horsed the coach from Kingston to Dorking with bays and browns, had a picture of the Age painted, and it was engraved for Clark's benefit through the kindness of the same gentleman. The off-side leader had originally run in Kershaw's Baldock and Hitchin coach, but was bought when the concern was sold off, after the road had been for a century occupied by the Kershaw family. One of the wheelers had been employed in the duty of drawing an old lady's carriage, but having one day run away, and, it was said, caused the death of its owner, it came to coach-work. The team, as represented in the picture, was the property of Dick Carpenter, who used to drive the original Age with Sir St. Vincent Cotton, and who it is believed died in Hanwell Asylum. What next became of the picture is not known; but, soon after the Brighton road was revived, a picture of the new coach made its appearance, in which the grouping, &c., was identical with that of Mr. Lawrie's picture, only the colours were changed. In the November of the year 1888, however, the original painting turned up at Albert Gate, its price being, it is believed, 35*l.*

After the Duke, Sir George, and Clark had hung up their whips in 1862, coaching seemed to be, in the expressive

language of the Ring, 'dead settled.' For four long years the sound of the bars and the echo of the horn were not heard in Piccadilly, and the ancient steps of Hatchett's were deserted by all save those who were lodging in the hotel. In 1866, however, a slight sign of the coming revival appeared on the coaching horizon. Captain Haworth led the way, and was joined by the Duke of Beaufort, Colonel Armitage, Mr. Lawrie, Mr. B. J. Angell, Lord H. Thynne, Mr. Chandos Pole, Mr. C. Lyley, with another or two. This little band instituted a subscription coach, which they called the Old Times, and ran it to Brighton, on alternate days, with William Pratt as their professional coachman. In the course of its brief season the coach carried a good many passengers ; but the venture turned out a failure ; coach, horses, harness, and all belongings being sold at Tattersall's in the autumn, when the confederacy was broken up.

The pecuniary failure of the opening year of the coaching revival, however, so far from tending to damp the enthusiasm for the road, appears to have stimulated it ; as in 1867 we find Mr. Chandos Pole, Mr. Angell, and the Duke of Beaufort engaged in a much more ambitious venture than that of 1866. This took the form of running a coach up and down, between London and Brighton, every day. William Pratt, who had formerly driven a coach between Malvern and Cheltenham, retained his old berth, and, with George Dackombe as guard, drove on 'one side of the road,' while Alfred Tedder (who remained on the Brighton road till the time of his death, in December 1872), was on the other coach, with Phillips as his guard. The London terminus was the White Horse Cellar ; the Albion Hotel was the corresponding point at London-super-Mare ; and the coaches were two new ones, built by Holland & Holland. Mr. Chandos Pole worked out of Brighton ; Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell, a sleeping partner in the concern, for his name did not appear in the list of proprietors, horsed the coach from Cuckfield to Friars Oak ; the Duke of Beaufort had the middle ground, and Mr. Angell found the

horses for the two stages in and out of London, the two coaches meeting for lunch at Horley.

The Brighton road did not, however, have the revival all to itself in 1867, as another coaching disciple arose in the person of Mr. C. A. R. Hoare, lately Master of the Vale of White Horse hounds, who in the autumn started a coach called the Exquisite, between Beckenham and Sevenoaks, the horses for which were provided by E. Fownes. When the Brighton double-coach was taken off for the season, the horses belonging to Mr. Angell were sold ; but Mr. Chandos Pole determined to run to Brighton on his own account all the winter. Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell agreed to let his horses remain ; some additional ones, several of which had been working during the summer in the Ilfracombe coach, were purchased, and the coach ran 'single' all the winter, with Tedder and Dackombe as coachman and guard.

Some years previously Mr. Chandos Pole bought, at Gloucester, what was probably the last of the old 'Patent Mails.' It had been newly done up, and was lettered for 'Gloucester and Carmarthen,' the continuation of the old London and Gloucester mail, which in pre-railroad days Alfred Tedder had driven between London and Oxford. This coach was used by Mr. Chandos Pole on the Brighton road during the winter season of 1867–68, because it was lighter than either of those by Messrs. Holland & Holland, and quite roomy enough for the passengers likely to patronise the undertaking ; and so it came about that Tedder, at the outset of the revival, found himself on the box of the identical coach he had driven years before. It must have been terribly dreary work, however, and fortune made but a poor requital for the proprietor's pluck and perseverance. The professionals often had the coach to themselves, when, of course, no 'tips' accrued to relieve the monotony of their drive ; and the coach barely earned its tolls.

The summer of 1868 saw coaching once more to the fore. Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell (brother to the late Mr. Chandos Pole),

who assumed the name of Gell in 1863, now joined his brother ; and the partners carried on the Brighton road upon the same lines as during the preceding season ; that is to say, two coaches were put on. Tedder and Phillips still kept each other company ; while, Pratt having left the service, E. Cracknell became the professional on the other side of the road (when Mr. Chandos Pole had to give up driving through illness), Dackombe remaining as guard. At the beginning of the season Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell horsed the coach from London to Streatham, Mr. Chandos Pole being responsible for the horses thence to Stoat's Nest. At the latter place Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell's horses were used to Merstham and thence to Lowfield Heath, from which point Mr. Chandos Pole ran to Brighton. In the course of the season, however, Mr. G. Meek was desirous of joining the confederacy, and horsed the coaches between Lowfield Heath and Staplefield Common, where he lived. Mr. Charles Hoare appeared for the second year in the *rôle* of coach proprietor ; but this time ran from London to Sevenoaks instead of between Beckenham and Sevenoaks, with Comley as professional coachman, and Ike Simmons as guard. Mr. Hoare's coach was another link with the past. It was one of the mails built in the year 1831 by Wright, and when it was bought by Messrs. Holland & Holland (by whom it was let to Mr. Hoare on the usual mileage terms), it had V. R. and a crown on it, a proof that it had seen mail service during the reign of Her Majesty. It had, of course, a single seat only behind for the guard, whose blunderbuss case was opposite, and where the second seat would be. The hind boot opened at the top, beneath the guard's feet, so that he could easily drop his mail-bags into the depths below. In order to give as much room as possible for the letter-bags, the hind boot was deeper than usual ; and, differing from the general plan, the boot was brought out flush with the body of the coach. In order to allow of the extra depth of boot, the hind axle was bent downwards. The 'old school' will perhaps smile at notice being drawn to these details ; but they will pardon the

digression on remembering that since coaches were driven off the road, a race has arisen to which the 'revival' is history, and the fashion of the Park drags a pattern. Such, at all events, was the Sevenoaks coach when it first came into the possession of Messrs. Holland & Holland; but, in order to adapt it to modern requirements, the guard's seat was lengthened to carry four, and a like number of passengers were accommodated where the guard's armoury had erstwhile been. This old mail eventually became 'Cooper's coach' on the Box Hill and Dorking road, and Mr. Cooper was driving it when, in 1875, the pole broke within 150 yards of the journey's end. Let into what is technically known as the 'boot tread' (that is to say, the step on the front boot), on each side was a lamp with the object of throwing a clear light on both roller bolts. A pleasing wind-up to the coaching season of 1868 was the presentation of a well-deserved testimonial, in the shape of a silver flagon, to Mr. Chandos Pole and a silver tankard to Tedder.

'The light of other days' shone brilliantly in 1869, an *annus mirabilis* in the history of the coaching revival. The Duke of Beaufort was, indeed, no longer a patron of the road; but Mr. Chandos Pole and Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell were still faithful to the bench, and were now helped in their undertaking by Lord Londesborough, Colonel Stracey-Clitherow (who, as 'Tom' Stracey—his real name is Edward—had long been known as a first class coachman), and Mr. G. Meek. The coach was now but a single one, running each way on alternate days. The London terminus was the Ship, Charing Cross, the choice being made in order to avoid the clatter over the stones between that place and Hatchett's; for wood and asphalte were then unknown, unlaid. Tedder was still professional; and we find a note to the effect that in this year 'shouldering'—the time-honoured subject of a time-honoured toast—was abolished, in theory at least. Lord Londesborough was responsible for the horses to Croydon, Colonel Clitherow ran thence to Redhill, Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell to Lowfield Heath; then came Mr. Meek to Staplefield Common, where

Mr. Chandos Pole came on, and went to Brighton. There was, however, one other circumstance which in a marked degree contributed to the success, not of the Brighton road only, but subsequently of other routes as well. It was this: in 1869 the proprietors were fortunate enough to secure as Honorary Secretary Mr. Arthur Guillum Scott, of the India Office, who freely advertised the coach, and brought to bear upon its welfare untiring energy, perseverance, and great judgment. Everybody knew about the Brighton coach now; handbills and posters were encountered everywhere; cards, setting forth the hours and places of its arrival and departure, found their way to the chief continental hotels, and to go to Brighton by road was soon the proper thing to do; so the speculation prospered, and the horses found their loads much heavier than did those which drew Mr. Chandos Pole's coach in the winter of 1867–68. In short, the season was said to be remunerative, and when the coach was taken off the road at the beginning of October, it was with the understanding that the succeeding spring would again find it running.

Meantime Mr. Charles Hoare had chosen Tunbridge Wells as his destination, though between that place and Sevenoaks the horsing was entrusted to Mr. W. Pawley, who used to run platers at the Bromley Steeplechases, and nephew to the Mr. Pawley who ran a coach from Sevenoaks, in Kent, to some place in the neighbourhood of Sloane Street down to the year 1851. The example of the three previous years tempted Lord Carrington to enrol himself in the list of coach proprietors. Preferring a partner to share the driving and the profits—or losses—he met with one in the person of Mr. Angell, who had now left the Brighton confederacy, and the two started a coach to Windsor, *viâ* Hounslow, with G. Dackombe, late of the Brighton, as coachman and guard. That it was capitally horsed and driven need not be said; but if proof be wanted it is forthcoming in the fact that the journey of 21 miles was sometimes performed in an hour and fifty-five minutes. The proprietors were unremitting in

their attention to passengers; indeed one gallant colonel was so pleased with Mr. Angell's performance that he insisted on his accepting half a sovereign, which the recipient used to wear on his watch-chain. It was in 1869, too, that the memories of the Oxford road were revived; for Mr. John Eden, with Lord Aveland, and one or two more as subscribers, put on the Prince of Wales coach, which started from the Scotch Stores, Oxford Street, to High Wycombe, *viâ* Gerrard's Cross, following the course of the Wendover 'bus through Uxbridge; E. Elston was the first coachman and guard. Mr. Wm. Sheather, subsequently well known on the Dorking road, found the horses, and continued to do so, we believe, as long as the coach ran.

In 1870 Mr. Hoare still ran to Tunbridge Wells, but, instead of working single-handed, had for partners Lord Kenlis, Colonel Chaplin and Colonel Hathorn; while General Dickson and Captain Candy tried their luck with a coach to Virginia Water. This venture, however, was not a success, and, as it worked on Sundays, scandalised some of the weaker brethren. The Windsor coach, in the same hands as in the preceding year, had a rather merry season, and, during the Ascot week, did good business by running through to the racecourse, leaving Hatchett's at ten in the morning. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday the fare was 1*l.*, with 10*s.* extra for the box-seat, but on Thursday this tariff was doubled. This, however, was its last season for some time. The Brighton road still flourished, though Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell's name was no longer found in the list of proprietors. As the horses were stabled in Farm Street Mews, through the kindness of Mr. Willis, a great friend to the undertaking, the Ship at Charing Cross was given up, and the coach once more started from Hatchett's. The usual arrangement was for Colonel Stracey-Clitherow to drive as far as Redhill, where he was relieved by Mr. Chandos Pole, who made way for Mr. G. Meek at Lowfield Heath, Mr. C. Pole again taking the reins at Friars Oak. When his services were required Tedder was still professional, and McIntyre guard.

In the autumn of 1870, it was announced that Sir Henry de Bathe and Colonel Withington would run a coach from Hatchett's to the Fleur-de-Lys Hotel at Canterbury. It was to be called the Old Stager, and its colours were to be those of the I Zingari—black, red and yellow—a very sporting programme indeed.

At this juncture, the Hon. Sec., the indefatigable Mr. A. G. Scott, had his say, and, having convinced Sir Henry and the Colonel that they were about to embark on an undertaking which would prove most unprofitable, succeeded in inducing them to run from London to Dorking instead. They took his advice, and were, in 1871, the first to open out this very favourite road, with F. Moon as coachman and Simmons as guard; while, taking a leaf out of the Windsor book, the coach ran to Epsom on all four days of the summer meeting there.

For some reason or other, the season was a very short one, the coach being taken off the road on August 22. Neither the Windsor nor Virginia Water road was taken this year; but the Tunbridge Wells and Brighton coaches showed no signs of stopping, both being in the same hands as before, except that Mr. Cooper joined the management of the latter, and Mr. C. Smith was said to 'have a wheel.' The Brighton season finished on October 21, and on the 23rd some of the regular patrons of the coach organised a party to meet at the Chequers, Horley (where, in 1867, the up and down coaches used to meet—as they did in 1888—for lunch), to wish well to Tedder, the professional, who had become landlord of that coaching inn. Colonel Tyrwhitt and Lord Norreys (the present Earl of Abingdon), it should be added, started a coach to Oatlands Park, with Timms as professional; but this turned out badly, while an attempt to carry coaching from London to Southend, *viâ* Rochford in Essex, proved a mighty fiasco. For a year or two previously Lord Bective had found the horses, and had sometimes driven; but he now withdrew, and hence the sudden collapse, the coach making but one

journey, i.e. from London to Southend. When it returned it was on the train.

The spring of 1872 saw the Dorking coach make its first journey for the season on May 11. Mr. Godsell joined Sir Henry de Bathe and Colonel Withington in the proprietorship. The new comer, who never drove, found the horses for the Cheam and Epsom ground, and one extra change was made on the road. Notwithstanding that the weather was wretched during the early season, and a seat on a coach apparently the most uncomfortable of perches, the booking office was besieged, and on Whitsun Monday three coaches might have been sent off, so eager were the British public to drive to Dorking. The season lasted till September 26, and the venture had proved so successful that the proposal was mooted of running, when the next season came round, an afternoon 'Dorking,' leaving town after business hours, and setting forth from Dorking early on the following morning.

The Brighton coach, over which Mr. Chandos Pole, Colonel Stracey-Clitherow, Mr. G. Meek, and Mr. W. H. Cooper still reigned, began their season on May 27, the guard being now clad in scarlet. Colonel Clitherow horsed the coach for the first three stages, to Redhill that is to say; then came Mr. Cooper and Mr. Meek, while Mr. Chandos Pole looked after the Brighton end. Mr. Charles Hoare had now left the Tunbridge Wells road, and Lord Bective, who succeeded, carried on the affair with Colonel Hathorn, Colonel Chaplin retiring, the professional being James Selby—subsequently of the Old Times—who made his *début* as a four-in-hand coachman, and kept to the same road for half a dozen seasons. Simmons was guard, but, having the misfortune to break his leg, made way for Cracknell, son of the coachman of the Tantivy. The present Earl of Fife (then Lord Macduff) and Lord Muncaster put on a new coach to Sunbury, in conjunction with Captain Percival. The original intention was to go as far as Hampton Court only, but that home of holiday-makers being within the Metropolitan district, the coachman would

have been obliged to wear a badge, like an omnibus-driver; hence the extension of the journey. Lord Norreys and Colonel Tyrwhitt gave up the Oatlands Park, and ran to Reigate instead, with Timms for professional as before. On December 11 the proprietors of the Brighton coach lost the services of Alfred Tedder, who died at the age of sixty; he began his career on the Oxford road, and at one time used to keep the Royal Hotel, Truro; so that in taking the Chequers, Horley, he was not, as some supposed at the time, embarking in a business of which he knew nothing.

The season of 1873 saw twelve coaches running in and out of London, with here and there a change in the proprietors of the old-established concerns. The number of previously existing coaches was increased by Sir Henry de Bathe (who quitted the Dorking confederacy) and Major Furnivall taking the Westerham road, with Moon coachman and E. Spencer guard. The inauguration, if we remember rightly, was scarcely a happy one, as some portion of the harness gave way, and a lady sustained an injury. Mr. Sedgwick bethought him of Watford, and, with Saunders as professional, and Brown as guard, started the Tantivy on a road which, at the outset, seemed scarcely likely to pay. After a short time, however, the coach made two journeys a day. It reached Piccadilly from Watford about 11 A.M.; a fresh team having been put to, it started again, returning in the afternoon. When the Tantivy made its first appearance it was seen that the harness-maker had become somewhat confused between the technical language of stag- and fox-hunting; for he had decorated the blinkers and pads with foxes which, had the coach been named the Tally-ho, would have been quite appropriate. The Tantivy required a stag. A third new speculation was the Guildford coach, which, though beginning late in the season, afforded an opportunity for Mr. Angell, then out of harness, to display his skill on the box. He was the sole proprietor, and when he was absent, Cracknell, the once famous Tantivy coachman, took his place. Captain Haworth, who had been instrumental in giving coaching a fresh

start in 1866, put on the Rochester coach with Mr. Lawrie. Certainly one of the most arduous undertakings chronicled since the beginning of the revival was the establishment of the Aldershot coach, of which Lord Guilford and Mr. Reginald Herbert were proprietors. The last train for the military centre left London at about twelve at night, too early to allow the soldiers to attend a ball in London, yet it was not possible to travel by any other train, when it was necessary to attend early parade. It therefore occurred to the gentlemen above mentioned that to tide over the difficulty through the medium of wheels would be to supply a want. Accordingly it was arranged that the coach should leave London at 3 A.M. ; but the starting-point was the puzzle, as at that unseasonable hour all hotels would have been long shut. Ultimately, however, Brandon's Cigar Stores were fixed upon, and, with all the old time surroundings of sleepy horse-keepers, &c. the new venture was launched. But it was scantily patronised, and did not last long.

Now we come to a most successful new departure, which was without doubt the feature of the season, the starting of the afternoon Dorking coach. This had been a pet project of Mr. Scott's for some time, and now that Mr. W. H. Cooper, who lived at Stoke D'Abernon, was willing to undertake the horsing and driving, the time was ripe for a start, which was made in due course, Edwin Fownes (who at the age of fourteen acted as guard of the Tunbridge Telegraph) being the professional, and thus began the successful career of 'Cooper's coach,' which now travelled *viâ* Mitcham. Two coaches were built by Ventham, of Leatherhead, from Mr. Cooper's own designs, assisted by a genuine old mail-coach model built either by Wright or Wand of the Old Kent Road ; but, whichever was the builder, on the coach could be seen the peculiarity of the perch-bolt working perfectly loose.

Meantime the Brighton road fell from its high estate. All the old proprietors deserted it in a body ; and when the

afternoon Dorking became an accomplished fact, Mr. Scott resigned his post as honorary secretary, and devoted himself exclusively to the two Dorkings. The fate of the Brighton road hung for some time in the balance; but at last it was worked by Mr. Tiffany, an American gentleman, who obtained his horses, and likewise his instruction, from Charles Ward, of the Paxton stables. Mr. Tiffany did the thing very well: he had two coaches, one by Peters, and the other built for him by Messrs. Laurie & Marner; one of the two had pigskin cushions.

Colonel Tyrwhitt and Lord Norreys kept on to Reigate; Captain Waller Otway and Captain Williams, with H. Thorogood, professional, worked the Sunbury and Weybridge road; while Sir H. de Bathe, having quitted the Dorking coach for the Westerham, left the former in the hands of Lord Macduff and Colonel Withington, with whom was John Thorogood, nephew to the old coachman of the Norwich Times. The guard was Byford. Lord Bective and Colonel Hathorn looked after the Tunbridge Wells coach, and, when it finished the season, the proprietors, together with Selby and Cracknell, transferred their services to the St. Albans road for the winter. The High Wycombe coach, under Mr. John Eden's management, went on as usual. In two instances there was a little needless interference by one coach with the route of another; but in other respects the season passed off satisfactorily. On three days in the week, Mr. Tiffany ran through Reigate, and by so doing caused a certain amount of harm to the regular Reigate coach, which, by the way, left London at the same time as the Brighton coach. Then the morning Dorking travelled *viâ* Vauxhall Bridge, and for some distance accompanied the Westerham coach.

In 1874 the interest in road-coaching appears to have been well sustained, though there were several changes from the order of 1873. Lord Norreys and Colonel Tyrwhitt had given up the Reigate road; the Weybridge coach was a thing of the past; while Lord Guilford and Mr. Reginald Herbert had been

so badly patronised by the soldiers at Aldershot that they brought their first season (1873) to a premature end, and never put their coach on the road again. On May 12 Mr. Angell —'Cherry' Angell as he was called, from the colour of his racing jacket—died. He had, as is well known, won the Grand National with Alcibiade in 1865.

The Tunbridge Wells made an early start on April 20 under the former proprietors, and, before starting on its first journey from Piccadilly, a whip was presented to Colonel Hathorn. James Selby was still professional, and Cracknell acted as guard. Mr. Sedgwick once more worked the Watford Tantivy; but the locals were sparing of their patronage; the fears entertained at the outset as to the chance of non-success were realised, and the proprietor had a very poor season. Lord Macduff having retired from the Dorking coach (which at one point in the journey used to be regularly raced by a team of four boys in hand, driven by a fifth), Colonel Withington had for partners the Marquis of Blandford (the present Duke of Marlborough) and Mr. W. M. Praed, whose coach, as surely as the Epsom Summer Meeting comes round, is seen in his private 'pew' opposite the stand. No change took place in connection with the High Wycombe coach, which had a circus-like team of skewbalds out of London, nor with the Westerham, except that the route was altered so as to include the Crystal Palace and Beckenham. Mr. Cooper remained faithful to the afternoon Dorking, which now stopped short at Box Hill, going *viâ* Sutton, and, in order to meet the convenience of his up-passengers, ran straight to the Royal Exchange in the morning, so as to land City men at the doors of the places wherein the golden calf had to be worshipped till the coach started in the afternoon. General Dickson took the Guildford, *vice* the late Mr. Angell; Mr. Tiffany was succeeded on the Brighton road by Captain Haworth, who, during the early part of the season ran to Rochester, as in 1873, but, becoming disgusted with the road, changed to Brighton; the Windsor route was revived under Mr. Williams (late of the Virginia Water), and Mr.

Hurman, with whom was Captain Waller Otway, and Mr Bailey set up the St. Albans coach in succession to the confederacy by which it had been worked during the winter; so that the number of coaches working out of London in 1874 was eleven: one less than in 1873.

During the winter of 1874 London was not left coachless, as Mr. Cooper ran to Box Hill on alternate days, and there was also a winter coach to St. Albans. Then again coaching was kept alive by the Road Club, of which mention has already been made. Major Furnivall was the proprietor, and the Committee of the Club included the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Henry de Bathe, Mr. E. Godsell, Colonel Withington, Marquis of Blandford, Colonel Hathorn, Colonel Dickson, Lord Bective, Colonel Tyrwhitt, and Major Furnivall. The opening dinner, with Sir Henry de Bathe in the chair, took place on November 7 at the Club house, 4 Park Place, St. James's Street. In December, however, the coaching world had to mourn the loss of one of its most esteemed members. Mr. G. Meek—'handsome Meek' he was often called—contemplated driving a coach during the forthcoming season, but ere his intention could be carried out, he took a chill and died at the age of 48.

Hitherto the coaches had commenced running at such times as to the several proprietors seemed best, having regard to their convenience, and the amount of business likely to be done. Prior to the beginning of the season of 1875, however, a suggestion was made that a leaf be taken out of the book of the ancients, and that the season should be opened with a procession of coaches on April 28, in imitation of the mail procession of old on the King's birthday. This would naturally have been a novel and imposing sight to Londoners; but there were difficulties in the way, and the proposal was not acted upon. Another suggestion was that the Road Club should take a house at Twickenham, let part of it for the purposes of an hotel, and retain the remainder of the premises as a sort of country home for coaching men. This suggestion,

however, like the former one, came to nothing, and the season began and ran its course in the ordinary way.

In 1875 Colonel Chaplin rejoined the Tunbridge Wells coach, from which Colonel Hathorn retired, so that Lord Bective was Colonel Chaplin's sole partner; with James Selby for professional, and A. Fownes, instead of H. Cracknell, as guard. At the beginning of the season the day Dorking started as in the previous year, but scarcely had a commencement been made ere Colonel Withington, the 'Peter' of many friends, died, to the honest grief of those who had been associated with him. This left the coach under the dual control of Lord Blandford and Mr. M. Praed, while Mr. Cooper—who at the end of the season was presented with a whip by the Clapham and Tooting omnibus men, at the dinner he gave to them every year—again made Box Hill his terminus, and had as professional B. Hubble, who succeeded E. Fownes. Hubble came upon the coaching world with great suddenness. He had been driving a four-horse omnibus, and while acting in that capacity was seen by Mr. Scott, who, when Fownes left, suggested the engagement of Hubble. Mr. Cooper, as an old coachman, was at first rather averse to appointing an unknown man; but, on the strong recommendation of Mr. Scott, saw for himself, and was satisfied. Colonel de Lancey Kane, an American gentleman, took the road to Virginia Water, and to him went E. Fownes on quitting the Box Hill. The Windsor road now passed into the hands of Colonel Greenall, Mr. Hurman, and Captain Chichester, the coach travelling by way of Richmond, Hampton Court, and Staines, with Harry Thorogood and Bob Rear as coachman and guard. On the Guildford road General Dickson was single-handed; but in the early part of the season he had John Thorogood to help him in the driving; but the latter was presently replaced by Timms; E. Spencer was guard. Mr. F. G. Hobson and Captain Ramsay put on the Criterion coach to Maidenhead, and Mr. Stewart Freeman ran to Brighton, *viâ* Sutton and Reigate, with McIntyre as guard and Pope as coachman; but in mid-season J. Thorogood left

the Guildford and succeeded Pope under Mr. Freeman. Major Furnivall and Mr. Baker ran to Beckenham. Mr. John Eden still kept on with the Wycombe, but the Westerham road was deserted, and Mr. Sedgwick no longer occupied the Watford road. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Parsons kept to the St. Albans road during the summer; but in the winter Mr. Parsons ran the coach, with Selby as coachman, and H. Cracknell as guard. It was during this season, on September 9, that the unfortunate accident occurred to Mr. Cooper's coach. When within one hundred and fifty yards of Box Hill, the pole, an apparently sound one, which had been in use for some time, broke off short at the futchels; and the coach locking, eventually turned over. Three passengers besides Mr. Cooper were somewhat injured; but the remainder were able to go to London the same night. For the sufferers Mr. Cooper manifested the greatest anxiety, and everything that could be done for their benefit was done.

The opening of the season 1876 saw the Tunbridge Wells coach under the proprietorship of Lord Bective, Colonel Chaplin, and Captain Talbot, the latter of whom had succeeded Colonel Hathorn, Selby and A. Fownes being the professionals. The St. Albans was now an up coach worked by Mr. Parsons; Mr. Brand joined Mr. Praed on the Dorking road; but the Box Hill, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Cooper, did not run. The Windsor coach now went by way of Kew, Bushey, Hampton Wick, Staines and Datchet, the proprietors being Colonel Greenall, Mr. H. Bailey, and Captain Spicer; Mr. Hurman was too ill to take his turn. The Watford road, which had lain fallow in 1875, was now occupied by Mr. F. G. Hobson; while, as General Dickson had severed his connection with the Guildford coach, another, which in 1880 received the name of the New Times, was put on by Mr. W. Shoolbred, Mr. Luxmore, and Major Furnivall, the triumvirate engaging Tom Thorogood and E. Spencer as coachman and guard respectively. Colonel Clitherow joined Mr. Freeman in the maintenance of the Brighton coach, and Mr. Carleton Blyth, with Edwin Fownes for coachman

and Blackburne behind him, ran from London to Oxford *viâ* Reading. From that place, however, to Oxford the horsing was undertaken by Mr. Mansell. The Maidenhead Criterion coach did not run in 1876, Mr. Eden gave up the Wycombe, the Westerham was taken off, and Colonel Kane having returned to America—where he set up a coach of his own, between New York and Pelham Bridge, taking A. Fownes with him as professional—the Virginia Water route was vacant, and so remained until 1879.

Before next May-day came round the ranks of coaching men had been thinned by the hand of death. In November 1876, Mr. Willis, the banker, joined the great majority. Though he never drove, he took great interest in the welfare of the Brighton road, and in Mr. Chandos Pole's time found the horses for the stage into Brighton, besides placing his fine stables in Farm Street Mews, London, at the disposal of the proprietors—a circumstance which was the cause of Hatchett's being the starting point in 1870, instead of the rendezvous at Charing Cross, as in 1869. Mr. Byng, too, who, besides taking great interest in everything appertaining to coaching, was instrumental in founding the Dogs' Home, died, and so did Mr. Eden, late of the Wycombe. Mr. Godsell, who had a house at Tulse Hill, and had had an interest in the Dorking and Westerham roads, though he never drove, also died towards the close of the year.

The season of 1877 witnessed a few changes. The St. Albans road passed from Mr. Parsons, who now ran between London and Watford, to Mr. Broadbent; Lords Bective, Cole, Helmsley and Castlereagh were associated with Colonel Chaplin in the management of the Tunbridge Wells, on which James Selby was still coachman, with Arthur Perrin, in lieu of A. Fownes, as guard; and the Dorking stopped short at Box Hill. The Windsor, Guildford, and Brighton went on as before, with John Thorogood and Ike Simmons as coachman and guard; but there were a couple of new ventures. Mr. C. R. Hargreaves and Mr. H. Wormald, with Edwin Fownes as professional, started the Rocket to Portsmouth, running down one day and back the

next ; and the Orleans Club put on a coach to Twickenham *viâ* Richmond, with Adams as coachman ; while, during the winter, Lord Arthur Somerset and Mr. C. A. R. Hoare ran the Rapid to Beckenham, an arrangement which found occupation for Selby when he had finished with the Tunbridge Wells.

The coaches which in 1878 ran in and out of London, and lent quite an old-time appearance to Piccadilly, were, in great measure, made up of old friends. Mr. Parsons ran to Watford and St. Albans ; Mr. Shoolbred and Mr. Luxmore, with whom Major Furnivall made only a short stay two years previously, looked after the Guildford, having Sir H. de Bathe with them ; while the Windsor remained in the hands of Colonel Greenall, Mr. Bailey, and Captain Spicer. Lord A. Lennox joined Mr. Freeman on the Brighton road ; while visitors were carried to Dorking through the medium of the Perseverance now started by Mr. William Sheather, with Lord Aveland as his chief supporter ; and this coach ran every year in the same hands down to the time of Mr. Sheather's death in 1885. As might have been expected, the horses were excellent, and the very liberal complement allowed no doubt accounted for their freshness at the season's end, when they were offered for sale. Mr. Sheather held to the idea that no horse should work more than once a day, and so the return journey was made with entirely fresh teams, an arrangement which materially lightened the work of the horses, for the coach invariably loaded well, be the weather what it might ; Arthur Perrin was guard and Mr. Sheather's right-hand man. Lord Arthur Somerset and Mr. Hoare, having finished their winter undertaking to Beckenham, changed to West Wickham for the summer, Selby going with them ; Mr. Hargreaves again ran to Portsmouth, having as companions Mr. H. Wormald, his old partner, and Mr. L. Blackett, who, it is believed, had had some practice driving on the Brighton and Arundel road. Mr. Carleton Blyth deserted coaching in 1877, but he this year (1878) again went to Oxford, and, changing his route, ran by Maidenhead and Henley ; and the list of

coaches was completed by that to the Ranelagh and Hurlingham, which made two journeys each way daily, the drive occupying thirty minutes. When all the above-mentioned coaches had finished for the season, another, which has since become famous, was started. This was the Old Times, which last season (1888) ran to Brighton on alternate days. The first proprietors were Sir Henry de Bathe, Mr. Carleton Blyth, Mr. H. Wormald, and Major Dixon; James Selby (subsequently sole proprietor) and Edwin Fownes, who since 1884 has also been a proprietor, being the professionals, the usual arrangement being for each of those concerned to drive one day a week. St. Albans was the destination fixed upon, and since November 4, 1878, when the Old Times made its first journey, it has never been off the road for a single day, except, of course, Sundays and Christmas Days. As will be seen, however, by the record for the years following, it has not always kept to one route.

On March 25, 1878, the coaching world lost one of its most respected members, Mr. W. H. Cooper—'Billy' Cooper he was always known as, both at B.N.C. and during the time he served in the 8th Hussars. He was taken ill in the previous January, while on a visit to Lord Fitzhardinge, and never recovered. The esteem in which Mr. Cooper was held at once showed itself by the immediate desire on the part of his friends to place some memorial to him in the church of Stoke D'Abernon, and this eventually took the form of a west window. When the window and design were determined upon, it was resolved that no one should be asked to subscribe, and that subscriptions should be limited to a minimum of 5*s.* and a maximum of five guineas—an arrangement which some imagined would prevent enough money being raised to pay for the window. So far from this being the case, however, Mr. A. G. Scott, who was as closely identified with the memorial as he had been with Mr. Cooper himself during life, found that, after paying 220*l.* for the window, and 11*l.* for a sketch thereof presented to Mrs. Cooper, there still remained a

balance of 136*l.*, which was handed over to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Fund.

Having survived the winter, the Old Times ran to St. Albans during the whole of 1879, and the well-established coaches running to Guildford, Dorking, Brighton, and Windsor remained in the hands of their old proprietors. The Sevenoaks road was revived under Lord Helmsley and Baron William Schroder, who, with Ike Simmons as guard, started without a professional coachman, meaning to do the driving themselves; but Lord Helmsley becoming indisposed, his partner, fearing to tie himself down to a perpetual engagement, engaged Harry Ward (in November, 1888, a testimonial was organised) to assist him. Mr. Robinson, with F. Page as professional, ran a coach to Thames Ditton, the Ranelagh and Hurlingham coach was out again, and one ran to Hampton Court. The Virginia Water road was opened out, as already mentioned, by General Dickson and Captain Candy in 1871, and, after being deserted for three years, was taken for one season in 1875 by Colonel Kane, and was once more occupied this year by the Tally-ho, started by Captains Hartopp and Jacobson, having with them E. Cracknell, who, however, gave way to Evans in mid-season. The Box Hill coach was now put on the road by Mr. Seager Hunt, Lord A. Somerset and Sir Henry de Bathe, who took with them that neat coachman Ben Hubble. The West Wickham and Beckenham was still in the hands of its former proprietors; but the feature of the season was the undertaking of Mr. Carleton Blyth, who ran the Defiance from Oxford to Cambridge, a journey of 120 miles, for which 120 horses were kept. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the Defiance left Oxford at 9 A.M., changing horses at Wheatley, Tetsworth, Stokenchurch, High Wycombe, Gerrard's Cross, Hayes, and Acton, the team from the last-named place running to Hatchett's, reached at 2.50 P.M., and where twenty minutes were allowed for lunch. A fresh team from Piccadilly worked to Tottenham Cross, the other changes being Waltham Cross, Wade's Mill, Bunt-

ingford, Royston, and Harston, fifteen teams in all ; but rest horses were kept besides. On the intervening days the return journey was made. The Blenheim coach, which worked in connection with the Defiance, belonged to Mr. Augustus Craven, but on Saturdays the Defiance itself ran right through from Cambridge to Cheltenham, after leaving Oxford, where half an hour was allowed for supper, reaching the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, at two on Sunday morning. On Monday the Defiance left Cheltenham at 4 A.M., 'the coach breakfasted' at Oxford, lunched at Hatchett's, and reached Cambridge at 9 P.M.

This somewhat herculean task, however, only lasted during 1879, as in 1880 Mr. Blyth ran the Defiance from London to Brighton, taking the long road by Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, Uckfield, and Lewes ; E. Fownes, Blackburne, and J. Banks being the professionals engaged. The route being a somewhat hilly one, five horses were used on three stages. On the coach arriving at Tunbridge Wells, three leaders abreast were employed ; the same arrangement obtaining at the next two changes, till Lewes was reached. At the foot of the bridge on approaching Lewes the horses were stopped to let them get their wind, after which a fresh start was made, the horses galloping till the steepness of the ascent fairly reduced them to a walk. On the up journey another route was taken so as to avoid the hill. On one occasion, when E. Fownes essayed the task of coming down the aforesaid hill, the staple of the skid drew, but an accident was avoided. It was the custom, by the way, to carry on the Defiance a spare pole made in two or three pieces, the whole being screwed together when required. No change was made in connection with the Perseverance to Dorking, the New Times to Guildford, or the Box Hill coaches. The other Brighton coach now became a double one, with Mr. Chandos Pole, son of the former proprietor, as a new partner, Harry Ward and John Thorogood coachmen, with E. Spencer and Ike Simmons guards. Mr. Robinson was again on the road, but now ran on to Esher, while the Old Times

went to Virginia Water during the summer. Captain Edwards and Mr. Noble put on a coach to York House, Maidenhead; and Captain Spicer having quitted the Windsor, was succeeded by Sir Thomas Peyton. In the autumn of the year the Old Times ran to Virginia Water and back on one day, and to Windsor and back the next; while during the

'The Defiance.'

winter months it ran between Windsor and London exclusively, another winter coach turning up in the St. Albans, run by Mr. C. R. Hargreaves.

In 1881 the Dorking, Guildford, Box Hill, and Windsor went on as before, except that Mr. F. Davis took Colonel Greenall's place on the Windsor, and the Old Times went back

to Virginia Water till the winter came round, when it ran its original route to St. Albans, which road during the summer was taken by Messrs. Jones and Shaw. The Hurlingham and Ranelagh was again a convenience for the members of those clubs and their friends, and in August E. Fownes put on the Age to Brighton for a short season. At the end of the summer the Old Times stopped short at Oatlands Park.

Mr. Chandos Pole quitted the Brighton road in 1882, and on Baron Oppenheim joining Mr. Freeman, the coach was again a double one, horsed by Woodlands; for after the first few years Mr. Freeman preferred this system to that of buying his own cattle. E. Fownes and John Thorogood were the coachmen; E. Graham and E. Fownes, junior, were the guards. On one occasion when nearly opposite the Asylum on Banstead Downs a mishap occurred; and while the passengers and professionals were in painful confusion, a pedestrian on the road laughingly observed, 'What a capital picture this would make!' A Surbiton coach also ran in connection with the Brighton. The Dorking ran as usual, and so did the Old Times to Virginia Water; the Windsor, and New Times to Guildford; the Rapid worked between Esher and London; Mr. C. R. Hargreaves again ran the Rocket to Portsmouth, and the Wonder, Mr. Rumney's, went to St. Albans. The Maidenhead coach did not appear, nor did the Box Hill.

Hitherto the coaching revival had apparently been popular; but the year 1882 showed a falling off in the number of coaches, and 1883 was of less promise than the year before—a state of things for which it is not altogether easy to account. The wave of depression which affected every branch of sport and pastime doubtless had some connection with the waning of coaching; but there were possibly other causes, which it is not necessary to specify, at work. When the season of 1883 began the Perseverance still kept on to Dorking and Box Hill; Mr. Bailey and Mr. F. Davis stuck to the Windsor, the Old Times carried passengers to Virginia Water, and Mr. Rumney ran the Wonder to St. Albans, Sam Clark being the professional, as

in the previous year. In the autumn the Wonder ran from Brighton to Eastbourne ; but it was not till very late in the year that Mr. Freeman made any sign on the Brighton road, with John Thorogood as coachman, and J. Sullivan behind him.

Five coaches only ran out of London in 1884. Mr. Freeman did not put on the Brighton at all ; but the Dorking Virginia Water, and Guildford went on as usual ; the Windsor had Colonel Ferguson as one of the proprietors, the fifth being the Defiance, owned by Edwin Fownes, which this year ran to St. Albans *vice* the Wonder. In 1885 the Defiance was taken off the St. Albans road in favour of the Wonder, and ran to Bentley Priory, Edwin Fownes being still proprietor ; there was no Brighton coach, and of the many roads which had at one time or another been taken, seven only were occupied, and the great coaching revival was now represented, in addition to the above, by the New Times, Perseverance, Old Times, and the Windsor, Colonel Ferguson now retiring from the last named. The new coach was put on to Eton, *viâ* Hounslow, by Messrs. Beckett and M'Adam.

In 1886 there were several changes, though coaches were few. The Guildford, Old Times, and the Defiance remained as before ; but, Mr. Sheather being now dead, the Dorking and Box Hill (the Perseverance) passed into the hands of Mr. H. Withers of Oxford Street, with whom were associated Messrs. Balding and Munday ; the Wonder ran to St. Albans ; but Mr. Freeman, instead of putting on the Brighton, ran the Royal to Windsor instead, with H. Thorogood as professional. A portion of the Sevenoaks road was revived, as Mr. Charles Webling put on the Excelsior between that place and New Cross. In the next year (1887), however, Mr. Freeman was again working between London and Brighton, the Windsor being now in the hands of Mr. King, with E. Fownes finding the horses and acting as professional. The Vivid, of which Fownes—who was presented by his friends with a new coach to celebrate his fifty-third year of connection with the road—

was proprietor, though it was driven by his son Ernest, was put on to Hampton Court. There was no change on the St. Albans, Guildford, Dorking, or Virginia Water roads, and these, together with the Excelsior, were the coaches of the year.

In 1888 the Wonder, the Perseverance, the Vivid, now the property of Arthur Fownes, and the New Times held their way; the Defiance ran to Bentley Priory; and the Old Times, after its winter course was done, ran to Brighton on alternate days. Another coach of Selby's ran to Oatlands Park; it was called the Express at the commencement of the season, but it was subsequently renamed the Old Times, so that really there were two coaches of the same name, and owned by the same proprietor, running at the same time. Mr. Webling this year changed his plans, and ran from London to Tunbridge Wells. Mr. F. Davis, formerly of the Windsor, also ran the Surbiton coach. On the Brighton road, however, there was great opposition, for Mr. Freeman put on the Comet double coach, so that on three days in the week there were two coaches to Brighton, and on the remaining three days there were two up coaches. The Old Times kept to the 15*s.* fare; but the Comet charged only half a guinea, the same as the railway charge. When the summer season was over, Selby determined to run the Old Times to Brighton all the winter, and as Mr. Freeman, with whom Mr. M'Calmont was associated, resolved to keep on one of the Comets as well, there was every prospect of the Brighton road showing great activity. What the ultimate arrangements may be remains to be seen, as on Friday, December 14, the coaching world was startled by the announcement that James Selby, the proprietor of the Old Times, had breathed his last in the forenoon of that day. On Friday, the 7th, he brought the coach from Brighton, but complained of a cold. Bronchitis supervened, and, together with disease of the heart, proved fatal on the above day. Selby, who was only forty-five at the time of his death, was originally intended for an auctioneer, and was articled to that calling; but horses proved a superior attraction, and in course

of time he managed Mr. Pawley's yard at Hastings. His connection with coaching, given in the foregoing pages, dates from 1872; but he was a busy man, and besides keeping commission stables in the Edgware Road, started a short time ago a business as coachbuilder in conjunction with Mr. Cowlard, who had formerly been in the employ of Messrs. Holland at the time that well-known firm miled nearly all the stage-coaches. Poor Selby was a genial kind-hearted man, and will be much missed in coaching circles. From having driven in and out of London, summer and winter, for so long, his face was perhaps better known than that of any other coachman. His effects were sold at Aldridge's on Wednesday, January 2, 1889, and realised phenomenal prices. The Old Times itself was bought for 290 guineas by Selby's subscribers, Messrs. H. L. Beckett, A. M'Adam, W. Dickson, A. Broadwood, and Carleton Blyth. Two pairs of whips brought 20 guineas, while 26 guineas were paid for two coach-horses.

Such is a brief outline of the coaching revival, and if the modern stage-coaches are not so numerous as they were a few years ago, no surprise need be felt at a period like the present when railway travelling is so expeditious and cheap, and the majority of travellers care much more about reaching their journey's end quickly than about the means of transit. Most people, for example, would probably prefer to go to Brighton and return in the newly-started and luxurious Pulman train to going down on a coach and cutting short their stay at the so-called 'Queen of watering-places.' Moreover, the running of coaches as mediums for advertising has not commended itself to many who would otherwise patronise the road. When the revival commenced in 1866, and for some years subsequently, the coaches were almost exclusively in the hands of those who remembered coaching in pre-railroad days; and those gentlemen had a strong personal following which materially helped to load the coaches. However, it is to be hoped that coaching will never die out; if it does, there is some chance of old traditions being forgotten. Like the war songs of the savages.

and like the sea fisherman's 'marks,' the right and wrong way of driving four horses has hitherto been handed down orally. Few old coachmen, either amateurs or professionals, are alive, and those interested in the preservation of road traditions would regret to see the links with the past snapped at last. So far as what may be called the business coaches are concerned, the incorporation of 'subscribers' takes the place of the partnerships, in which the Duke of Beaufort, Sir H. de Bathe, Mr. Chandos Pole, Colonel Hathorn, and others, whose names have been mentioned, bore their share. The positions, however, of partners and subscribers are not identical; for, whereas the former share profits or losses as the case may be, subscribers pay a fixed sum for the privilege of driving one or more days a week. It is on this principle that Selby's and Fownes's coaches are run, so that if no passengers be carried, the working expenses are paid wholly or in part, and this accounts for the fact that both the Defiance and the Vivid will run through the winter.

A notice of modern coaching would perhaps be incomplete without a passing reference to the value of the horses employed, especially at a time when public attention is strongly directed towards the demand for and production of the general utility horse. It appears that, as coaching increased in popularity, and competition became more keen, better horses have been used, or it may be that purchasers have by degrees come to recognise the wisdom of buying animals whose daily work is some sort of guarantee for their soundness and condition. In 1870 the Brighton horses realised just over 30*l.* each; but in 1876 the St. Albans horses, 30 in number, realised 1,065 guineas, giving an average of $35\frac{1}{2}$ guineas; a roan team brought 160 guineas, and four bays 210 guineas. In the same year the average for the Tunbridge Wells horses was 41 guineas, while the horses which had been working on the Brighton road averaged 88*l.* 4*s.*; the Guildford horses, $56\frac{1}{2}$ guineas; the Wycombe $39\frac{1}{2}$ guineas, and Mr. Carleton Blyth's Oxford horses 88 guineas. In 1877 the Brighton average was the capital one

of 89*l.* 9*s.* for 43 horses sold, but one of them fetched 200 guineas, the total sum being 3,584*l.* 4*s.*, and 9 of the horses running to three figures. The Guildford horses, which have always sold well, averaged 80½ guineas for 19 lots; and 46 horses from the Portsmouth Rocket realised 1,928 guineas, giving an average price of 44 guineas. In 1878 the Brighton average was 57; the Guildford 65, and the Oxford 82½. In 1882, 25 lots from the Guildford coach sold for 2,207*l.* 2*s.*, yielding an average of 88*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.*; in the following year 74*l.* 2*s.* was the average, and in 1884 77*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* During the last, mentioned three years the Windsor and Dorking horses averaged about 60*l.* each; while in 1883 and 1884, the Margate and Canterbury Champion horses brought about 60*l.* apiece. In 1885 the averages were as follows: Guildford (23), 74*l.* 10*s.*, the highest price 120 guineas; Dorking (13), 56*l.* 10*s.*; Eastbourne and Brighton (28), 44*l.* 15*s.*; Margate and Canterbury (10), 46*l.* 6*s.*; while in 1886 the Windsor averaged 61 guineas; and in 1887 the 31 horses from the New Times sold for 73*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* each.

Although the coaching revival was first matured in London, the taste for driving ultimately extended to the provinces, though to a less extent than might reasonably have been expected. The purely business affairs which have always been in the country, running under the name of coaches—often omnibuses or breaks—do not come within the scope of these remarks. Though unquestionably useful as a means of communication, there is scarcely one, within the writer's knowledge, a journey on which can be said to have afforded pleasure. 'Well-whipped horses,' more than half worn out, a slow rate of progression, and a driver—they are not always coachmen—not possessed of the proverbial 'fund of anecdote,' do not conduce to pleasurable sensations. It is not pretended that this description applies to every public conveyance running in the country; but, unfortunately, it is too true in respect of many. The following remarks, therefore, relate only to those coaches started on somewhat the same footing as the London

ones ; and, considering the scenic attractions within easy reach of the most popular tourist resorts, and the number of tourists brought down by train, it is surprising that coaching should not have become a favourite means of locomotion in the provinces, and have proved a remunerative undertaking. Still, as will be gathered from the subjoined sketch, at one time and another a fair number of coaches have been started in various parts of England.

The younger generation have perhaps never heard of 'Mad' Wyndham, who, before the coaching revival was planned, committed what was then deemed the eccentricity of running the Cromer coach. The same vehicle—it weighed 30 cwt.—is, or was a few years ago, running between Bude and Holsworthy, in the West of England.

Prior to 1875 Mr. Platt ran a coach from Doncaster to Rotherham, his professional being F. Page, who, however, left to go with Mr. Lowther on the Scarborough and Bridlington Quay road. Mr. Hargreaves later on took up the road between Margate and Canterbury ; Colonel Somerset, formerly master of the Hertfordshire hounds, used to drive his chestnuts between Enfield and Luton, his coach being named the Hirondelle ; Mr. W. W. Crawshay was responsible for the Newnham and Gloucester coach ; Mr. Carleton Blyth ran between Reading and Windsor ; while Manchester and Altrincham were afforded coach communication by Messrs. Belcher, Mewburn, and C. Belhouse. Mr. Pryce Hamilton, who often turns out with the Coaching Club in Hyde Park, ran from Malvern to Ross ; Mr. Nat Cooke—a well-known sporting character in Cheshire—started a coach between Woodside and Chester, with Purcell as professional ; and Lord Mayo, with Ike Simmons as guard, ran between Brighton and Arundel. Captain Otway's coach joined Llandrindod and Kington, with H. Cracknell, formerly of the Windsor, as professional ; Mr. Crawshay Bayley and Mr. T. Rosher ran between Brecon and Abergavenny, and Mr. Edwardes from Barmouth to Dolgelly.

In 1876 Captain Cecil Otway changed his route to Aberystwith and Presteign; Mr. Pryce Hamilton plied between Ross and Tintern; the Newnham, Gloucester, and Cheltenham coach was in the hands of Mr. Robert Chapman and Mr. Platt; a coach ran between Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon, and another between Cheltenham and Malvern; while Colonel Somerset in 1877 ran from Enfield to Hitchin. In the same year a coach was started between Cheadle and Manchester, while in 1878 Mr. C. B. E. Wright, master of the Badsworth, put on a coach from Buxton to Matlock, and Lord Aylesford one from Birmingham to Coventry, his horses coming from Charles Ward of the Paxton Stables. In 1879 Mr. Augustus Craven ran the Blenheim to Cheltenham in connection with Mr. Carleton Blyth's Defiance from Cambridge to Oxford; and Leamington had two coaches, one to Stratford-on-Avon, the other to Coventry, the Malvern and Cheltenham still keeping on.

Mr. Parsons, who had formerly been on the St. Albans road out of London, carried out, in 1880, his intention of running a coach between Reading and Brighton *viâ* Dorking and Guildford, changing in the succeeding year *viâ* Worthing, Arundel, and Chichester to Brighton and Portsmouth, while a coach was now running between Melksham and Bristol. Meantime at a previous period Colonel C. Rivers-Bulkeley, who as 'Mr. Charles' was well known between the flags on earlier days, ran from Rhyl to Bettws-y-Coed. In this year, too, Mr. Slater ran from Dover to Deal, and Mr. R. S. Hudson put on a coach between York and Liverpool, and while on its last stage, on the last day of the season, an accident occurred which was very nearly attended with fatal consequences to the passengers. While descending a steep hill between Prescot and Liverpool the horses bolted, and came into contact with a wall at the bottom. Two of the horses were killed and the passengers were severely shaken. In 1882 Captain J. R. P. Goodden and Captain W. W. Turnor, assisted it is believed by Captain Fife, started a coach from Sherborne to Weymouth; and in 1883

Mr. E. Cosier was running from Margate to Canterbury, Mr. E. Onslow Secker had put on the Quicksilver between Folkestone and Canterbury, while as soon as the Wonder had ceased running from London to St. Albans, it was taken into Sussex, and put on between Eastbourne and Brighton, taking Lewes on the way.

On the Continent a coaching venture was made in 1883, when Messrs. W. Forbes Morgan and H. Ridgway ran a coach from Pau to Lourdes, a distance of twenty-five miles. The English Club at Pau was the starting-point, and the Hôtel des Pyrénées the terminus at the other end, the journey occupying two and a half hours. Later in the season the route was changed from Lourdes to Oléron, the coach still starting from Pau. This road was four miles shorter than that to Lourdes, and was very picturesque, but as a set-off it was extremely hilly. Nevertheless good time was kept, and the coach loaded well. In 1885 Mr. Padelford joined the other two proprietors, the Pau and Oléron route being adhered to; but, owing to the coldness of the season, the management met with indifferent success, the takings falling considerably short of those of the previous year. About the same time the Rocket was started to run to Biarritz, a journey of seventy-three miles, completed in eight hours, with six changes on the road. Edwin Fownes was coachman, and R. Graham guard. From Bayonne to St. Etienne a long hill was encountered, up which a 'cock-horse,' ridden by a lad in postilion dress, was used; but the road was wide, firmly made, and, with the exception of the hill aforesaid, well adapted for coaching.

A few seasons prior to 1885 Mr. James Turbett started a coach by Peters, and lent to him by Mr. Watson, a good man on the bench, and over a country between Dublin and the Wooden Bridge Hotel, Co. Wicklow; but it did not pay, and was thereupon discontinued; and in 1883 a venture was launched between Dublin and Avoca. On July 1, 1885, however, another attempt was made, as Captain Steed, whose horses were poisoned a year or two ago, got together thirty

horses, and put on a coach built by Shanks, which started from the Shelburne Hotel, Dublin, at 11.30, and ran to Greystones. In 1887 the road was taken by the Tantivy, in the hands of Mr. Thompson, whose professional was Ernest Fownes. During the same year Messrs. Power and O'Reilly ran a coach they called the P & O between Dublin and Ballybrack ; the same proprietors have run from Dublin to Bray by way of the Scalp.

In 1888 Mr. Thompson ran through Bray and Dalgany.

The Buxton to Matlock, Margate to Canterbury, Leamington to Stratford-on-Avon, and Folkestone to Canterbury coaches were in the hands of their former proprietors in 1884 ; while in the same year Mr. Woods ran between Petersfield and Winchester, having with him Ernest Fownes, then sixteen years old. Mr. Beckett ran the Express from Brighton to Eastbourne, the Wonder being taken off, and a coach was put on from Brighton to Worthing and Arundel. Things were much the same in 1885, in which year Lord Savernake (now Marquis of Ailesbury) put on the Star from Windsor to Henley.

The obstinate postboy.

CHAPTER XVI.

POSTING IN ENGLAND.

By the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

In writing of driving it would be scarcely possible to pass over, without some short notice, the posting which, in ante railroad days, was the only method of locomotion open to those who did not travel by public conveyances. Though a journey by mail-coach in England, and by the *malle-poste* or diligence in France, was often most enjoyable, the pace all that could be desired, the driving brought to the greatest perfection, and accidents very rare, there was always the disadvantage of being tied to particular times, and the inability of choosing one's company. Posting in private carriages with post-horses in England on the main roads was by far the most comfortable

and convenient method of travelling, and the riding and driving of the postboys was a science that had reached as near perfection as possible.

Posting was not only a pleasant and comfortable way of getting about the country, but it was also a very safe way of travelling. The driving was good, the horses well accustomed to their work, and the carriages and harness strong; the patent axletree box was only just invented before the finish of coaching and posting, so that most of the carriages had the old linch-pin. Every now and then a linch-pin came out and a wheel came off, and then there was a disaster, but not often a serious one. Sometimes a collision was caused by a runaway horse or the darkness of the night. I knew of one very strange accident, though it ended with no damage being done. During the debates in the House of Commons on the Reform Bill in 1831 and 1832 many members used to go home after the divisions, have a bath, put on their boots, and ride down into the country to hunt. The Marquis of Worcester constantly did this, keeping three hacks on the road, and riding down for a day with his father's hounds in the Heythrop country. Oxford is fifty-four miles from London, and Heythrop fifteen miles beyond. He of course went wherever the meet of hounds was. On one occasion, either to save himself or his hacks, he posted part of the way down. Not having been to bed he fell asleep. After some little time he was awoke by an unusual jolting, and finding himself going exceptionally fast he looked out of the front window. The day was just breaking, and to his astonishment he found that there was only one horse attached to the 'bounder,' that this was the hand-horse, and he was on the near side of the pole! There was no postboy and no riding-horse. Just then they came to a steep hill with a sharp turn in it. The horse was unable to turn the post-chaise, and so ran the pole bump into the bank, which happened to be of sand, and the pole penetrating some inches, there they stuck. The traveller got out, and shortly after the postboy rode up. It appeared that a donkey had lain down in the road, and just before daybreak

both horses had fallen over him. In the struggle on the ground the hames-strap or buckle of the riding-horse broke, and let him clean out of his harness, all excepting his bridle and saddle; the hand-horse's traces slipped over his back, he got under the pole, and rose up on the wrong side of it. No damage was done, the harness was all there, attached to the pole-piece and roller-bolts, so the horses were quickly put to, and off they went. The reader will say, 'Is this the way you illustrate the safety of travelling by post?' Exceptions, however, are said to prove the rule, and such an occurrence as this was quite exceptional.

The great post-horse proprietors, all keepers of hotels and inns, used to have in their stables thirty or forty pairs of horses, and a postboy and cad to each four horses, the whole superintended by an experienced ostler; these proprietors would not keep a postboy who did not drive well. The 'boys' were brought up to it from childhood—a strong small hardy race of men, about the size of the modern flat-race jockey. They learnt how to drive by riding the leaders, the wheel-boys talking to them and instructing them as they went along. They were generally the sons of the older postboys; many of them were what are popularly called 'characters' in their way, and they were very good judges of the company they had to drive. I remember some fifty years ago a celebrated postboy, at Newman's in London, driving Lord FitzRoy Somerset from his house in Stanhope Street, Mayfair, to the George Inn at Hounslow. Whilst they were changing horses the old ostler approached Lord FitzRoy, touched his hat, and said, 'Old Tippoo brought you down, my Lord, I see. He is a rare judge of his company, he is—rattled you down in forty five minutes. Why, if it had been an old lady he had been driving, he would have taken an hour and forty-five minutes toddling her down! A rare judge of his company he is!'

Now there was much truth in this. Had he 'rattled' the old lady down in forty-five minutes, he would have frightened her to death, and she would have given him nothing; knowing

Lord FitzRoy liked going along fast, he knew he would get his five shillings, just as he knew if he 'toddled' the old lady down she would have said, 'Here are five shillings for you ; you are a nice steady driver.' Tippoo's father was a nigger, and he was, if not as 'black as your hat,' most unmistakably marked with the tar-brush, and had nigger features, as had his son (an equally good postboy, who was for many years postilion to the seventh Duke of Beaufort) and his grandson. These boys drove most scientifically, particularly the long heavy stages. They went steadily the first three or four miles, and when their horses had got their second wind they sent them along, and did their journey at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour, without distressing them, getting over their stage much faster, and taking less out of their horses, than if they had started off at a very fast pace. Some of the stages were very long. The hotel-keepers in the different towns always ran to the same houses in the towns on each side of them ; there was great opposition, and they disliked running to any other house but that kept by their friends. For instance, on the Bath road going up to London, the White Hart at Chippenham would not change at Calne, but ran through to Marlborough, to the Castle Hotel (now Marlborough College), nineteen miles. Only an artist could have ridden and driven horses that distance at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a heavily-laden travelling carriage, without knocking the animals up. A light, quick, pretty well bred stamp of horse was used ; they were fed with the best of oats and plenty of them, and were in excellent condition. Another stage on that road was from Newbury to Reading, seventeen miles through deep grinding gravel. The boys and horses came out in regular turn, as a carriage (supposing horses for it had not been ordered beforehand) was seen coming. The big ostler's bell, the handle of which was by the side of the porch, was loudly rung, and 'First turn out' was called in a loud voice—there were always two or three pair ready harnessed. As the carriage pulled up, out they came, often with the post-boy ready mounted. The previous boy having been paid for

horses and self—1*s.* 6*d.* per mile, and every fraction of a mile, for the horses, and 6*d.* a mile for himself—off went the carriage, generally in from two to three minutes from its arrival. The old posting-houses were all built with the entrance into the posting-yard through the centre of the house, what is called a *porte-cochère* in France, or with the entrance to the yard at the corner of the house, or just across the road opposite.

If there were ladies in the carriage, the landlady would come out and addressing them would say, 'Will you please to alight?' or as some said 'unlight.' I really believe that the great majority of these landladies, and a very great many of the landlords, for years and years together never went twenty yards from their houses. One of the most charming specimens was Mrs. Botham, of the Pelican at Speenhamland, which was in fact Newbury in Berkshire. Her nephews kept the Windmill at Salt Hill, in whose garden, on the opposite side of the road, stands the celebrated Eton 'Montem.' Most of these post-masters and innkeepers horsed some of the coaches several stages on their roads, in addition to the thirty to forty pair of post-horses already mentioned, and at their inns travellers, by private carriages and the coaches they horsed, breakfasted, dined, or had tea. For instance, coming from London to Bath the York House breakfasted at Salt Hill, dined at the Pelican at Newbury, and had tea at Marlborough. After dinner, if a carriage full of ladies and children dined, as they were starting, Mrs. Botham, a grand old lady with a charming voice and manner, in a rich stiff black silk gown, and a stiff high white cap, attended by neatly-dressed handmaidens bearing trays, arrived, and plied the ladies and youngsters each with a small glass of most excellent cherry brandy, and for each youngster, done up in a white 'cornet' of the cleanest paper, was a parcel of delicious brandy-snaps. For something like twenty years did I know Mrs. Botham, and she looked just as old when I first knew her as she did when I saw her last; and I might invert the remark and say that she looked just as young when I last saw her as the first time I partook of the liqueur and cakes.

I have digressed, but these reminiscences of old customs may help to give those who were unborn in the days of posting an idea of the road when this mode of travelling was in vogue. There are still left some who remember those days, but time has rolled on and they are in a small minority and are rapidly passing away. To return to the way in which this service was performed, I must repeat that each pair of horses and their postboy came out in turn. For example, forty pair of horses had ten postboys and ten cads to drive them. When there was a good run on the road and all ten postboys with their first pair were out, if a carriage drove up the second pair belonging to the first pair of horses that had gone out had become 'first turn,' and they were driven by the cad. He had proper boots and breeches, and a jacket of the proper colour —a detail to which allusion will presently be made. If on the journey they met the boy to whom the horses belonged returning home, the carriage was pulled up and the boys changed places; this scarcely took a minute, and off they went again. There was a regular tariff. If the boy was met one-third of the way, the cad got one-third of the fee, whatever it was, that the postboy received; if they met half-way, he got one-half; if he had gone more, he got two-thirds.

Going into London, of course the carriage was driven to the houses of the owners—say to Grosvenor or Berkeley Square, or the streets adjacent—and was taken, when the owners had alighted, to their stables. The horses were taken to bait at stables they always used for the purpose, always situated on the high road—for instance, on the North road in Islington; coming from Newmarket and Cambridge, or the Chelmsford and Eastern roads in Whitechapel; and on the Western roads in Kensington, Notting Hill, or Shepherd's Bush. If a cad, or with four horses one or both boys were cads, they would commence, when yet yards off, a peculiar cry; we can only describe it as 'How pow powie' in a high shrill voice; then if the regular boy had deposited his carriage and got back to his baiting place, you would see him come running out of

the public-house, in the stables of which his horses were put up, with his mouth full of bread and cheese, wiping his lips with the back of his hand, to dispose of the froth from his last swig at his pot of beer.

Postboys were very neatly dressed. The few that one sees now-a-days are very different from the old boys; their boots and breeches are badly made and put on; they wear velvet caps with a large flopping fringe of gold or silver lace at the top, perhaps a band of the same round the cap; jackets with three or five rows of buttons and made of dark blue cloth. In the old days—to begin at the top—they all wore hats made of beaver—real fluffy beaver; generally white hats, but sometimes black ones. Their jackets were light blue or yellow—at some of the houses they were scarlet cloth—made of a sort of moleskin stuff, with only the one row of buttons; their breeches were of the whitest corduroy, and their boots brown-topped. Some of the boys had four or five buttons (generally mother-o'-pearl) on the breeches, but many of the old hands had five or nine buttons, so that if it had not rained and their boots were only wet from the splashing, they could unbutton their breeches at the knees high up, and put on dry stockings and a dry pair of boots, or shoes and gaiters. The jacket always had three snicks about three-quarters of an inch wide at the bottom in the back; their greatcoats they put on the dickey, or strapped on to the front Cee-spring of the carriage. They were made slit up to the waist with long tails. The front part was tucked under the knees, and the hinder part doubled under over the thigh, exposing the white breeches underneath, so as neither to heat the riding horse nor to spoil the coat with his sweat. A postboy was like a soldier of those days. Everything he had, his pocket-handkerchief and anything else he wanted, went into his hat. The boys were always—at least the first three or four turns—ready dressed, booted and spurred, excepting their jackets, which were hung up in the saddle-room, and to keep themselves clean and smart they put on over all white smocks buttoned up to their

necks and reaching down to their heels, with a pocket on each side in which you invariably saw their hands as they lolled at the door on the look-out for a carriage.

As I write I call to mind one old boy, from the Bear at Reading, with a yellow jacket and a very red face. It did not signify at what time of the year he drove you, he always had a yellow flower in his mouth, which he kept there the whole seventeen miles to Newbury, or the thirteen miles to Maidenhead, or the eighteen to Salt Hill, and in the yellow jacket he always had a red flower. When there was much of a run on the road the boys were constantly in the saddle, and drove and rode not only the horses harnessed to carriages many miles during the twenty-four hours, but had the more tedious work of bringing the tired horses home 'lear,' which was the expression used for harness-horses when travelling without a carriage behind them. I remember having to go to attend a political meeting at Raglan in Monmouthshire in 1846. In the morning we left Gloucester early, and a very tall boy—unusually so for his profession—quite five feet ten, drove from there to Ross (the distance thence was eleven miles to Monmouth and eight on to Raglan), seventeen miles, waited the return, and drove back to the Bell. The writer had to post on to Stroud, and there being no other postboy at home, the same boy mounted a fresh horse, and with a fresh hand-horse drove nine miles to Stroud and had to ride the horses back—fifty-two miles altogether. He was under two hours each way along the very hilly road to Ross, and about fifty minutes doing the nine miles to Stroud. He started at 8 A.M. and would not be home before ten at night. It was a hard life. Too much work one day, not enough the next It is always much pleasanter travelling with four horses than with a pair, but if a man living a hundred miles from London was in a hurry, he could do the journey quicker with a good mail-phaeton and pair of post-horses than he could with four.

A few remarks must be made about the difference between putting horses to a carriage when they are to be ridden and

driven and putting-to for driving from the box. Both hand-horses at wheel and leader were put to and the wheel-horse poled up as for driving ; but the wheel riding-horse had his traces a couple of holes longer than his partner, and his pole-piece a hole slacker, while the leading riding-horse had his traces a hole or two longer. This gave both boys more command over the hand-horse and enabled the wheel-boy to keep away from the pole. He rode with an iron guard on his right leg and along the outside of his right foot, to prevent the limb from being crushed or broken by the riding-horse leaning on the pole. Even with this, observant travellers must often have wondered, when they have seen the wheel-boy's foot bent or caught under the pole, how it was he did not get more hurt. Fortunately for the postboys all carriages were built with perches, so that the pole rode steady. Had they driven with the modern carriages without perches, every time they went over a crossing or gutter they would have stood a good chance of having their knee-cap or thigh fractured. It is a matter for speculation how many horses' teeth are knocked out by the flying up and down of the pole in the present day.

A word must be said about the postboys' characters. All those who have tried know how difficult it is to drive a pair or four horses to one's own satisfaction, and it is seldom that one pulls up at the end of a stage, or gets off a coach-box, without feeling that the horses might have been driven better ; that one horse or the other did too much or too little work, and that more justice might have been done them. Now knowledge, the use of the hands, patience and temper, are all wanted to enable driving to be well done. If gentlemen of education who have had the latter qualifications instilled into them, and who have been taught by the best and most experienced coachmen, find so much difficulty in putting that which they have been taught into practice from the driving-box, how much more difficulty would there be in driving well from the saddle ! From the box each horse ought to be made to do his fair share, but in riding and driving the two near-side horses have to carry a man,

which gives them an extra weight of from eight to ten stone to carry. The consequence of this is that the hand-horses were required to do more of the drawing than the riding-horses, and this added another element of difficulty, and called for a further nicety of discernment on the relative amount of work that

Hail, snow, and rain.

should be exacted from each horse. The postboys in those days were ignorant men, most of whom could neither read nor write, and they had to learn from observation of how their seniors drove, and from a sort of instinct, how it was to be done. There were of course good and bad drivers, but the bulk of the postboys on the main roads were marvels of cleverness in their profession, and drove

on dark and stormy nights, amidst hail and snow and rain, apparently with as great facility as on a fine bright day. Remember that the carriages were large, roomy and heavy, and twice as long between the wheels as a coach, loaded with many people and much heavy baggage. The only thing I do think dangerous in riding and driving is to put four horses and two postboys to a coach—what *we* call a coach. It is so much shorter than the old gentleman's coach or landau that it is easily set swinging if horses gallop, and as the wheel-boy would not feel the swinging, which a coachman on the box does, they might easily swing it over. If it was dangerous in those days, what would it be now when a good postilion or postboy is more rare than the black swan of Virgil? My belief is that the excellence of driving in those days arose from the instruction the younger boys got when driving before a good wheel-boy, and that the wretched, execrable driving of gentlemen's coachmen and flymen in these days is attributable to their beginning to drive alone, and always going alone, and having no one to point out the faults they commit. Strange it is that they all fall into the same bad way, the near rein in the left hand, the off rein and the whip in the right, with results as described in the Introduction.

We have already mentioned that the posting-masters would not keep a boy who did not drive well. Now they almost all liked a drop of beer, and they made sufficient money to keep their families respectable and comfortable, and had enough to spare to indulge a little ; but it was seldom that a postboy was seen in liquor. He either did not drink, or he could carry his liquor, and drive as well when 'half seas over.' The danger was if he had been overworked, and picked himself up with a pot of beer on his return journey. In the number of miles the writer has posted, he does not recollect more than three occasions on which he could say a postboy was drunk, and one of these three was only a few years ago, when posting was nearly over, and no job was expected by the boys that day. It would be twenty or more years since. A party were driving down to

Bognor from Goodwood. One of the teams did not turn up, and four horses were obtained and harnessed from the inn at ——. Two regular old-fashioned boys turned out, and all went well for three or four miles, when the wheel-boy began lurching about. He had a hard-pulling riding-horse, with a very severe bit, and his rein on the bottom bar. At last he lurched backwards, and must either have fallen off or pulled his horse over, when the

A practical remonstrance.

occupant of the box-seat seized him by the collar and set him right again. This operation stopped the coach. It was suggested he should dismount and get up behind, and as we had a set of wheel-reins, that one of us should drive the wheel-horses. 'Le vin lui avait prit mauvais,' and he was pugnacious and would not dismount. I got down and talked to him, and tried to persuade him to leave his saddle, but he

threatened to brain, with the butt of his heavy whip, anyone who touched him. However, in the course of the conversation the writer managed to sidle up to him, and slipping his left hand quietly up, got hold of the thong of the whip, and at the same moment getting a grip of the collar of the boy's jacket, had him off the horse and in the road before he could say 'knife'; the wheel-reins were quickly put on, and we drove through the county-town with the old boy up behind weeping salt tears, and found our next team waiting us some miles further on. The other instance occurred fifty years ago at Stoke-upon-Trent. Horses were ordered—a capital team; two smart boys turned out ready mounted, there being no symptom of anything wrong. There is a very steep hill out of the town, and the wheel-boy, who was drunk, began to gallop at the top of the hill, the leading boy having to flog and gallop for his life. This lasted for some three or four miles, when the drunkard got sleepy, and the leading boy, who drove admirably, gradually slackened speed, and eventually stopped all four horses, who by that time were nothing loth to stop. With a very heavy travelling carriage, it was a marvellous escape of a bad accident. It is so long ago that I forget how we got on after, but know that our destination was safely reached, thanks to the sagacity and efficiency of the leading boy.

I once witnessed a most laughable scene with a sulky post-boy, who could drive very well but would not go along. It was posting through Oxfordshire on a mail-phaeton in the year 1834. The owner of the phaeton, a very fine coachman, had driven his own horses the first stage, and was going to drive others further on in the journey. The post-horses were good and the gentleman was in a hurry, but nothing would induce the boy to go on. The gentleman's driving whip was in the bucket, so he took it out, laid into the horses, put them into a gallop, and kept them in it till they got to the town where they were to change. The postboy was furious, and invited the gentleman to get out and have his head punched, which he immediately did; but when the boy saw six feet one, as upright

as a dart, descend from the phaeton, he took his hat off and apologised, pulled his forelock, and said he hoped he would not be reported to his master.

Such cases as those just related were, however, very rare—a better behaved or more trustworthy set of men than the old postboys were not to be found. The modern fly did not exist in those days. If anyone not having a carriage at hand wanted to post, he was obliged to have recourse to the post-chaises kept at the inns. They were familiarly called 'bounders' from being very light and hung on Cee-springs, and bounding merrily up and down. Many of them had a rail or bar flat at the top, and about four or five inches wide, fixed from one front spring to the other, and when the bounder returned empty the post-boy, who had secreted a pair of driving reins under the seat, mounted the bar and drove home. When there was no bar the postboy often drove home from inside the bounder through the front windows. These carriages were always painted yellow, and sometimes had red wheels.

When opposition was very brisk I have seen in places, notably at Barnet amongst others, four horses turn out on seeing a carriage coming from London (they could see nearly a mile from the door) from the Red Lion to tempt the travellers to change there. Sometimes they would do so, at others they galloped by to the Green Man at the other end of the town, and the Red Lion horses turned in again.

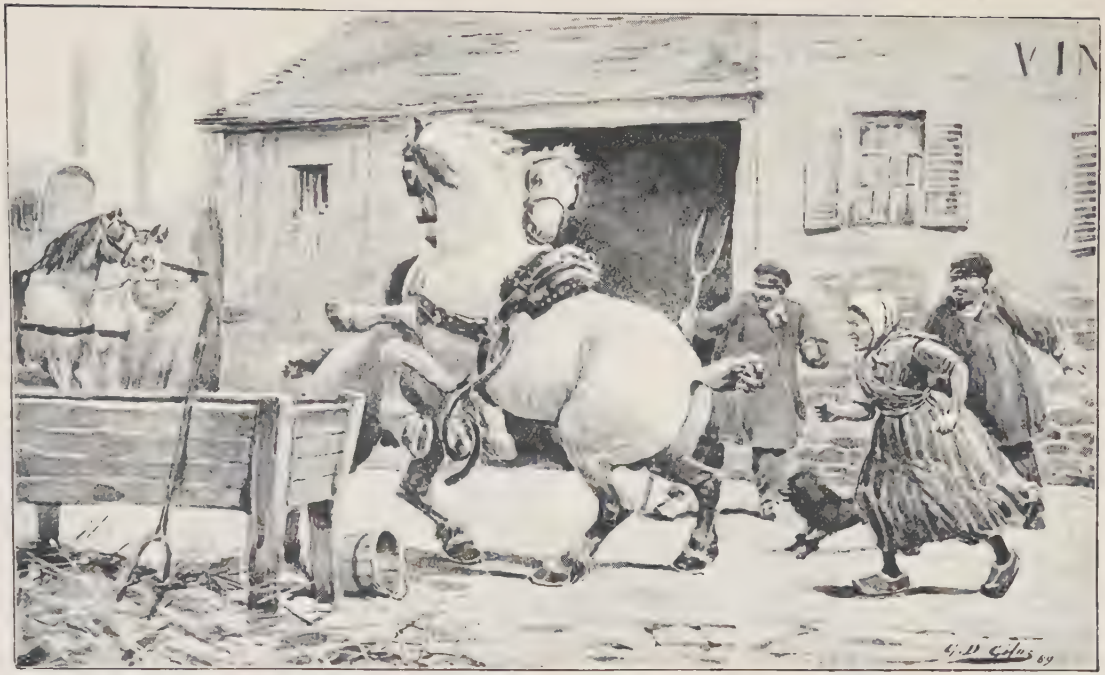
As in those days the posting on some parts of the continent was very well done, and the pace at which one could travel was really good, a few words describing it would not be amiss in this work. We therefore propose to give a short account of it, as well as of the travelling by *malle-poste* and diligence.

CHAPTER XVII.

POSTING IN FRANCE.

By the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

When the railway was made from Boulogne to Paris, posting in France had been brought as nearly as possible to perfection. Comparisons are odious, and I think I may fairly sum up the question as to whether it was better done in England or in France, by saying that the French system, the driving, harnessing, and everything connected with it, best suited the roads and the carriages that had to travel along them; and that if we had tried our system and our harness on their horses, and they had done the same by us, the whole thing would probably have failed. I was on the point of saying, look what our boys, their dress, their manner of driving and their horses were; and then look at the other side of the Channel; but I forget that I am writing for those who never saw either. To those, therefore, I say, fancy, aiding imagination by pictures you may have seen, or by the recollection of some well-turned-out postilion, a whipper-in in a short jacket, a neat, well-built, pretty well-bred, very short-tailed, light horse, and harness all made of leather, well fitting well cleaned, well put on, boys that could ride to perfection, and, whilst riding, drive as well—boys who knew when they were going seven and when they were going twelve miles an hour (which no modern flyman or gentleman's coachman that I ever see nowadays does know), who could do justice to their horses over any ground and any distances, whose average stages were ten miles (they varied from five to eighteen miles), and who without distressing their horses got to the end of their stage



A FIGHT

oftener at a pace exceeding ten miles an hour than under it. Such was the English boy—boy by name, weight (from eight to ten stone) and appearance, but often over sixty years of age.

In trying to describe the French postboy and horse I should fail to convey any idea to a reader who has never seen them, unless the pencil can come to the assistance of the pen—there are many good prints of the French road as it was. To anyone fond of bowling along at ten miles an hour, a journey from Calais or Boulogne through Paris and Lyons to Marseilles was a real pleasure. I don't say that being in such a hurry that it had to be done at a stretch without stopping was a pleasure, but to a gentleman with plenty of time and money it was delightful. The only drawback was the *pavée*, or paved road. I scarcely know how I can describe to a modern reader, who does not remember when Piccadilly and St. James's Street were paved with cubes of Aberdeen granite of from eight to ten inches, or who never saw a highway in Cheshire forty years ago, what a *pavée* was like. The high-roads were very wide, the country open, no fence at the side of the road, the centre convex and paved to a width sufficient to allow two of the widest waggons, diligences, or carriages, to pass each other, and room enough to spare besides ; on either side at least ten feet of road between the *pavée* and the grass. In summer this was not bad going, but in winter it was very deep. The horses were [illegible] white, high-crested, and heavy forehanded Normandy [illegible] in the flank, thin in the thigh, and all stallions, such [illegible] see in the Paris omnibuses at this day, or in Rosa [illegible]s picture of a French Horse Fair ; and many is the [illegible]t the writer has seen between horses when they were taken [illegible] of the carriage. The ostler was generally—particularly on the Paris and Calais road—a woman, who harnessed and fed the animals and brought them out to be put to the carriage. These women wore sabots (the wooden shoe of France) with very sharp-pointed toes, and when there was a row amongst these fighting devils, were quite equal to the occasion ; with one vigorous kick, always applied on the same place, they

brought them speedily into subjection. The harness was all made of rope, and the reins also.

When an English gentleman was going to travel abroad he had to send his carriage to the coach-builder, to be fitted for foreign travel. A small bar, such as you have in a dog-cart, only much stronger and without any steel ends, was attached by a strong leather brace round its centre to the middle of the splinter-bar, half-way between the roller bolts on each side of the pole, the end of the bar having a nick to prevent the rope traces from slipping off. A hook pointing downwards towards the back was placed under the futchels, and from this hook a stout rope was run under the pole, supported by two or three loose straps to the pole ; and at the end of this, one strong light bar about the full length of the splinter-bar, to which the rope traces of the leaders were attached. Collars were seldom used, breast-plates being the almost invariable rule. In most parts of France, and sometimes on the Paris and Calais road, the four horses were driven by one postboy riding the near wheel-horse, with a long whalebone driving whip very smartly bound round with red and green leather, the thong about the same length as the crop, which was probably somewhere near five feet long. A good deal of the driving was done with this whip, and it was marvellous to see the way in which, at a good round trot of seven or eight miles an hour, they would turn out of a narrow street into the *porte-cochère* of an hotel that was not more than eighteen inches or two feet wider than the breadth of the carriage they were driving.

Those who had plenty of money and chose to travel luxuriously always engaged a courier. If they wished to travel fast, instead of having only one postilion with four horses, they had two boys, who drove with a wooden-handled short whip, the crop about eighteen inches long, a very long keeper five or six inches long, and a thong of leather and whipcord point, the whole from end of the crop some three feet in length. The horses all belonged to the State, and the boys wore dark blue cloth jackets with short broad tails not reaching to the saddle,

with red facings and edgings to the tails of the same colour, yellow leather tights, and big boots. In many instances the boots were 'jacked.' They were so hard that a carriage-wheel would go over them without making a dent, and were fastened on to the saddle, so that the boy came out in slippers, was chucked up on to his horses, and taking his slippers off, thrust his legs into his boots, which were in the stirrups and attached to the pommel of the saddle. In front of him was his cloak rolled and strapped—occasionally it was rolled on the pad of the hand-horse. The riding-horse was called *le porteur*, the hand-horse *le limier*. The writer has seen horses fall and lie on their side, the rider's boots being so hard that they were not depressed or squeezed, and if the boy (*Postillon*, he was called when spoken to) had not hurt himself or knocked himself out of time, he quickly withdrew his legs from his boots and got up. Those boys who did not fasten their boots to the saddles had equally hard boots, and used to come clumping out hardly able to walk in them. The stages or '*Postes*' were all five miles in length, '*une lieue et demie*.' The writer never remembers to have seen one of these *Postes* of five miles driven without the boys pulling up to refresh. There was always a *cabaret* about half-way, and approaching this there was a tremendous cracking of whips from both boys; they were very clever in cracking them above their heads (which, by-the-bye, were covered with a tall, strong, hard, high, glazed hat with a gold-lace band round it), and as you approached the *cabaret* a damsel in sabots sallied forth with a small tray on which were two liqueur glasses containing schnaps. The stop was only momentary—no refreshment for the horses—the schnaps was tossed off and away they went. This liquor was most abominable stuff, more like vitriol than anything else, and would have choked or burnt the throat of anyone but a postilion.

The courier was mentioned on the preceding page. These were an extraordinary race of hardy men, capable of any fatigue, who had all the routes of the continent at their fingers' ends, and knew which hotels to avoid as well as those to be patronised.

Supposing a traveller had landed at Calais and was going right through to Marseilles. When the carriage was brought ashore from the steam-packet and the horses were put to, off went the courier, on a little horse provided by the *maître de poste*, but always on his (the courier's) own saddle, with his cloak rolled on it; and he made such haste as to get to the change in time to have the horses out ready to be put to on the arrival of the carriage, a fresh *bidet* being provided at each change. He paid for the horses, and started generally as they were being put to; but if there were any altercation about payment or any other cause of delay, he passed the carriage at a gallop and got on to have the next change of horses ready. The courier rode all the way from Calais to Marseilles. The writer has known three couriers who have ridden from Rome to Calais night and day without stopping, and to the best of his recollection it took nine or ten days and nights to do the journey. It sounds incredible, but it is an actual fact that it has been done several times, and no stoppage of more than two hours ever occurred. This, considering the inevitable wranglings and quarrels with post-masters, postilions, and *douaniers*, is a very extraordinary feat. Many of these couriers were big heavy men. In some ways it was an advantage to a courier to be light, but he could not do the work if he were not strong in constitution and in body; and when it came, as it sometimes did, to a rough and tumble, a bit of fight, or a good swinging *soufflet* to an insolent *maître de poste* or a refractory postilion, a little weight was of advantage. The couriers had a very good idea of their own importance, and got themselves up very smartly. They wore a blue jacket with short tails, like the postilions, with red facings, leather tights, jackboots and spurs, and jackets much bedecked with gold lace; a hard stiff glazed cap, with a gold-laced band, a chin-strap for windy weather, and a fall-down to go over their ears and keep their necks dry in rain. They usually carried a whip like the postilions, and a good warm waterproof cloak rolled on the front of the saddle.

A *dormeuse*—i.e. a travelling chariot with a long boot in front

into which one could, by letting down the front of it, put one's legs, the front fixing under the seat—made a good bed. A rolled-up mattress was carried in the boot, and this joined the cushions the travellers sat on. Imperials, bonnet-boxes, cap-boxes, and wells under the seat held the luggage. On the dickey behind was a cabriolet head to keep the servants warm and dry ; and then a *fourgon* that held two in front, also with a cab head to it, the body resembling a deer-cart, behind the head, and with four horses to draw it, kept up with the travelling carriage, and carried a vast amount of luggage inside it. When a gentleman and his wife went on the continent for some months and proposed visiting some of the capitals of Europe, it was necessary for the lady to have court and other smart dresses, and for the gentleman to have uniforms, hunting and shooting costumes, besides his ordinary clothes, and these it would have been impossible to carry without the help of the *fourgon*. The writer when young travelled many hundreds of miles in a *fourgon* with a hard cabriolet front, an apron, and curtains that fastened together in the cab-head, and very dry, warm and comfortable it was in wet, and cool in hot, weather.

In Germany the posting was slower than in France. In some parts of both countries a most peculiar and unfair custom prevailed. If the road was hilly a *cheval de renfort* was insisted on ; that is, supposing anyone were travelling with a pair, he had to pay for three horses over that stage, or if travelling with three *arbalet*, had to take four ; this was all very well, but very often they either had not, or pretended they had not, the third or the fourth horse at home, yet all the same the traveller had to pay for the *cheval de renfort*. In Italy in many parts the travelling was excellent by post ; always two boys to four horses, and they drove really fast and well. In Germany one seldom had more than one boy to four horses, and usually one string to the near-side leader, for reins, and nothing to the off-side leader. They drove by word of mouth and waving of their long whips ; but if the waving was not attended to, they could

use them to good effect. Probably horses that never have anything but grass and black bread do not require a rein, but it hardly accords with our ideas of driving. The fact is that the post-horses in those countries are like our cart-horses, and answer to 'Come hither,' &c., as ours do. What the French call their horses I do not know, but the Germans call all theirs by their colours: Rappen black, Fuchs chestnut, Schimmel white or grey—the bay horses I forget. Our carters do not do that, but their range of names is very limited: Captain, Prince, Dragon, Brown, Vilet (Violet), Primrose, and a few other names for the mares, making a short list that is constantly drawn upon.

We must return for a moment to the *postillon*, so different in size and shape, as well as in so many other things, from his English *confrère*. His dress and accoutrements have been described. Now about himself. He was almost invariably a tall gaunt man of from 5 ft. 10 in. to 6 ft. high, lean in the flank and not heavy for his height, but still weighing between eleven and twelve stone; and he drove in his rough way remarkably well and safely. With one postilion to four horses from eight to nine miles an hour was the usual pace; but with two postilions on these short stages you could calculate on travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour, or rather over, including stoppages. The traces being rope were quickly twisted round the bars, and not being fixed, it did not matter to an inch or two whether they were exactly even or not. The leathern pole-pieces on the pole were quickly slipped through the ring on the breast-plates, and the change was rapidly effected. The postilions were a very civil class, particularly to those who travelled with a courier, many of whom were well known to the postilions on the main routes, as from them they expected a very liberal *pourboire*, a few centimes more or less making a great difference to them. The English are credited with being more given to drinking than foreigners; but whether it is that they call a spade a spade and we do not, or whatever the cause, when we pay a man for driving we call it

a 'tip,' they make no bones about it, but call it plainly a *pourboire*. In Italy *buona mano* expresses the same 'tip,' and in Germany *Trinkgeld*.

TRAVELLING BY 'MALLE-POSTE' IN FRANCE.

When the railways knocked this 'service' on the head, it had reached the highest state of perfection to which man and horseflesh could be brought. Loading much lighter than our mail-coaches, the *malle-postes* fully equalled the pace at which ours travelled. They were inconveniently fast to the traveller, for as their changes of horses were effected in forty-five seconds, he had no time to get out to stretch his legs, excepting at long intervals when at a post-office bags had to be taken in or out.

There were two sorts of *malle-poste*. The lighter one carried but two passengers. It was built like a britzka, with a very long front boot and a commodious dickey behind, with a movable head to it in which travelled the *conducteur*—*Anglicè*, mail-guard. The body in which the passengers sat had a hard fixed half-head and a sort of cabriolet head attached to it which could be let down low and in which there were curtains, a hard apron coming high up. It was most comfortable—plenty of room for one's legs, and far preferable to the other sort of *malle-poste*. Only one portmanteau was allowed to each passenger, with any small handbag or parcel ; the rest of his baggage had to be sent by diligence. This sort of carriage was always driven 'ride and drive,' and generally by two postilions, though occasionally by one, always with four horses. The other sort resembled an English mail-coach without any seats for outside passengers. It carried four inside, and the *conducteur* was usually on the cabriolet in front or on a dickey behind with head to it. The mails went in the fore and hind boots, and the carriage was often driven from a little seat, we can hardly dignify by the name of a box-seat, in front four-in-hand. The pace, including stoppages, was quite up to the Devonport Quicksilver Mail, the Exeter Telegraph, or the

Shrewsbury Wonder, viz. eleven miles an hour ; the five-mile stages and the quickness of the changes enabled them to do this. The eight, nine, or ten mile stages of the English mails which accomplished the distance in the same time could only be done by the better-bred English horses ; the underbred ones in France could just do the five-mile stages and could not have done more.

TRAVELLING BY DILIGENCE IN FRANCE.

If anyone wished to know discomfort and tedium in travelling this was his opportunity. There was only one place to sit in, and it was the cheapest, corresponding to the third class in railway travelling, and this was the cabriolet on the roof.

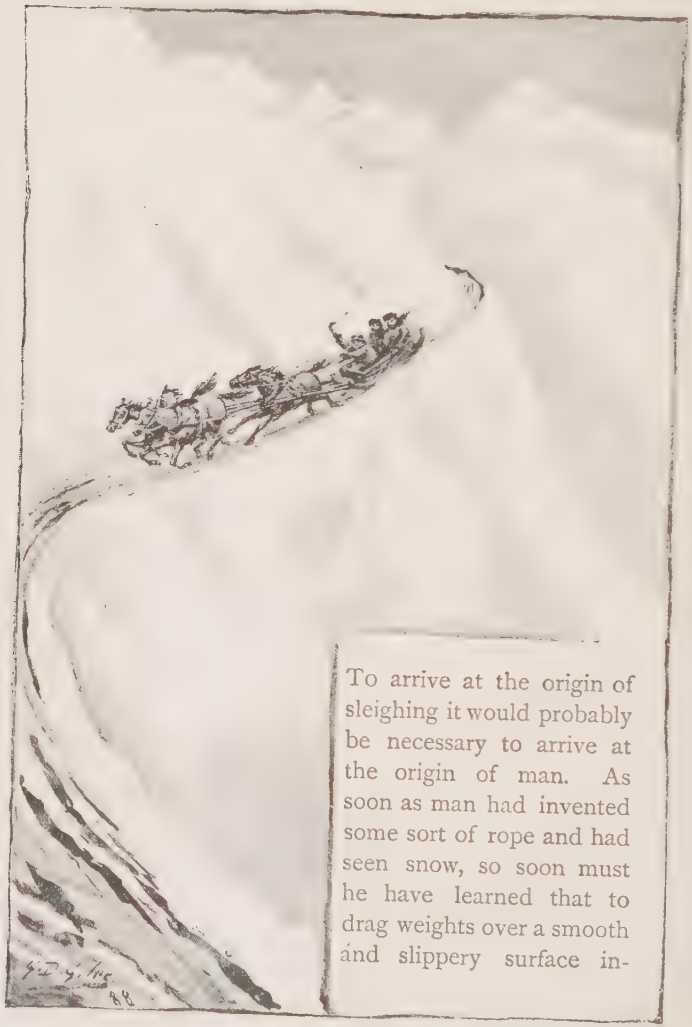
How can I describe a diligence to one who has never travelled in or seen one? Again I must say look at the pictures of them. Of all the unwieldy lumbering heavy vehicles, invented by the ingenuity of man, that was the acme of everything it should not have been. It had only one merit, very great solidity and strength. On the first floor, as we may call it, was the *coupé* that held three passengers ; three windows in front, two doors one at either end, with a window in each, or sometimes one doorway and a dummy, close to the horses' tails. Above it the perch whence the horses were driven. Behind the perch the cabriolet, which was really the roof covered in, the front part having a plentiful supply of hay—and that was the best place in which to travel. The *dedans* held six or eight people crammed together, and the *coupé* was so short in front there was no room for one's legs ; the luggage was on the roof behind the cabriolet, under a tarpaulin. These diligences were run with three horses abreast called *limonière*. Pick-axe as we call it, the *arbalet* was hardly ever used—four horses or five horses, two at wheel, three leaders, all driven from the box. In hilly roads sometimes six horses driven 'longset,' i.e. four from the box, and a postilion on the leaders. Much stopping, much drinking, much swearing, and

very little progress is the best recollection the writer has of travelling by diligence. From Calais through Paris and Lyons to Marseilles by *malle-poste* was something like travelling, as good as going from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow by the mail, and in a much more comfortable carriage, particularly if you were lucky enough to go in one that held but two passengers. As, however, only two or four passengers could travel each night by the *malle-poste*, if the traveller could not afford time to wait, he had to face the horrors of the diligence, unless possessed of a carriage and able to afford post-horses. Belgium was far in advance of France in the matter of railways, which were well organised, though they travelled very slowly ; but on their cross roads there were still diligences nearly fifty years ago.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLEIGHING.

By Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, R.A., V.C., K.C.M.G.



To arrive at the origin of sleighing it would probably be necessary to arrive at the origin of man. As soon as man had invented some sort of rope and had seen snow, so soon must he have learned that to drag weights over a smooth and slippery surface in-

volved less labour than carrying or rolling them. In the first instance he must have dragged for himself, but as soon as he had sufficiently subjugated some animal, doubtless he made that animal drag for him. Our first object and ruling passion in these days is to arrive at a position, thanks to which we can get somebody or something to do all those things which we do not care to do ourselves, and no doubt that instinct existed quite as strongly soon after the creation as it does at the present moment.

Primeval man must, however, have had many difficulties to overcome before arriving at anything like this coveted position. It must have been very long before any animal was sufficiently domesticated and subdued to do man's work for him, and before populations became dense the human slave must have been a rare luxury. Given, however, an increase of population and its consequent spread over the earth, the weaker tribes must have gradually been forced towards the mountains and have made acquaintance with the snow. Then, to a certainty, sleighing must have commenced. Probably ages passed before the powers of the inclined plane, the wheel, the screw, or even the lever, were properly understood and utilised ; but the ease with which heavy bodies can be moved along a smooth surface, with but the smallest amount of friction, must have been one of man's earliest and most useful discoveries. Probably, however, no discovery has ever proved itself to be so little capable of development or improvement. What sledging was ages ago that, virtually, it is now, and must continue to be to the end of time.

If, as we are told, Asia Minor were the cradle of the human race, and, supposing the climatic conditions to have been somewhat the same as now, the weaker of our forefathers must soon have been shouldered out towards the mountains of the present Armenia. The fertile plains of that country may have flowed with milk and honey, as they would do now in the summer if properly cultivated, but to exist during the long cold winters fuel is indispensable, and that is only to be found in

any quantities in the forests that even yet cover the great range of high land, some eight thousand feet above the sea, that stretches east and west nearly across the whole continent. There the snow lies permanently from the beginning of November to the end of May, and in the intervening months the trees must be cut up for fuel, fashioned into dwellings, and put to all the uses that wood serves in primitive countries.

The axe must be busy during the summer, and the trees felled and trimmed before the snow covers the ground again. Then, when all is white once more, no storms threaten, and the surface is hard and smooth, oxen are yoked to the ends of the trees and plod patiently along towards the towns or villages for which the timber is destined. At first the work is terrible and progress very slow, but when once the main route has been struck, tree following after tree wears out a groove that becomes upon its surface as hard and smooth as genuine ice, and along it one yoke of oxen can drag a mighty tree with but little exertion so long as the track is level.

Of primitive sledging that was my first experience, as in the winter of 1854–5 my time was spent between the towns of Kars and Erzroom, and to reach one from the other the great forest-covered mountain called the Soghanli Dagh had to be crossed.

The grooves worn out by the trees are blessed by travellers who have to ride across that fearful country, where roads in our sense of the term are unknown and the tracks are hidden feet deep beneath the snow. The sure-footed little native horses, fresh shod in Turkish fashion, gallop along them with rarely a stumble. If a procession of trees has to be passed by leaving the hard track for only a few inches, it is quite another matter, and a flounder in the soft snow is pretty nearly inevitable. Of course when meeting the trees, the horseman draws out of the track and sits still until they have passed. I once left Kars, just before Christmas, with the thermometer at 13° below zero, and galloped without drawing rein for sixteen hours, except to change horses, then rested on a bare floor with my

saddle for a pillow for three or four hours, then rode on again into Erzroom and got through the 130 odd miles without a tumble. I had left Kars early one morning and arrived at Erzroom soon after breakfast the next. On the return journey, after some days of heavy snow, when every trace of the tracks had been obliterated, I got sixteen falls in one day, was nearly lost in a tepi, *chasse-neige*, or blizzard, with the whole of a strong escort, and took six days to do the same journey. A pretty good illustration of the value of the sledging track to travellers.

I must not, however, dwell on any more adventures in that wild country for fear of shouldering my crutch and showing how fields were won, but pass over a year and get to Tiflis, a prisoner to the Russians.

It was to Tiflis that General Williams and his staff were sent, in the first place, after the fall of Kars in the last days of November 1855, and had my chief's health been as strong as his indomitable will, my experiences of sleighing would probably have been far more varied and extended. As it was, when the reaction began after months of mental and physical strain, he was struck down by fever that lasted for weeks, so that when orders arrived from the Czar as to our ultimate destination, the General was completely incapacitated for travelling. Our comrades were sent off, Lake and Thompson to Penza and Churchill to Riazan, a town well on the road to Moscow, but somewhat to the south of it. It was at Riazan that General Williams and I were also to have remained until the termination of the war, but peace having been declared before our arrival there, we only passed through it and were kindly permitted to travel home by Moscow and St. Petersburg.

At length the General recovered strength enough to travel, and towards the end of March 1856 we bade adieu to Tiflis, and to many kind friends who had done their best to make our stay there a pleasant one. Chivalrous, hospitable, kind and courteous, there seemed to be nothing they would not do to try and make us forget our bitter disappointment and misfortune.

It was indeed with a heavy heart that we parted from such good friends and generous enemies as the Viceroy Muravieff, Dondukoff Karsakoff, Loris Melikoff, Serge Chérémeteff, and many others.

We started on our long posting journey under the care of Prince P. Gagarine in a 'tarantass,' and as that vehicle became for a time a sleigh it deserves here a word of description. The body of the machine was like the centre portion of a boat that had had its stern and bow cut off. This midship segment was closed at either end, and over it was spread a sort of leathern waggon tilt. There was no superfluous luxury about its internal fittings. Valises containing some bedding and a portmanteau had to suffice for seats and everything else. Some four or five rough poles connected the axles, did duty for springs, and supported the body. The driver sat upon some primitive and mysteriously attached edifice in front. The distance that separated the axles was so great that after the fore-wheels had bumped through a hole or over a rock one went to sleep again before the hind wheels negotiated the same obstacle. The machine as a rule had five horses attached to it, three at the wheel and two in the lead, but I have seen as many as eleven employed when the quality of the road was somewhat below the average. Amongst the many advantages appertaining to the ingenious construction there was this very important one: it would travel either upon runners or wheels, as occasion required. If there were little or no snow the thing went upon wheels, the runners being attached to the poles connecting the axles. If there were good snow the wheels and runners changed places.

Now we could not have left Tiflis at a more disadvantageous moment than the end of March, but in Russia of all countries in the world 'on ne connait que la consigne.'

Travelling is always more difficult and dangerous in spring during the *dibácle* than at any other time of the year. The snow melts, avalanches fall, the ice on the rivers breaks up, floods, floods are everywhere, the lower lands are rotted and

swampy, and the road tracks when not completely obliterated are extremely difficult to find.

Nevertheless off we had to go, on wheels at first, but with the runners all ready for use, as we knew that the great snowy barrier of the Caucasus was close in front of us.

It was on the second evening of our journey that we halted for the night at the foot of the mountain. At the stanitza, or post-house, a serious conversation at once commenced between Prince Gagarine and the post-master; for the passage of the Caucasus is never a thing to be undertaken lightly, and during the *débâcle* it requires an expert to say whether the mountain can be attacked with any degree of safety.

Only a short time previously a Russian general, against advice, undertook to cross the mountain on horseback with an escort of Cossacks. They were caught by an avalanche; one or two of the Cossacks perished, and the rest of the party escaped with the greatest difficulty. This was enough in itself to make those on whom responsibility rested cautious. Luckily for us, the weather for two or three days had been cold, bright and frosty, so it was determined to take advantage at once of the favourable conditions which presented themselves.

Accordingly, next morning we were ready for a start at the earliest hour, and the sight that then presented itself was certainly an odd one. In the pale dawn, the tarantass, bereft of wheels and lowered on its runners, seemed to be surrounded by a host of men and a herd of cattle. The crowd, when it took shape, consisted of eleven yoke of oxen, with their drivers and various attendants. The two-and-twenty animals were eventually all attached to the metamorphosed tarantass, and when we had settled ourselves inside the order for a start was given.

Then there arose a din that would have done honour to Smithfield in its palmy days. Whips cracked, bullocks bellowed, and men howled. I don't know what they said, as my studies in Russian had not extended to the mountain

dialects. It may be that the drivers encouraged their animals to work in words of the sweetest Caucasian endearment, and though it did not sound much like it, I only trust that it may have been so. I have never, however, travelled in any country where a profuse profanity did not appear to be the most natural and humane means of stimulating beasts of traction to exertion; indeed, I think that in Spain an artist is specially trained to run beside the diligences and offer observations to the mules. In any case, the long procession was at last set in motion and we plunged at once into the snow.

From the beginning the gradient was steep, but for a time the progress was steady if slow. All went well for an hour or two, but as we ascended difficulties seemed gradually to increase. The track became so narrow that the tarantass no longer fitted it, owing most likely to very few vehicles of its size having passed the mountain at that early season of the year. The consequence was, with one runner in the track, and the other in the unbeaten snow, the upsetting angle was so often on the point of being obtained, that we were very politely requested to get out and walk, which we did without much pressing, as, had an upset occurred, it was difficult to say, and quite impossible to see, what the end of it might have been. The cold became very great, but before starting we had been provided by the authorities with good rough fur pelisses, fur boots and big Circassian sheep-skin caps, so while sitting still we were comfortable enough, although the costume was hardly adapted for walking in, had our rate of progress been more rapid. Still up, and always up, we plodded along in the wake of our unstable equipage. At the dangerous places detachments of men floundered along knee-deep at either side, and when an upset seemed all but inevitable by the sheer weight and strength of their bodies restored the tottering ark to something approaching equilibrium. Up, and always up, till the lower country had long been lost to view, and nothing but the spotless snow was to be seen, look where one

would. At times, as we emerged from a cloud into the sunshine, the dazzle was so great that not a contour of the piled up masses could be distinguished, and the only definite line that the eye could catch was where the white peaks above us cut against the bright blue sky.

Hour after hour passed with the same ceaseless labour, and it became plain why such an immense amount of power had been given to draw such a comparatively light load. There was no resting place, no refuge in case of storm, no human habitation. Once started, the ascent had to be made during the day; so reserve of strength was necessary, for had the beasts given in, the gravest consequences might have been the result. Up, and always up, until the evening sun was close to the rugged horizon, when at last we saw the huge cross that marks the summit of the Kasbek Pass cutting sharply against the sky, but still far above us. As we neared the top the gradients were not so severe, and the oxen moved more freely. The night began to fall, and the big cross faded away and was lost in the gloom, but all felt that the long day's struggle had nearly ceased, so at a better pace the wearied animals toiled on over a more level track, until suddenly what seemed to be a small fortress loomed through the deep twilight, and shortly we slid up to the door of the stanitza that crowns the pass.

Thankful, indeed, were we to get inside a dwelling-place of any sort, and to rest our eyes upon bare walls and floors after the never-ending snow. There was at least shelter; we knew that food had been brought in plenty, and as to rest and sleep we had been used to find them in many a worse place. But Heaven help the guardians of such a house throughout the winter! Existence in a lighthouse may be endurable; life in a lightship may have charms when ships pass, stray fish are to be caught, and the latest specific against sea-sickness has not been introduced on board; but, not being an imaginative one, my mind recoils from the task of thinking out what the existence of human beings can be, condemned to spend a long winter in that solitary speck of greystone, begirt if not covered

with endless snow, miles and miles away from any habitation of man, beast, or bird, no sound to hear but the howling of the wind, no movement but the driving storms, no interest but the rising and setting of the sun.

It would be more than needless to say that fuel in such an eerie was scarce, and that the night was desperately cold. There was no fear, however, of any bad results arising from damp sheets, seeing that neither beds nor sheets are things known in stanitzas. Those who travel in luxury as we did can generally manage to get some straw, hay, or a bundle of rushes littered down upon the floor, and then with the blankets and pillows that are an indispensable part of the travelling equipment, some very satisfactory rest and sleep can be obtained after a wearisome day's travelling.

On the night in question sleep came quickly enough, though it was troubled by the dread that a storm might come in the night and oblige us to remain imprisoned in the ice-house for an indefinite period. As good luck would have it there was no change in the weather, so when the colourless day broke again preparations had already been made for the descent of the pass.

The contrast between the arrangements for that day's work and those for the previous one was something startling. No oxen were in sight, nor was there any crowd of men, and the lumbering tarantass was left aside as if it had not yet recovered from the exertions of the day before. In its place there stood the smallest and most primitive of sleighs. It was, in fact, nothing but a deal box on runners, with shafts attached to it. The general and I had just room enough to sit on a piece of plank at the back, and the driver hitched himself on to one of the corners in front. There was a pickaxe team put to hind side before—that is to say, there was one horse in the shafts and two in the lead. How they were guided, governed, or controlled, remains a mystery to me to this day, but the perfumed mass of sheepskin who held the ropes in front of us seemed to be ubiquitous in the very limited space for his movements,

and before the end of the day I came to the conclusion that he must have been quite an artist in his own particular line.

Years afterwards a Russian friend of mine remarked, as we were galloping full speed in a troika down a steep hill with nothing particular between us and the Black Sea or eternity but a few hundred feet of jagged rocks, 'We don't use blinkers in our country, and horses won't go over precipices if they can avoid it.' I don't think they use blind horses much in Russia.

All the same I should have been a far more comfortable traveller had that very true and practical observation been made to, and well digested by, me before the day's proceedings which I am trying to describe.

There was no delay about starting this time. Hardly had we seated ourselves in our box than the isvostschik poised himself on a corner, shouted, cracked his whip, took a preliminary canter over the profanity course, and then away we dashed over the tableland as fast as ever the nimble hardy little horses could lay their legs to the snow. In Turkey, when riding post, I always found that the guide in charge of the horses, the 'Suwarridji,' as he was called, always started at a walk, then trotted, cantered, and finally settled down into a gallop, which was kept up to the end of the stage. In Russia they always seem to go off best pace at once, and so it was on this occasion. Very pleasant travelling it was, gliding swiftly over the smooth snow, so long as the more or less level land lasted, but long it did not last, and after a very few versts had been eaten up the descent began in earnest.

Just as on the other side of the mountain, there was snow, nothing but blinding snow above, below, and all around. The track looked like a little thread curling round the sides of the hills. Always at full speed we whizzed along it, the runners throwing up the powdered snow like spray from the cutwater of a steamer.

As the sun rose and drew up the mists from the depths below, the scene became one of almost indescribable grandeur.

The features of the mountains were colossal, and as to distances they were impossible to estimate even approximately. At the altitude that we were, and in such clear pure atmosphere, the eye must have reached to an immense distance, but there was nothing to judge it by. At times a precipice of rock that the snow could not cling to showed on the opposite side of a valley and broke the monotony of the dazzling white: but how far off was it? Was it a mile, or two miles, or three? It was impossible to say, for there was no tree, no object of known size to form any standard of comparison.

All this time we were descending very rapidly, and it was distinctly advantageous to the nerves that we were passing through scenes so nearly approaching to the sublime, for the study of affairs close at hand was not exactly quieting.

It is true that the little box we sat in pretty well fitted the track, and the sure-footed horses rarely stumbled, but, at the pace we went, whenever the sleigh came to a turn the runners ceased to bite and we skidded off sideways in the most disagreeable proximity to the edge of the slope. The average width of the track may have been about three feet, but at the sharp corners where our demon driver 'chanced' the turns, it had been worn out to a breadth of as many yards by the skidding of other sleighs.

At points of rock or very sharp turns indeed the isvostschik condescended for a moment to slacken speed, but it was only for an instant, and as soon as his shaft horse was round the corner, with a shout and vicious whack of his whip, he was off again. Often, as we galloped along the side of a more than usually precipitous hill, I craned over the edge to see where we should go to 'in case,' but it was of no use. One could see sheer down much farther than was necessary for any practical purpose, and then the mist put an end to any more speculation. To test the distance between ourselves and the abyss I put out my hand and found that it would reach beyond the little barrier of snow, some few inches high, that formed the only protection, and then thought it far better again to turn my attention to

other subjects. This was not difficult with such a wealth of novel beauty around us, and any sense of danger became deadened at last by its monotonous recurrence. I think that we changed horses somewhere after descending some thousands of feet, but, while all the splendour of the scenery has remained brightly stamped upon my mind, the details of the reckless gallop have faded away. Probably there was more danger in the day's work than we knew of. More than once we heard the thunder of an avalanche in the distance, and the wild pace may have been put on to get away from the higher altitudes before the sun had loosened the overhanging masses. When lower down we were comparatively safe, and eventually we reached Vladi Kavkass without the slightest mishap. Thither in due course the tarantass followed, and was again put upon its wheels. The snow had melted from the steppes and left the soft mud bare. Sleighing was at an end, and for the next five weeks we struggled through endless difficulties to Moscow.

Some years passed before I saw sleighing in all its glory in midwinter at St. Petersburg. Winter is the season in that gay capital, and the Newski Prospect on a fine bright January afternoon presents a sight that is not easily forgotten, and one that is full of interest to all lovers of horse and harness. Every possible variety of sleigh and sledge is to be seen there, from the brilliant equipage of the Court to the rudimentary contrivance on which the peasant brings his huge block of ice.

The horses are quite as varied in appearance and quality as the vehicles they draw. The animal that most fills the eye is the big black trotter that comes from the Don Cossack country. It is a large bony beast, somewhat coarse-looking to the English eye, but possessed of fine free action, great power, strength and endurance. Its hind action is particularly remarkable, and the way in which a good specimen of the breed flexes its hocks when going at speed is quite a picture. These big blacks are generally driven in the small sleighs singly, and sometimes in pairs in the larger class.

For the troikas, or three-horse sleighs, a smaller sort of

horse is used, and the troika is perhaps more typically Russian than any of the many other forms of conveyance.

The three horses are harnessed abreast ; the centre one is in the shafts beneath the yoke that in its way does duty for hames and carries the inevitable bell. His business is to trot, no matter at what pace. The outer horses, with their heads turned outwards and far back, must always gallop, and the more their heads are twisted round and the less they can see in front of them the more correct their deportment is supposed to be. Perhaps the original idea was that, by making the horses look outwards, they better avoided the dangerous edges of the road, and passing vehicles.

At High Mall on the Newski there are always certain equipages to be seen that attract the greatest amount of admiration and criticism. To whom they belong is not always known of all men, but they vie with one another in the faultlessness of their turn-out. First the splendid trotters attract the eye, then the gorgeous isvostschik in square gold-laced cap, bearded to the eyes and begirt with a smart sash around his furred caftan : both arms well out, a lap of the reins round each wrist, and a 'short Tommy' depending from the right one.

Of the fair occupant of the sleigh but little is generally to be seen. Perhaps two bright eyes and a little nose, slightly reddened, it may be, by keen biting air, peep between a sable cap and the collar of a priceless shouba, the rest of the figure being concealed beneath a wealth of furs. There is only time for a glance and then the swift trotters whirl the vision far away.

No Russian ever thinks of going outside the house even in very moderate weather without the warmest covering, and yet the temperature of the air that must be breathed seems to be a matter of absolute indifference. Ladies will leave the most stifling ball-room and, enveloped in their furs, will drive home in their sleighs with the thermometer standing at any number of degrees below zero, and to men the use of a closed carriage seems to be unknown except for long journeys.

Amongst the *jeunesse dorée* of St. Petersburg a favourite,

and certainly a very agreeable, way of finishing an evening again brings sleighs into requisition. After a long and joyous dinner, when most subjects of conversation have been threshed out, even by such admirable causeurs, and a temporary cooling process is deemed to be advisable, sundry troikas, according to the number of the party, are ordered from establishments known to possess the swiftest teams. As soon as they are announced a fortifier against the night air is swallowed, and the party distributes itself amongst the sleighs. The point to be reached is a winter garden in the suburbs. The passengers are in the highest possible spirits, the horses roaring with impatience, the streets are comparatively clear, and the isvostschiks only too eager to earn a good *pourboire* for furious driving. When all are settled in their places and the destination has been explained, the signal is given and away goes the whole party to a flying start and at the wildest speed, the drivers shouting and stamping, and the horses scampering as if they had been fed upon wodka, the youths of the party meanwhile laughing and chaffing each other until there is as merry a noise as the sedate inhabitants of the early-to-bed quarters of the town possibly care to hear. Somehow or other all arrive safely at the goal, the winner of the race not being a matter of any great importance, and perhaps difficult to determine in the absence of a competent judge.

Then the muffled-up figures get extricated from the sleighs, grope their way through the fog caused by the crowd of smoking horses, and leave the cold and darkness of the night for the thoroughly well-warmed and brilliantly lighted conservatory restaurant. Then amongst the palms, ferns and verdure of all kinds, comes the inevitable supper, and something very unforeseen must happen if the horses outside have not ample time to rest and cool before being called upon to gallop home again.

Another very amusing but somewhat more sedate sleighing party is occasionally given by the Master of the Horse to members of the Court and a few fortunate retainers. It begins with a luncheon at his palace, and when that has been

done honour to a huge sleigh that holds a dozen people, and is drawn by as many horses, is brought to the door. The notables of the party take their places therein, and the others bestow themselves in small sleighs that, as a rule, carry but one person, but which with careful packing and at a pinch will hold two. Then the expedition starts demurely for 'the Islands,' the favourite summer resort of the St. Petersburg fashion. In winter it is almost deserted. Once arrived at a circular open space amongst the wood where passers-by are very rare, it seems to be generally understood that a certain amount of reserve may for the moment be put aside, and the proceedings begin to be somewhat lively. The first result is that all the horses are taken out of the small sleighs, which are then attached by a rope to the big one in single file *à la queue-leu-leu*. Then the huge machine starts off round and round the circle as quickly as its dozen horses can gallop, with its tail of smaller fry in tow; the fun of the thing and the avowed object being to see if sufficient pace can be attained to swing some or all of the small sleighs off the track and scatter them and their occupants in the soft snow outside. Whether the experiment be successful or not, it is sure to be followed, as soon as the horses can gallop no more, by a wild game of snow-balling, and that by something exceedingly like what we should call a bear-fight, a name that has no particular sense with us, but which might have been invented to describe such a romp amongst the snow and fir-trees.

When nearly every member of the party has been made to look like a snow-man and has no more breath left in his body, the fun perforce ceases, and when toilettes have been repaired and original colour restored to the outer garments, the horses are re-harnessed and the party returns gravely to the town.

There is no pleasanter capital than St. Petersburg in the winter. There are no more agreeable comrades nor firmer friends than those once made amongst the Russian *noblesse*, and there are certainly few more exhilarating pastimes than sleighing in such good company.

CHAPTER XIX.

MODERN CARRIAGES.

By George N. Hooper,

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Much has been written of late years on this subject, but as most of the information is strictly technical, and is widely scattered, it is proposed to place before the reader a *résumé* of the subject, mainly from a popular point of view, and chiefly extending over the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the period that has witnessed the introduction of travelling by railways and tramways; for these agencies have been the main factors in the necessary changes that have taken place, by reason of the absolute revolution in land locomotion.

The design, construction, and weight of carriages must, in almost every case, depend greatly on the state of the roads over which they are to be used; and the coachmaker, however clever, scientific, practical, or artistic he may be, must inevitably sooner or later adapt his work to the wants of his supporters. In the interest of himself and others, the sooner he realises the fact, the better for all concerned. From the first introduction of carriages into England they had to be made to use on the roads (or no roads) that were available, and from the time of Charles II., when they became an ordinary article of manufacture, till the time of George III., when Englishmen woke up to the advantages of good roads, the progress in the art of carriage-building was slow, notwithstanding the efforts of the

Coachmakers' Company of London, to whom King Charles II. granted a charter of Incorporation. This charter conferred very extensive powers, and corresponding duties, on the master, wardens, and court of assistants, who were empowered to search for badly-made carriages and destroy them, and to train up apprentices and workmen to perform their work skilfully. Each workman, after serving a satisfactory apprenticeship, became by right a freeman of the company, with a vote for members of Parliament for the City of London, and a right to claim relief and assistance if unable to provide for himself in sickness and old age. Thus were rights and responsibilities duly balanced by the Government in those days.

The carriages then, and subsequently, built prove to us by the examples still preserved, that artistic skill, as well as good handicraft, was encouraged by those who ordered and those who made them, for all carriages in those times were invariably built to the order of the buyer. Fashions changed but slowly, and improvements were equally slow. With the improvement of English roads by the great engineer and road-maker Mac-Adam, an absolute revolution occurred in the design, construction, and weight of carriages, and the English nobility, landed gentry, and middle classes awoke to the advantages of rapid transit from place to place of persons and merchandise (for up to that time a great deal of the passenger and goods traffic was conveyed by saddle and pack horses, carrying their loads on their backs, and at a very costly and slow rate); the coachmakers of those days threw themselves with ardour into the work that lay before them, in improving the carriages that the new roads required, by reducing their weight, by a more skilful arrangement of parts, and improving the springs and axles. Among these may be mentioned the following London firms who rapidly and industriously provided the new order of vehicles:—

Hatchett & Co., Long Acre; Winsor & Co., Long Acre; Barker & Co., Chandos Street; Baxter & Pearce, Long Acre; Birch & Co., Great Queen Street; Collingridge, Cook, Rowley.

& Co., Liquorpond Street; Adams & Hooper, Haymarket; Hobson & Co., Long Acre; Houlditch & Co., Long Acre; Coates & Blizard, Park Lane; Tilbury, Marylebone Road; Howard & Parker, Long Acre; Messer & Co., Margaret Street; Hopkins, Davies Street; David Davies, Wigmore Street; Thrupp, Oxford Street; Williams, Oxford Street; Waude, New Kent Road; Windus, Bishopsgate Street; Robinson & Cook, Mount Street; and Booker, Edmonton.

These were well supported by—

1. John Collinge, with his patent improved axles to carry oil for three months, in place of the old axles that required the black grease removed and renewed every day.

2. Obadiah Elliott, of Westminster Bridge Road, who invented and patented in 1802 his improved method of building four-wheel carriages without a perch, resulting in the introduction of elliptic springs, and great reduction in weight. Birch, of Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, about this time also patented improvements in the heads of landaus, which had been invented in the town of that name in Germany.

3. Thrupp & Glover, with improved springs made from English steel, in place of those hitherto made of German steel.

4. At the same time scientific men were writing essays and treatises on traction, and the best form for wheels, as regards durability and ease in draught.

During the latter part of the reign of King George III. and the regency of George IV., English carriages rapidly improved, the attention of the public being incessantly directed to the subject; the Prince Regent taking great personal interest in their construction, and frequently personally conferring with his coachmaker, William Cook, who from his frequent intercourse with the Prince Regent (subsequently king) became familiarly known as 'King Cook.' Sir John Lade and Count d'Orsay subsequently suggested many improvements, from their own use of carriages and acquaintance with the work required. Their example was followed by others.

Palmer patented inventions and improvements in the stage

and mail coaches, letters being now carried with greater speed and safety in four-horse coaches, instead of as in former times in saddle-bags by mounted postmen. Highwaymen and foot-pads had been almost driven off the road, partly by arming the guards of the coaches carrying the mails, and by a more speedy administration of justice on offenders. The less frequent breakdown of coaches on the improved roads, and the more rapid pace of travelling, also rendered the highwayman's calling more uncertain.

During the reigns of Georges III. and IV. it was the custom to serve out the new scarlet and gold-laced liveries to the drivers and guards of the royal mail-coaches on the King's birthday, and the coaches were driven in procession through the London streets. It was a pretty sight, that Londoners dearly loved; they turned out in large numbers to admire and criticise the horses, men, and coaches, and there was great emulation among all concerned in obtaining a favourable opinion from those who were proud of them, and almost gloried in their achievements and the punctual performance of their duties.

At the commencement of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, travelling on English roads had undergone a vast change; posting for the upper classes, and stage-coach travelling by the middle classes, had reached a punctuality and perfection that could hardly have been imagined a generation or two before. Working men travelled from town to town (always on foot) in search of employment, acquiring an amount of knowledge and experience they could not otherwise have obtained.

At this time, the great day for seeing and being seen in one's carriage was Sunday, and on a fine Sunday afternoon the road from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner was filled with the chariots, coaches, landaus, barouches, britzskas and cabriolets of the nobility and gentry of England who spent the season in London, and on other afternoons the same road was almost as well filled with hundreds of well appointed carriages of the same class.

So great a fascination did the art of four-horse driving at this time possess for gentlemen of the upper classes, that many practised it under the expert and experienced drivers of mail and stage coaches, and often ended by excelling these professionals in rapid, skilful, and exact driving, and knowledge of the habits, tempers, and qualities of the teams, so that their establishments of horses and carriages derived many advantages from the knowledge they had acquired on the road.

Hobson greatly improved the two-wheel gigs of his time, and Tilbury invented the pretty vehicle that bears his name, and was greatly in fashion among the young men.

The travelling carriages of the nobility and gentry had received great attention, and had been immensely improved, so much so, that the best of them were used for very long journeys through England and Scotland, and across the continent of Europe from Calais to Rome, Calais to Vienna or other distant capitals, requiring only the renewal of the worn iron tires of the wheels, and new soling the drag-shoes as they became worn by the contact with the road.

When Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort built a castle for themselves in the highlands of Scotland, they had still nearly a hundred miles of road to travel from the nearest railway station at Aberdeen. The Royal travelling carriages were old but sound, and it was not worth while to build new ones that might not long be wanted : accordingly the then Crown Equerry (the late George Lewis, Esq.) would year by year have the old vehicles carefully overhauled by the most trusted and careful of the Court coachmakers of his day. A number of men, equivalent to the weights to be carried on the journey, were placed inside the body and on the outside seats ; they rocked and swayed the carriage up and down, to test to the utmost the steel springs, they examined the leather braces, and the strapping, the steps, doors, glasses, blinds, and all the multitude of etceteras that might fail on the road. Exact lists were made on the spot of every large and small repair that was needed, the drag-shoes were put in their places to

ascertain that the soles were thick and strong enough, and the chains the proper length for service—not too long nor too short—the tool-boxes were opened and ransacked, to ascertain if every necessary tool was there, with spare clips and bolts and strong cord. In fact, nothing was left unexamined even to the packets of nails and screws, and an exact estimate of cost had to be submitted before the carriages left the royal mews, and the order was given to proceed with the work. With such an organisation and such precautions, the old carriages conveyed their precious charges safely, and no unnecessary expense was incurred under conditions of transition in the manner of travelling.

At the time when the Emperor Napoleon III. was in the height of his prosperity, many of his best carriages were made in London: they were copied in Paris, where the adoption of London fashions did much to improve French carriages.

In any Imperial gala procession the Imperial coachmaker accompanied the procession on horseback, in a well-appointed and handsome uniform, attended by his workmen (suitably clad in gala dresses) in case their services were required. It is probable that the general public were quite ignorant of the reason for their presence. In fact, they were the counterparts of the breakdown gang, held available by modern railway companies in case of accidents on the line.

The contrivances for comfort, safety, and conveyance of luggage had attained a perfection that was greatly appreciated by well-to-do travellers. Capacious and neatly fitted boxes, with covers to exclude rain and dust, were carried on the roofs of closed carriages; some were placed under the cushions, others in and on the front boot. At the back of the rumble that carried servants behind, a capacious cap-case contained ladies' bonnets and head-gear, while a row of hat-boxes was attached behind the upper part of the rumble; two wells, secured to the bottom of the carriage, contained provisions, accessible from trap-doors in the carriage flooring; the sword-case projecting from the back of the body (easily accessible

from the interior) contained arms for those inside the carriage, while the courier was provided with pistols placed in holsters at his side of the rumble. The front of the body was furnished with a folding sunshade and Venetian blinds with movable laths for sultry weather; spring curtains kept off the sun's rays, and a lamp with one or two candles, fixed at the back of the carriage, lighted the interior; the heat, burnt air, and smoke of the wax candles passing away outside the carriage. Some of these elaborate private carriages were provided with *dormeuse* boots, and from them could be developed beds affording accommodation for sleeping during night journeys. Veritably Pullman's sleeping cars were anticipated, and in use long before he was heard of.

Some of the most complete, compact, and hardworking of these noted travelling carriages were used by the king's messengers to his ambassadors in foreign capitals. The safe custody and rapid delivery of important Government despatches from one end of Europe to another entailed great responsibility and care on the part of those entrusted with them. These messengers were generally retired military or naval officers, or other hardy and adventurous gentlemen. Occasionally, the incessant and continuous rapid travelling of many days was so exhausting, that they had to be lifted out of their carriages on reaching their distant destination. In very hot or very inclement weather their suffering was sometimes acute.

These carriages were provided with strong safety ropes under the body, extending from one C-spring to another, in case a much-worn leather spring brace should break at an inconvenient place or time, and arrest further progress: they were also provided with two drag-shoes and chains, and in addition a wheel-hook and chain, in case a bad piece of road should displace one or both of the drag-shoes; also a drag-staff to let down in ascending an Alpine road, to prevent a jibbing horse, or one with sore shoulders, from backing, and sending the carriage, its occupants, horses, and servants, down a precipice. In addition, there was a box (or tool budget) provided with

The Dormeuse.

all necessary tools, with spare bolts and clips in case of a break-down in the open country; and a good courier was expected to be able to use the tools effectively, to replace a broken bolt or secure a broken tire with a tire-clip.

Carriages for continental travelling had always to be provided with loose swinging splintrees attached to the splinter-bar—so that each horse pulled from a centre—easing the horse's collar, but rendering accurate guidance more difficult and less precise than when the traces are attached to fixed splinter-bars, as is usual in England—where, consequently, with ordinary care, collisions were less frequent, by reason of greater certainty in steering.

The couriers who accompanied noblemen and great families on their continental journeys were almost invariably foreigners—Swiss, Italian, German, or French. They required a combination of qualities to perform their duties to the comfort and satisfaction of their employers, for on the good management and knowledge of this functionary depended much of the pleasure of a continental ramble. It was, of course, necessary that he should speak three or four languages, if not to perfection, at least so as to be well understood in the roadside inns and hotels. He had to organise the route, the length of the day's journey, provide for punctual relays of post-horses, order rooms at hotels beforehand, if his party were large, settle the bills, pay all expenses on the road, and duly render periodical accounts of the money supplied to him. With a bachelor employer his duties were comparatively light, but with a large party his responsibilities were heavy, though diminished somewhat if his employers were considerate.

If a long tour were arranged for, and there were a large proportion of ladies who entered much into society and gaiety, the baggage was proportionately extensive, and would be carried in a compact *fourgon*, half carriage, half van, the fore part having a cabriolet body with folding hood, carrying the courier and lady's-maid, while in the rear were tiers of neatly numbered and arranged wooden boxes, the leather-covered imperials,

hat-cases, or portmanteaus, being put outside and protected with a capacious waterproof tarpaulin cover.

This vehicle often preceded the party in the family coach, landau, or britzska, by some hours, so that, on their arrival at the hotel chosen, all was comfortably arranged for their reception.

But this was not the only manner of travelling, although it was that usual with the wealthy nobility and gentry of England. On the Continent the system of posting was conducted in a way which differed from the English plan; for while, in this country it was left to private enterprise, abroad it had been organised as a sort of semi-state affair, with regulated tariffs. Post-horses were supplemented, however, by private enterprise of a convenient kind.

The Italians had a class of 'vetturini' who owned carriages and post-horses, and were ready to drive you from Naples to Paris, or anywhere else, at short notice, if terms could be arranged to suit both parties.

There was less responsibility, but at the same time less comfort, with such an arrangement; for the owner of the carriage and horses was master, and, to a certain extent, paramount on the journey.

In England post-horses and post-carriages could be had at the town hotels and at the country inns, and were invariably attached to houses of entertainment, the charge per mile being regulated much by the gradients and conditions of the neighbouring roads. The innkeepers as a body were enterprising, proud of their horses' condition, harness, speed, and punctuality; the public carriages (mail and stage coaches) mostly belonged to them, and they kept up a keen competition among themselves, especially as regards speed of journeys, and fares for travelling. The best coaches were run on the roads leading north and west of London; to York, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth. So remarkable was the punctuality, that although the guard with his London-made watch brought the exact London time, many people

considered they could well set their clocks by the arrival of the coach from London.

The box-seat next the coachman was considered a place of honour, generally reserved for some local magnate, if it was known that he intended to travel by the coach. Frequent contact and conversation with highly-educated gentlemen was a training to these coachmen, softening and refining their rougher natures, and polishing off their angularities of character; they were looked up to and consulted on many matters, and the consideration bestowed on them as a class attracted more cultivated men to the calling than would otherwise have presented themselves. The isolation of the drivers on the public conveyances of the Continent, while driving, tended always to keep them among the peasant class, from whom they came. At this time one of the travelling carriages common on the roads of France was the heavy two-wheel cabriolet, hung on C-springs and leather braces behind, and carrying four persons inside under the hood; the luggage was roped on a board behind, and the rate of travelling was about four miles an hour. In Cornwall, not a very great many years ago, the public carriages consisted of light one-horse covered vans travelling at about the same rate.

In France the through traffic on the high roads was carried on by 'diligences' and 'malle-postes,' the latter conveying the mails, owned by companies under the patronage of the State, starting from Paris and traversing the great roads to the frontiers of Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain. The diligences were huge heavy conveyances of a type totally different from the English ones, which were unlike those of all other countries as regards lightness, compactness, and general arrangement of seats; for whereas the English carriages had most of their passengers outside, the continental ones placed most of theirs inside. This arrangement was probably adopted by reason of the greater equability of our climate, the summer not being so hot, nor the winter so cold, as in most continental states.

In France the first front portion was the *coupé*, carrying three persons, looking on the horses and exposed to the dust, mud, smell, and neighing of the great stallions usually employed. Next came the *berline* (or coach proper), carrying six inside transversely, and face to face; after this came the *rotonde*, or omnibus, carrying eight persons, also sitting face to face, but on each side as an omnibus. The *banquette* was on the roof of the *coupé*, and carried three or four persons, protected from the weather by a leather hood, with folding glass windows in front.

On the floor of this was carried treasure—heavy sacks of silver five-franc pieces, being consigned to bankers or for making payments in connection with the business of the 'diligence' company, and sadly incommoding the feet and legs of travellers on a long journey. The fares varied in respect of place. 1. The coupé; 2. berline; 3. rotonde; 4. banquette. The last, affording the best view and most fresh air, generally attracted young Englishmen on their travels.

Screw-breaks, to retard the speed of the carriage down mountain roads, were general on the French carriages long before they were taken up in England—the steep Alpine gradients probably led to their use. The journey from Paris to Geneva would occupy three days and two nights, the longest rest being at Dijon; a halt of twenty to thirty minutes was made at intervals for meals, and the horses were generally changed very rapidly. The diligence leaving Paris early on Monday morning reached Geneva on Wednesday night.

The same guard (or 'conducteur') would go through, getting down from his seat on the banquette at every change of horses, sleeping as he could at intervals; but the driver, a peasant in a blue linen suit, would drive his team of five horses one stage, and be replaced by another, so that on such a journey there may have been sixty different drivers, each driving about an hour.

Five horses was the regulation allowance for such a diligence, which, besides the passengers, carried a large quantity of luggage on the roof behind the banquette, and over the berline

and the rotonde. There were two wheelers, and three leaders, driven from a high box, supported by strong iron stays in front of the banquette, about half-way forward over the backs of the wheelers. The driver held little conversation with the guard, and none whatever with the passengers. He was ill clad and ill protected from the cold at night—fortunately for him, his exposure rarely exceeded an hour. In former times the near-side wheeler was ridden by a gaily-uniformed postilion, with high and heavy jackboots and a cocked hat, who managed the team of five horses ; but probably from motives of economy he was afterwards replaced by a more humble and less costly successor. The horse-collars were of great size and weight, and fitted well; the traces were nearly always of rope, but neither the harness nor carriages were so well cleaned and kept up as in England.

But there were two accessories, one appertaining to each country, that differed entirely : the whip, and the coach-horn (or 'yard of tin,' as it was sometimes familiarly called).

The English coachman carried in his right hand a work of art in a neat, jaunty, highly-finished whip with a thong skilfully plaited, and he used it with grace, sometimes with an elegant flourish just enough to remind a highly bred-horse that he was not doing his best, or to remove a troublesome fly ; at other times with resolution, to chastise a sluggard who wished his mate to do all the pulling, while he trotted along with a loose collar and traces.

The French driver carried an elastic stick with a long and taper thong, but he had a marvellous knack of so using his whip on entering a town, as to imitate the detonation of percussion caps, and so announce his arrival. The English guard cleared the road of a sleeping waggoner by a blast or octave on his long copper horn, but in so merry and pleasant a way as to cheer all hearts, and many were the children in the towns who turned out to greet the coach.

In Germany the *eil-* and *schnellwagen* performed the duties of keeping up communications on the roads, but the service was

greatly in the hands of the Prince of Turn and Taxis, who for some reason in a former age had been granted a sort of monopoly. If the postilions of the olden time in France were gay in colours, the German postilions were gayer still: some wore canary-coloured suits, others blue, with a multitude of gold-coloured tassels, aiguillettes and white plaited ornaments, resplendent with buttons, buckles, and head-gear, and some in scarlet. But neither the French nor German service was so rapid as the English; for the vehicles were heavier, the breed of horses coarser, and the men not animated with the desire to show off to advantage, as was the case in England.

In Switzerland a light narrow four-wheeled vehicle differing from those of all other countries was in general use. It is difficult to describe to the uninitiated, and somewhat doubtful whether an English coachmaker could make one from any written description, though he might do so had he a full-sized working drawing made by one who had graduated in any of the good modern technical schools, such as we now have in England.

Its name was a *char-à-côté*, and the body was like that of a tilbury; but, instead of carrying two persons, it carried three—instead of going forward like a tilbury, it was suspended on four wheels coupled together by two elastic poles, the body being fixed sideways; the driver sat 'somewhere,' probably on the luggage over the front wheels, if there was any: if not, then on the head of the perch-bolt, his face on a level with the horse's hind-quarters, and his feet dangling close to the surface of the road; luggage was also carried on a board between the hind wheels. There was a fixed panelled head over the seat part of the body, and with a leather apron, a step and a pair of shafts, the trap was complete absolutely—but not perfect, as some of our readers may have found out to their cost, in days gone by. It was generally so suspended that the passengers entered the carriage and looked out on the near (or left) side, which was all very well if the view on a mountain road was on that side; but it sometimes happened that the view nearly all day long was on the right side of the road, and

in that case the travellers had to admire as best they could the walls of rock close to which they travelled.

There were, nevertheless, some advantages on the score of safety in these long narrow carriages, for they cleared one another on the somewhat narrow mountain roads of Switzerland, and this is not always the case with the modern and wider carriages now in common use in that country.

When the Swiss engineers laid out the improved roads of their country, they did not foresee that Switzerland would sooner or later be compelled to move with the times, and to bear on her roads the carriages of other countries, as well as the little narrow ones common to their own, and the passing of ordinary vehicles on the narrow mountain roads requires the utmost care to avoid accidents. One hears of omnibuses, diligences, private carriages, and carts toppling down the precipices by reason of collisions, horses taking fright, jibbing, and other causes, and fortunate are the occupants if they ever again —alive, or not seriously injured for life—reach the road from which they fell.

Passing through the Engadine from St. Mauritz to Finstermunz, and slowly climbing the mountain-side to the Austrian territory at Nauders, after passing for many miles along the narrow roads and tortuous narrow main streets of the Swiss villages, one almost suddenly emerges on the wide and truly imperial roads of Austria, laid out with a width, boldness, and grandeur that are in great contrast to those left behind. Perhaps (and probably) they are roads of a later date, and laid out by men who were aware of the difficulties and dangers of the adjoining narrower roads.

A few words more, and we have done with the roads and carriages of continental Europe. In Russia they have the 'tarantass' and the 'kibitka.' In Norway tourists travel in a carriole that only carries one person, and has a board behind for luggage, shafts for a hardy little horse, a pair of springs and two wheels.

The Irish, like the Swiss, have carriages unlike those of

any other nation. The outside car, so common in the land itself, has made little way elsewhere. It may roughly be described as a dog-cart body hung sideways, but the similitude goes no further, for it is suspended on a pair of low wheels which revolve inside, or rather under the body. The seats are provided with cushions and stuffed backs, and the footboards turn up when not in use. The driver sometimes sits on a separate seat in front, and at other times on one of the side seats.

'Advised to hold on.'

To ride on or drive an Irish car requires a certain amount of teaching, training, or practice. Visitors from other countries are very apt to be thrown off into the road, if the driver is humorous, or lively, and turns a street corner quickly; any stranger who rides on an Irish car ought to be advised to hold fast, and not relax his hold till he has safely ended his drive.

Ireland was much indebted to the enterprise of an Italian named Bianconi, who had settled in one of the small towns, and gradually overspread the country with a regular service of

two and four wheel cars, well horsed and organised. Many of the latter were drawn by four horses driven from a high seat, and enabled travellers to see the country to advantage. They were all, however, open carriages, and exposed the travellers to the full influence of the rainy climate of the Emerald Isle.

American ingenuity has for many years been directed to carriages, and with the object of precisely adapting means to ends, but with some remarkable contrasts in design, construction, proportion, and finish.

Many Englishmen have from time to time seen the light spider phaetons that have been brought over to England; but in 1887, during the American Exhibition at West Kensington, people had the opportunity for the first time of seeing a genuine American stage coach. This was the 'Deadwood' coach, daily and nightly attacked by Colonel Cody's party of wild Indians in the 'Buffalo Bill' performances.

It may surprise our readers to hear that similar coaches may still be seen in New York, where they are used for journeys outside the city, to places not served by railways. They are neither like an English stage coach, French diligence, nor German schnellwagen. They have no springs, but the coach bodies are suspended on perch carriages with leather braces of heavy make and proportions, and seem to answer the purpose intended.

The reason of the very heavy stage-coach and very light ordinary road vehicles is consistent, strange as the assertion may appear at first sight. It happened that at a particular period of development in the United States railways and tramways were made in advance of ordinary roads, and it was never found to be worth the expense of developing the latter, as had been done in Europe, for twenty or thirty years before railways became general. This will probably happen in all new countries and colonies, where facility of communication is extended on the system that has found favour in America. It therefore follows that carriages &c. drawn by horses would always (or nearly always) be used on rough and ill-kept roads, and would have to be made to suit the conditions available for traffic.

To carry heavy loads on bad roads it has been found in America, as in Europe, that the carriages must be strong and weighty; but for light loads, light carriages, hung low between light and high wheels, do the work required in a satisfactory way. But it must not be expected that such carriages provide all the comfort and convenience of European carriages which have been criticised, improved, and remodelled time after time and year after year by all the makers of Europe, who have competed among themselves for nearly forty years at numerous great international and other exhibitions.

Changes of ideas, tastes, and fashions take place in most countries, and although thirty years ago European carriages taken to the States were condemned by reason of their weight, that is not so now, for as the upper classes of Americans came over to Europe in thousands and travelled not only over the most accessible but over remoter parts, they found that the European types of carriages had so many merits and advantages, that they bought and ordered them freely, and took them home for ordinary use in their own country.

To such an extent did this happen, that the coachmakers of America had to adapt their work to the altered tastes of American buyers, and one now sees in New York, in Chicago, and in the cities on the Pacific coast, that London taste prevails as regards carriage fashions.

About fifty years ago gigs on two wheels swarmed on the suburban roads round London, mornings and evenings, for the bankers, merchants, and traders who lived in the outskirts, drove up to their offices in the morning in their gigs, returning in the same way in the evening. Where the establishment was small and the gig the only carriage kept, the gig-house built at the side of the residence was indispensable, and many of these diminutive gig-houses may still be seen on some of the roads leading into London, just as a few of the 'torch extinguishers' still remain in some of the older squares of London, attached to the area railings—one on each side of the principal entrance—reminding one of times when footmen

carried torches, and ran beside the carriages, before London had any lamps, gas, or electric lights.

Closely connected with carriages and roads were the inns of former times, which have undergone almost as much change in condition, use, and customs as the carriages we have been considering. The inns, even in villages and small towns, had to be used occasionally by the nobility, landed gentry, clergy, professional men, and upper class of merchants and manufacturers in the course of their journeys, as well as by labouring men, and were chiefly kept by steady, orderly, and hospitable landlords and landladies, who prided themselves on their clean linen, well-aired beds, and orderly households. The servants had mostly been long in the same house, and knew the guests personally, and in a friendly way. The cooking and provisions, though plain, were fresh and wholesome. The landlord brewed his own beer, and got credit or the reverse, according to the result. The middle and lower classes relished their home-brewed table beer or cider, while the upper classes kept to orthodox port and sherry, there being little demand for sparkling wines and claret. Of spirits there was but a moderate demand, and then only as an occasional fillip, not to be repeated till next day. With the withdrawal of the custom of the upper and middle classes, the character of a large proportion of such houses gradually fell, and many are now places for the sale of drink—lodging and other entertainment seems now to be relegated to some other classes of the community.

Returning to the main purport of our chapter; not very long before the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, hackney-coaches were the only carriages plying for hire in the streets of London. They were invariably the old family coaches of the nobility and gentry, and frequently bore the arms, coronets, and heraldic devices of their original noble owners. They were, however, despoiled of their gorgeous hammercloths that seated the coachman in front, and the carved stands that supported one or two footmen behind in their former halcyon days. They had their whip or full C-springs, leather braces

and perch, but the carpet was replaced with straw. The folding iron steps were deprived of their soft carpets and trimmings, and being uncovered showed their bare iron limbs; the windows rattled and let in rain and cold air. The hackney-coachman was a man fond of his beer or gin, wearing a heavy box coat with about ten cloth capes, one over the other; encumbered with the weight of his protection from rain and cold, he was generally slow, seldom civil, and usually grumbled at the fare given in return for service. Starting in a hackney-coach was very different from hailing a modern London hansom cab. Now, by raising an umbrella or walking-stick, you may be off in thirty seconds; then—it took a good five minutes to remove the horses' nose-bags, stow them away in the boot, unfold the body steps, get in the passenger, tuck the loose straw neatly in, refold the steps, close the door, gather up the reins, inquire for the route and destination, and mount the high driving seat. If five or six miles per hour were accomplished, the pace was considered fair; but the interior was odoriferous, the smells somewhat mixed, and if fever of some sort did not lurk in the corners, so much the better for the passengers; for little was then done to enforce the most primitive sanitary regulations and precautions.

About the year 1830 a light two-wheel cab, with a fixed panel top, and carrying two persons inside, was introduced; the driver sat on a little seat over the off-side wheel; it was hung high, and was dangerous if the horse fell, but it prepared the public for faster, less cumbersome, and less costly vehicles than the old coaches.

About 1835 the first four-wheel cabs, carrying only two passengers inside, and drawn by one horse, appeared in London. It was soon found that they could be made to carry four persons inside with a very small increase of weight.

The following story, current in 1837 at the time of the introduction of broughams, may here be related: The late Lord Chancellor Brougham, who was not only a great lawyer, orator, and writer, but also an innovator, and an originator of many

ideas on many subjects, grasped the idea before anyone else, that a refined and glorified street cab would make a convenient carriage for a gentleman, and specially for a man of such ideas of independence as one who carried his own carpet-bag on occasions when time was important and his own servant otherwise employed.

The Chancellor called on his coachmakers, Messrs. Sharp & Bland, of South Audley Street, and proposed to them that they should build a small close carriage, like the street cabs that carried two persons inside, and had just been introduced in London. They were evidently not the men to carry out a new idea that was destined to overspread the world, wherever good carriages are now used. They were in the habit of building family coaches, landaus, barouches, britzskas, and chariots, which function carried with it certain ideas of rank, ceremony, dignity, independence, and we may add prejudice. They threw so many difficulties in the way, that it was hopeless to get them to carry out the work satisfactorily, so his lordship called on some neighbours of theirs in Mount Street. Messrs. Robinson & Cook had not been so thoroughly trained in the school of crystallised habit, obstruction, and prejudice as their neighbours; they accordingly accepted the idea, and the order for construction, with alacrity, civility, and energy.

They did their best; they pleased their customer; he was delighted with the result, and in his turn he did his best to influence the world of fashion. He began with his personal friends, advising them to order carriages like his new one, and he so influenced the carriage-buying public that they flocked to the coachmakers who had worked out successfully the idea which was destined to revolutionise the old method of carriage-building as regards lightness, handiness, ease of access, and economy.

Shillibeer introduced omnibuses about the same time; they ran for some years from Paddington to the Bank of England and back, and for a long period the owners did not seem to realise the fact that riders required to go in any other direction.

By degrees, as new and wider thoroughfares and streets were opened up, other wants arose, and were gradually provided for by the competition of younger and newer traders seeking employment for brains and capital.

Omnibuses have been greatly improved of late years, especially as regards the ventilation of the interior, which for many years was extremely defective, and probably led to the spread of disease, much illness, and loss of health, strength, and energy in those who habitually used them. Now that London has so much excellent wood pavement, with a chance of its further extension, it is probable that the same class of horses now used could draw a vehicle affording rather more space per passenger; but those who travel outside have far better accommodation than in former times, and the convenient staircases and better outside seats now attract many female passengers, who prefer the fresh air and sight of the busy traffic of the streets, to having their feet trodden on by some heavy boor in the interior.

A singular vehicle appeared about the year 1840; it was called 'slice of an omnibus.' Imagine twenty inches cut off the end of an omnibus, suspended on two wheels, and a pair of shafts attached to the front part, the driver sitting on the roof and the passengers entering or leaving by a door behind. They were ugly, cramped as to accommodation, and soon went out of use; but they had one good effect: they taught people to look, hope for, and expect something better; and Mr. Harvey, a linen-draper of Westminster Bridge Road, did improve on the idea. He made a more roomy body, cut a gap in the off hind upper portion, and put in it a seat for the driver; it carried three persons inside, protected from rain and storm, but not comfortably, and besides it was too weighty.

The idea which has made the name of Hansom so well known was the application to two-wheel vehicles of the system of suspension that had not long before been applied to the four-wheelers; he lowered the body by placing the axle under the seat instead of below the floor line, as had hitherto been usual. But, although he accomplished improvements so

much needed in a public vehicle on two wheels—low suspension, for safety in case of the horse falling, and facility of entrance and exit—he had not the skill to utilise his materials to the best advantage, such as is expected of all carriage builders who are masters of their craft.

He had, as an architect, been brought up in the use of materials where weight was of no consequence, and his patent for some years prevented others showing him the way to do better; in fact, after his death, the cab-builders copied his designs, using a low standard of materials and workmanship—making up in substance and weight what was deficient in quality and skill. When, about 1873, the Society of Arts offered prizes for improvements in street cabs for London, coachmakers turned their attention to the matter, and Forder, of Wolverhampton, showed how the weight could be reduced by the use of better materials and more skilled workmanship. He mounted his vehicles on lighter wheels, reducing the weight of the undergear, and making the body correspondingly lighter. His neater and more comfortable interior fittings suited the public taste in this country, and led to an export trade to other countries, where hansoms have since been adopted and copied. The laying of better road surfaces of wood and asphalte in London has induced many of the cab-owners to go a step further and put indiarubber tires on the wheels.

Messrs. Laurie & Marner of Oxford Street had, about the year 1842, introduced a close carriage midway between a brougham and a coach, which they called a 'clarence,' 'sovereign,' or 'carriole.' It had very curved and rather fanciful lines, seated four persons inside, was entered by one step from the ground, carried the coachman and footman on a low driving seat, and was used with a lighter pair of horses than the family coach required. They afterwards made such carriages with landau heads, and David Davies introduced a novelty in such carriages by providing the front windows with bent plate glass. They were all hung on elliptic or other combination of springs that did not need a perch to sustain them. The celebrated novelist

Sir E. L. Bulwer took up the fashion, and had his 'sovereign' fitted with a miniature hammercloth; but they were a passing caprice, and have not retained the public favour like the brougham.

About this time King Louis Philippe of France presented Her Majesty with a four-horse *char-à-bancs*, a long open carriage hung high, and having four seats following one another all facing the horses, and each holding three persons. Taking this as a type, the late Prince Consort had one designed on a smaller scale with three seats only, the body being much lower, and furnished with a light, movable roof, and waterproof silk poplin curtains provided with silk canvas openings, so as to afford a view without the use of the usual little heavy plate glass windows in bronze frames. He also ordered a design to be furnished of a carriage with a similar driving seat, but the hind part arranged with the seats sideways—omnibus fashion—this being the first wagonette. These were the two carriages that enabled the then Royal couple to take many pleasant country drives accompanied by the youthful members of their family. At the same time the Prince had some sleighs designed from descriptions furnished by himself, and carefully criticised and amended them where they did not quite carry out his ideas, many of which he had derived from the museum of ancient sleighs made for and used by his ancestors and still preserved at the Feste (or castle) that overlooks the modern town of Coburg.

A carriage which has seen its best days is the curricle, although it was, in the times of the Prince Regent, the most stylish of all conveyances. The body, like that of the cabriolet, was hung on C-springs behind and elbow springs in front, but it was used with a *pair* of horses; the pole being supported by the 'curricle-bar,' a stout rod of turned iron placed transversely on roller fastenings attached to the pads. A strong leather brace connected the spring fixed below the pole with the oval slit in the middle of the 'curricle-bar.' There is still one of these carriages to be seen in London; it belongs to,

and is frequently used by, a highly esteemed Cheshire landowner and peer.

About the early part of Queen Victoria's reign, Count d'Orsay, a man of fashion and some taste in carriages, turned his attention to the cabriolet, and, aided by Mr. Courtney (of the firm of Barker & Co.), greatly improved on the original French pattern, which had already been much refined and improved in London. He raised the wheels, shortened the long elbow springs, and stiffened the hind end of the shafts, gave more slope and smartness to the lines of the body, showed people that the head should be set back in front, but never entirely lowered, placed the 'tiger' nearer the body, and selected such high-stepping grand-action horses as made the new and refined carriage look worth twice as much as its predecessor.

The groom or 'tiger' was an important feature of the turnout. He was light of weight, short of stature, self-possessed, and well able to manage the high-mettled horse under whose head he stood when his master alighted. This class of lads and men was tolerably numerous for the thirty years that such carriages were the fashion, but they have disappeared, like the race of mail and stage coachmen and guards.

In 1845 the first C-spring brougham was made by George Hooper for the lately deceased Marquis of Donegall (then Earl of Belfast), who had previously had his brougham hung on W. B. Adams' patent equi-motive bow springs. They, however, did not satisfy him. Then he had C-springs applied to the hind part, but without a perch. This also was not satisfactory. He then said: 'I must have a perch undercarriage with regular C-springs and leather braces.' This was constructed, with a wrought-iron perch made of carefully faggoted iron. It went to work, the maker almost trembling lest it should fail and cause an accident. However, it proved a great success, and has been adopted for carriages of various kinds all over the world where any pretence to refinement or fashion is made. The proportion of parts required the most careful and thoughtful arrangements to get the best possible results with greatly

reduced bulk and weight of materials; and though great diversities of form, shape, and size have to be provided for, it is astonishing how little material change has been made since the inventor first introduced the system.

At this time London swarmed with the handsome chariots, coaches, landaus, barouches, and britzskas of the nobility and gentry. Many were hung on perches with C-springs, and almost as many with under as well as C-springs, for they had been added in the reign of George IV., much to the alarm of the London artisans of that day, who considered that the vibration and consequent wear and tear of the under works would be so much reduced, and their durability so much prolonged, as to deprive the workmen of the means of living. Like most other improvements, they tended to the enjoyment of the buyers and likewise to the welfare of the men, who were kept busily employed making the carriages that had been so greatly improved. It may here be mentioned that London carriages were then being rapidly improved, and that wealthy foreign nobles and merchants visiting England, ordered or bought handsome and costly carriages to be sent to their own countries. The best London carriages and their makers' names became well known in all the great capitals of Europe, where English carriages were copied with more or less success by the coachmakers carrying on business there.

Mail-phaetons hung on mail springs and perches were much used by noblemen and gentlemen; the late Earl of Chesterfield generally had the credit of turning out with one of the best, if not actually the best. They were frequently used by bachelors for long posting journeys in England, as well as on the Continent. They are still a favourite carriage (hung on elliptic springs), and have almost reached perfection in the hands of Peters.

The carriages generally driven by ladies are mostly park and pony phaetons. This type of carriage owes its origin and fashion to the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.) In the course of his studies in coachmaking with the late Mr.

William Cook, he worked out the idea of a comfortable, low, elegant, and stylish carriage which he could drive with a pair of ponies of about fourteen hands ; and many of our readers may have seen engravings, lithographs, and prints with a portrait of the Prince driving his favourite ponies. If a Prince Regent, or King, could drive and liked the amusement or exercise, others less exalted in station might do the same without loss of dignity, and they accordingly followed the King's example.

Two-wheeled dog-carts had long been used by sportsmen when going out for a day's shooting, to convey themselves, servants, dogs, and guns to their destination ; but with improved roads, and the establishment of railways, they were put to many other uses, and were adopted for carrying persons with comfort and safety, rather than for the special conveyance of dogs.

The use of lancewood for shafts offered an excellent elastic material to increase the easy run of these vehicles. The various patterns of bodies might be reckoned by hundreds, almost by thousands, each maker adopting one of his own, which differed in some respects from his neighbour's. About fifty years ago, the fulcrum shafts were patented by Fuller of Bath and George Hayman of Exeter, and applied to many two-wheeled carriages. Their chief aim was to suppress the jolting (or knee action, as it was called) caused by the rise and fall of the shafts at each step of the horse, and the plan is now adopted for nearly all two-wheeled carriages when the construction permits the application, so that such carriages now run much more pleasantly than those of the olden time. Many vehicles of this type are made of small size, hung low, and are much driven by ladies and even by children. They are balanced, according to the load they carry (two or four), by allowing the body to travel back or forward on polished iron slides fixed on the shafts, and regulated by a screw with crank handle behind. Where the fulcrum shafts are used, the lever arm acts on the seats only, instead of on the whole body.

Many years ago Hooper & Co. made one for Captain W. G. Craven in which the opening and closing of the hind door adjusted the balance. They have now a very simple plan of regulating the balance with a lever having a handle beside the driver's seat.

Most of the gigs of the olden time were hung (Stanhope fashion) with four springs (two side and two cross), forming a square, and they carried the body only, the strong iron-plated ash shafts being connected with the axle by span-irons. This system of construction and suspension gave comfort to the two occupants of the body, but the shafts being wholly without spring action vibrated terribly when used with a fast horse, and the vibration was mitigated as far as the horse was concerned by a capacious and well-stuffed saddle-pad. With very fast driving, it was almost impossible to keep the iron plates and stays sound for any length of time, even with the utmost care and precaution. When, about fifteen years ago, gigs were again inquired for, the comfortable four-spring arrangement of the old Stanhope gigs was combined with the improved method of using the lancewood fulcrum shafts with elegantly tapered hind ends. By applying neat chains to the axle flaps under the springs, and attaching the splintree in front, an even pull was secured from the axle and wheels. By attaching the shafts to fulcrums near the front step, they were connected with the body, and by supporting the tapered hind end between two cylinders of Indiarubber, free play was permitted without risking a rattling noise. Adding a curved iron to give the appearance of the Stanhope shafts to the elastic ones, the altered construction and arrangement was scarcely perceptible. The best points of two systems of construction are combined in the neatest possible manner, giving ease and comfort to the rider as well as the horse.

The introduction of the game of 'polo' of late years among officers and civilians has created a demand for gigs of small size, to use with the polo ponies at times when they are not required for saddle-work.

For some years the young men of fashion have driven a small Stanhope phaeton with compassed rail and sticked body in front, and seat for the groom behind, under the name of 'T carts,' usually drawn by a horse of 15 to 15½ hands. They are now giving place to 'Spider Phaetons,' a sort of tilbury body on four wheels, with a neat little seat for the groom behind, supported on branched irons; most of them have a folding head over the front body. Those first made, although light looking from the substitution of iron stays for solid wood construction, had a trembling and vibrating motion; but with more solid construction, and the suppression of the vibration, they have become not only comfortable, but with more refined designs and construction, more stylish in appearance. They carry a lady and gentleman on the front seat comfortably, and the hind seat is made of such size as to carry only one person, and the groom runs no chance of having his dignity hurt by his master or one of his friends having to sit beside him.

'Victorias,' 'mi-lords,' and 'ducs' were used in continental capitals, especially in Paris, long before they became fashionable in London. Although cab-phaetons had been introduced forty years ago by Mr. David Davies, and more recent attempts had been made with partial success to induce people to use them in England, it was not till H.R.H. the Prince of Wales ordered one for the use of the Princess that English people came to understand their handiness and advantages. Set off by Her Royal Highness they became irresistible, and people at once understood that it was 'the correct thing' to ride in them.

It is probable that few people reflect on the causes of changes of fashion, but they are sometimes worth considering. The facts are sometimes singular and unexpected, but seem to follow a regular course, at least in one respect: as soon as a carriage has been developed, improved, perfected, and apparently no longer capable of improvement, it falls out of use, being superseded by some invention, change of circumstances,

or other sufficient and inevitable reason that cannot be turned aside.

The rough and heavy travelling and other carriages that preceded 1830 fell out of use as the new and better roads of McAdam were made. The mail and stage coaches had just reached perfection in design, durability, lightness, and handiness, when the introduction of railways literally drove them off the high roads that seemed to have been made for them; so the gigs and phaetons, kept in large numbers by the London bankers and merchants to drive to and from their suburban houses, were driven off the roads by omnibuses, tramcars, and suburban railways.

The death of the late Prince Consort, and the withdrawal of the Court from London, rendered the dress carriages of the nobility almost useless; but fortunately not altogether, for the Royal State and dress carriages are still kept up for drawing-rooms, levées, and State ceremonials as suitable appendages of Royalty. The great nobles have also in many cases retained or renewed theirs, to the delight of sightseers in London, when they make their appearance in St. James's Park on their way to and from drawing-rooms and levées. If the days are fine on such occasions, these works of art are shown to advantage.

The foreign ambassadors in London have latterly been renewing their ceremonial carriages, notably those of Russia, Germany, and Italy; and the Royal dress carriages used by Her Majesty and her guests in the procession to Westminster Abbey on the Jubilee Thanksgiving Day were previously renovated, providing welcome employment to coachmakers and their men after a long spell of trade depression.

The depression in agriculture in England and Ireland, and the reduction in the profits of trade and manufactures, have also affected the use of carriages, more especially 'barouches.'

These carriages had, by the firms of Peters & Sons, Hooper & Co., and others, been brought to a perfection hitherto unapproached, but in many cases they required special horses to draw them. Reduced incomes, and the advent of

'victorias' drawn with one horse or a pair of ponies, have almost put an end to the building of such barouches as were redeeming features to the drive in Hyde Park, now usually teeming with second and third rate vehicles—very different from the days when there were leaders of fashion who knew a great deal about horses and carriages, and could criticise with sound sense and judgment. With the vast increase in the wealth of the inhabitants of the British Empire, it seems strange that so many people should nowadays begrudge a liberal or even fair expenditure on their horses, carriages, and equipments, while willing to pay lavishly for pictures, sculpture, furniture, pottery, or bric-à-brac.

Great is the rage and demand for 'shoddy' carriages (fortunately for some people, for their sale affords a far larger profit than genuine and conscientiously well-made ones), and the supply naturally keeps pace with the demand. Accidents happen, buyers get bitten, and cry out (when it is too late) after the bill has been paid.

The system and method of taxing carriages is also very prejudicial to the coach-building business. Like all other taxes on raw products or manufactures, the carriage tax tends to limit the consumption, demand, and use. People will not pay forty two shillings a year for the privilege of keeping their old carriages for use in rainy weather and for rough work, but prefer to hand them over (instead of cash) to the seller of a new or other second-hand carriage, who has to warehouse them till he can find purchasers. The innkeepers and livery-stable keepers, who would otherwise buy them to let for hire, will not encumber themselves with one more than they absolutely need, as their profits would every year be reduced by the amount of the additional carriage tax. Besides, many of the vehicles could only be let for two or three months each year, although the tax would have to be paid as if they were earning money all the year round, as do omnibuses, tramcars, and town cabs. The capital of the coachmaker is locked up with a large stock of carriages, of which the sale is impeded

LIST OF FASHIONABLE CARRIAGES USED IN 1888.

Name of Carriage	Size of horse	No. of wheels	No. of persons carried	Open	Closed	Folding leather head	Approximate price in guineas	Approximate weight	Government licence
Pony cart	1 pony, 12 to 14 hands	2	2	open	—	—	20 to 50	cwt. 3 to 4	£ s. d. 0 15 0
Dog cart	1 horse, 14½ to 16 hands	2	4	,,	—	—	25 ,, 60	5 ,, 7	0 15 0
Gig	1 horse, 15½ hands	2	2	,,	—	—	40 ,, 90	5 ,, 7	0 15 0
Hansom cab	1 ,, 16 ,,	2	3 (2 inside & driver behind)	half closed, sliding windows in front		—	90 ,, 145	8 ,, 10	0 15 0
Phaeton	1 ,, 15 ,,	4	4	open	—	—	45 ,, 90	5 ,, 7	1 1 0
Road phaeton	1 ,, 15 ,,	4	4 (2 in front, 2 behind)		—	—	45 ,, 80	5 ,, 7	1 1 0
T cart	1 ,, 15½ ,,	4	4 (2 in front, 2 behind)	,,	—	—	45 ,, 90	5 ,, 7	1 1 0
Park phaeton	2 ponies, 14 ,,	4	3 (2 in front, 1 behind)	,,	—	to cover 2 persons	80 ,, 150	6 ,, 8	1 1 0
Victoria phaeton	1 horse, 15½ ,,	4	4 (2 in front, 2 inside)	,,	—	to body	90 ,, 150	6 ,, 8	1 1 0
Double victoria	1 ,, 15½ ,,	4	6 (4 inside, 2 in front)	,,	—	,,	90 ,, 170	7 ,, 9	1 1 0
Stanhope phaeton	1 ,, 16 ,,	4	4 (2 in front, 2 behind)	,,	—	,,	90 ,, 150	7 ,, 9	1 1 0
Mail phaeton	2 ,, 15 ,,	4	4 (2 in front, 2 behind)	,,	—	,,	100 ,, 180	8 ,, 10	2 2 0
Pair-horse wagonette	2 ,, 16 ,,	4	8 (6 behind, 2 in front)	,,	—	—	80 ,, 150	8 ,, 11	2 2 0
Pair-horse break	2 ,, 16 ,,	4	10 (8 behind, 2 in front)	,,	—	—	90 ,, 160	9 ,, 12	2 2 0

Miniature brougham	1 ,, 15 ,,	4	4 { 2 inside / 2 in front }	—	,,	—	90 ,, 150	7 ,, 9	1	1	0
Single ,,	1 ,, 16 ,,	4	4 { 2 inside / 2 in front }	—	,,	—	90 ,, 160	8 ,, 10	1	1	0
Circular-fronted brougham	1 ,, 16 ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	—	,,	—	95 ,, 175	9 ,, 11	1	1	0
Double brougham	1 or 2 horses	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	—	,,	—	100 ,, 185	9 ,, 11	1	1	0
Single brougham (on under and C springs)	1 horse, 16 hands	4	4 { 2 inside / 2 in front }	—	,,	—	140 ,, 220	11 ,, 13	1	1	0
Double ,, ,,	2 ,, 15 ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	—	,,	—	145 ,, 235	12 ,, 14	2	2	0
Sociable	2 ,, 15 ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	open	—	{ to cover 2 persons }	90 ,, 180	11 ,, 13	2	2	0
Barouche sociable	2 ,, 15½ ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	,,	—	,,	100 ,, 200	11 ,, 13	2	2	0
,, on elliptic springs	2 ,, 15½ ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	,,	—	,,	100 ,, 200	11 ,, 13	2	2	0
,, on under and C springs	2 ,, 15½ ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	,,	—	,,	180 ,, 280	13 ,, 17	2	2	0
Light coach, on elliptic springs	2 ,, 15 ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	—	closed	—	150 ,, 230	11 ,, 14	2	2	0
Light coach, on under and C springs	2 ,, 15½ ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	—	,,	—	190 ,, 260	14 ,, 17	2	2	0
Shelburne landau	2 ,, 15½ ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	open or closed		{ (self-acting) to cover 4 persons }	180 ,, 250	11 ,, 15	2	2	0
Sefton ,,	2 ,, 15½ ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	,,		,,	180 ,, 250	11 ,, 15	2	2	0
Landaus, on under and C springs	2 ,, 16 ,,	4	6 { 4 inside / 2 in front }	,,		,,	200 ,, 280	15 ,, 18	2	2	0
Dress chariot	2 ,, 16 ,,	4	3 { 2 inside / 1 in front }	—	closed	—	300 ,, 600	18 ,, 20	2	2	0
,, coach	2 ,, 16 ,,	4	5 { 4 inside / 1 in front }	—	,,	—	320 ,, 650	18 ,, 21	2	2	0
Four-in-hand drag	4 ,, 16 ,,	4	12	—	,,	—	200 ,, 350	18 ,, 24	2	2	0

by the method of taxation. It is only in England that such a state of affairs exists, and where coachmakers' warehouses and factories are encumbered with old carriages. Till this year (1888) the imposition of a duty of fifteen shillings on vehicles weighing less than four hundredweight encouraged the production of such small carriages as enabled people to save twenty-seven shillings per year in the tax — hence the demand for small carriages that required but little skilled labour, and material, and compel a pony to draw a load of people that should really be drawn by a large horse. Carriages drawn by one or more horses and subject to a forty-two-shilling tax have been given up by thousands in order to save twenty-seven shillings of yearly tax, and such carriages block up the factories (chiefly in provincial towns), because the taxation is not only heavy, but continuous, and oppressive, intensifying the trade depression that exists by reducing the quantity of skilled labour that formerly did (and would again) find suitable employment under more fair and just conditions. While other articles of convenience and comfort were taxed, carriages were not exceptionally treated, but now those who find employment and profit in their production are placed on a different footing from the rest of their fellow-countrymen, the products of whose industry have been freed from taxation.

By reference to the tabular statement on pages 376, 377, a very fair idea may be formed as to the general character of the carriages mostly in use at the present time, and useful information obtained by those about to buy carriages for the first time. The columns are arranged as follows :

1. The names.
2. The proper size of horses.
3. The number of wheels.
4. The number of persons carried.
5. The amount of shelter provided.
6. Whether open, closed, or provided with folding leather heads.
7. The approximate price for various qualities and sizes.

8. The approximate weight, varying much according to size and the requirements of buyers.

9. The Government licence payable annually for each sort of carriage.

A short description of each carriage will probably afford some assistance in the choice of a suitable vehicle.

And here, *en passant*, we may mention that carriages of all kinds should really be proportioned both to the size and weight of the persons who use them, and of the horse or horses intended to draw them ; proportion and fitness are all-important for a satisfactory result.

The pony-cart is generally small, is hung low, and carries two, and occasionally four, persons. It is mostly driven by ladies and young people, and more frequently in the country than in London.

The dog-cart is almost always made to carry four persons ; its hanging varies according to the taste of buyers—some preferring high, others low ones ; the balancing is arranged by a screw acting behind, or by the action of a lever, or by simply moving the seats by hand, the body being hung back for carrying two persons, and forward for four persons.

Gigs vary much. The old style of Stanhope gig has four cross springs, and the bent ash shafts are strongly plated with iron. They are sometimes made with folding heads. Many gigs are now made with elastic lancewood shafts with tapered hind ends, and with fulcrum action. Many of the polo ponies are now used in light small gigs made especially to suit these smart little animals.

Gigs are considered equally suitable for London and country use.

Mr. C. J. de Murrieta has recently had a very successful gig made for him. By taking the old curricle body, refining the lines, and reducing the proportions, mounting it with a folding head, and suspending it on a Stanhope gig carriage, he has succeeded in producing not only a novelty, but a new type of carriage, not only very comfortable, but very stylish and gentle-

manlike in appearance, and already the criticisms of those well able to judge have pronounced it a success. It is well to remember that, unlike dog-carts, gigs seat only two persons, and consequently when a groom is taken he must ride beside his master.

The hansom cab is so familiar to all Londoners and persons visiting London, that little need be said beyond that it has been greatly reduced in weight, refined in appearance, and is so comfortable a mode of conveyance that many prefer it to most other carriages.

Phaetons are carriages on four wheels that carry four persons, who generally all sit looking forward. Their pattern is multitudinous, and their style and price equally so.

Road phaetons and dog-cart phaetons are on four wheels. They are almost always used out in the country. The persons occupying the hind seat generally sit with their backs to the horse. Their style is generally of a somewhat sporting character. They carry luggage, or dogs inside the body. Many have been made of late years, and merely varnished, not undergoing the usual process of painting. The painting, however, adds durability to the carriage by more effectually keeping the moisture from the wood, iron, and steel.

Of late years the name buggy has been adopted to indicate a low-hung gig with a folding head. H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught had one specially built for her own driving in India, and this type is now called the Connaught buggy.

T-carts are phaetons on four wheels ; the front of the body resembles a gig with round-cornered seat. The persons occupying the hind seat face the horse.

Park phaetons are mostly considered ladies' carriages, the principal body being in front, generally provided with a folding head, leather wings to protect the steps from mud, and a seat for one servant behind.

Victoria phaetons have the body of curved form with a head over the principal seat, which is behind, and carries two persons. The driving-seat also carries two persons in front. The body

is provided with four wings, to protect the steps and the occupants from the mud thrown by the wheels. It is always entered by a single step ; many are provided with a little seat, for children, which folds into the back part of the front boot.

Vienna phaetons are in most respects like the victoria, but are of angular form and have higher wheels.

Of late years many victorias have been suspended on iron perches with under and C springs and leather braces ; they are of various patterns and sizes, and look well when used with a pair of cobs of from fourteen to fifteen hands.

Double victorias are a combination of a victoria and sociable, rather more like the former as regards size and weight, and like the latter in form and accommodation ; they are made with folding head to the hind part of the body, have a more comfortable seat for the third and fourth persons in the body than a victoria, have no doors, but are provided with wings over the wheels to protect the steps from the mud. They are becoming a favourite carriage, and look well with a pair of fourteen-hand ponies.

Stanhope phaetons have a curved panel seat in front provided with a folding head, and railed seat large enough for two persons behind, but generally occupied by one servant. They are hung on four wheels and elliptic springs, are mostly driven in England with one horse, but on the continent of Europe almost always with a pair.

Mail-phaetons differ from Stanhope phaetons in being always made for pair-horse work, and rather larger and stronger. Some are suspended on under-carriages with perch and mail springs, much in the manner of four-horse coaches, and this mode of construction is much favoured by driving men as the correct thing. Many more, however, are hung on four elliptic springs with an arch cut in the boot to allow the front wheels to pass under and facilitate turning the carriage.

Those having outside futchels (straight bars of wood to support the splinter-bar) are preferred by connoisseurs, as

giving a character not possessed by those having merely the iron stay support.

Wagonettes have one general feature, being suspended on four wheels and carrying four or more people behind, sitting sideways and face to face. Many small ones are made with the hind seat removable, so that they can be readily converted into phaetons, carrying two persons in the principal seat in front and two persons facing the horses in the railed seat behind.

The wagonette break is of larger size than the one-horse carriages of that type; it is always made with a high driving-seat, and fitted for two, and sometimes four horses.

Chars-à-bancs are more various in form than most other carriages; they are generally high and strongly made, to carry a good many persons. Some have four seats, each carrying three or four persons, on the top of a high and long boot; the seats are reached by convenient folding and sliding steps concealed in the boot and shut in by a small door. Others have the central seats kept low; the four persons sit as in a coach, facing one another; doors and folding steps provide easy access. The front driving-seat is made high in this class of carriage, and frequently the hind seat for the grooms is also high, being carried, as in the case of drags, on strong ornamental irons; at other times this seat is kept low, and the grooms sit with their backs to the horses. Most of the large carriages of this type are used with four horses and are suspended in various ways, some on perch under-carriage with mail springs, others have in addition under-springs, while others again have four ordinary elliptic springs. Some are now made on a smaller scale and go well with a pair of horses. A char-à-bancs is essentially a carriage for a 'grande maison,' and for country use, and it is rarely found where a coach-house has not room for more than four carriages.

Beaufort phaetons have been made in recent years to meet a special want; they carry six persons on a compact and strong carriage to hunt meetings. They are strictly a gentleman's carriage, and, although provided with doors to facilitate reach-

ing the middle seat, do not profess to provide such accommodation as ladies expect.

Private omnibuses are now essential to all large country establishments, and are made of many sizes, and with varied accommodation, from the light one that carries four persons under cover, to the capacious two or four horse carriage. Of late years the proportions and lines have been greatly refined, and the weight reduced, and although they can never aspire to be elegant carriages, they have gradually become much more agreeable to look at than was the case formerly. With high front wheels, low step to enter the body, spring-lock to the door, external side-lamps that light the interior from the outside, ventilators, hat and umbrella straps and nets, pockets, cupboard, &c., they now combine the utmost accommodation with the minimum of weight.

Broughams are of all sorts and sizes, from the smallest miniature which carries two small persons inside and two smaller ones on the driving-seat, and are drawn by a cob of fifteen hands, to the large, roomy, or weighty ones that are used in the royal establishment with a pair of coach-horses.

The medium-size single broughams carry two persons inside and two servants on the driving-seat.

Circular-fronted broughams carry three inside, the third person being carried in the bow-window that projects from the body over the back part of the boot, and forms a segment of a circle, allowing the bent windows to slide over one another.

Double broughams carry four persons inside and have straight fronts, generally with one large window, which may be lowered if desired, and two smaller front side windows, which are almost invariably fixed.

In many establishments of the nobility and gentry, when a brougham is kept, it is suspended on an iron perch, with under and C springs and leather braces, giving greater ease to the motion of the carriage, and suppressing the vibration that is inseparable from carriages hung on elliptic springs.

Sociables are low-hung carriages of angular form that have

a well-doorway, entered by a single step ; they carry four persons inside, have a folding head over the hind part of the body, and a low driving-seat in front. They are generally driven with a pair of horses of from 15 to 15·2 hands. This is a favourite type of carriage with H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

'Barouche sociables' differ from those already described in several important features ; in form they resemble two cabriolet-shaped bodies placed facing one another ; they are entered by two steps, have four long wings over the wheels to protect the occupants from mud, and always have a light driving-box supported on curved irons. They were chiefly used in establishments of the first rank ; but for some unexplained reason are gradually going out of use, although elegant and stylish carriages.

Barouches have for more than fifty years been considered an indispensable open carriage for nearly all first-class establishments. Originally made with full deep panels and suspended on wooden perch and C-springs ; afterwards with panels much reduced in depth, and with the front panels scooped away to allow the passage of higher front wheels ; then hung on wooden perch carriages with the addition of under springs to the C-springs ; subsequently on forged iron perches, with very shallow panels, and reduced in size and weight, always with the driving-seat fixed on curved ornamental ironwork, they have reached a refinement and elegance that seems to have almost exhausted the chance of further improvements.

Many such carriages have been hung on elliptic springs, rendering them available for country as well as London work, for which the C-spring barouches have in recent years been almost exclusively retained. But the taste of the day sets in favour of C-spring victorias rather than of the stately and lordly barouche.

The old type of family coach has, as an ordinary carriage, gone out of use, but there is still need for close carriages to carry four full-grown persons comfortably inside. This want has been met by a reduction in size, and by a refinement of proportions ; cutting through the doorways ; carrying down the

doors, and providing single steps with covers opening with the doors. The body being hung lower than formerly, enables persons to enter or leave the carriage more rapidly, and when large numbers of carriages are assembled to take persons home from operas, theatres, balls, concerts, or any other assemblies, this facility is of great public advantage, as the company, instead of being detained that *mauvais quart d'heure* in the lobbies, crush-rooms, and entrances (the ladies generally in light dresses and sometimes in a cold draught or cutting east wind), can be more rapidly dispersed without the tiresome discomfort of former times. They are made with curved and also angular outlines to suit the taste of purchasers. Some have black panels to the whole upper part, while most have windows in the upper side panels.

Landaus carry four persons inside, have folding heads that protect all from the rain and weather, and are mostly made of two patterns : some with curved lines approaching that of a barouche, others with a well, and angular lines, more like the carriages known as sociables. Those with curved lines are known as 'Sefton' landaus, from the present Earl of Sefton, who had the first one built for his own use. Those with angular lines are known as 'Shelburne' landaus, from the late Earl of Shelburne, who had the first of that pattern built.

No other carriages have had so much care, attention, and inventive talent bestowed on them as landaus, and the agreeable feature in the matter is, that all the important improvements that have been effected and permanently adopted are English : they have been made in vast numbers, and have been surpassingly useful in our rainy and damp climate. If the coachmakers of the beginning of the century could but inspect the best landaus of the present day, side by side with their own productions—good of their kind as they were—they would marvel at the improvements effected by their successors.

Many of these landaus have been suspended on forged iron perches, with under and C springs and leather braces. The first attempts were heavy and cumbersome, but more elegant

and refined types were produced and have held the public favour for years. Latterly Shelburne landaus have been similarly suspended, and they offer considerable advantages to elderly or infirm persons. They are open and closed carriages combined. Being hung low, they can be entered with a single step as a brougham, and the mechanism of the heads is so perfect that they can be opened and closed in case of rain almost as readily as an umbrella. If better known, they would be more appreciated.

The dress-coach carries four persons inside, while the dress-chariot carries only two persons inside. Such carriages, produced under able hands, are not only triumphs of mechanical but also of artistic skill, for they combine more than any other vehicle that is produced the most diverse materials : the artificers carry on the most varied occupations, and the manufacturer has so to design his work, arrange his materials, and control the whole construction, that in the end they shall produce a result of the utmost harmony, whether mechanical or artistic ; for it is of little use to produce a fine mechanical work and mar it by coarse or inappropriate decoration ; or to ornament with the utmost refinement and taste a work that is mechanically incorrect. All the proportions, the suspension, the equipments, and decorations must be in harmony : but the whole effect of a very perfect work may be marred by a pair of coarse-bred horses, badly-fitted harness, servants of ill-proportion as regards figure, or untidy and slovenly bearing, or with incongruous liveries or hats.

No wonder so few fine equipages are now to be seen. Their production requires a combination of qualities in the owners, producers, coachmen, and all connected with them, that needs to be kept in practice, and they deserve and should receive appreciation in those who are critics or even spectators ; for the owners of fine pictures, a fine house, a fine horse, or even a good suit of well-fitted clothes, derive some satisfaction and encouragement from the approval of friends and the outside world for all are mortal, and moved by somewhat the

same sentiments and tastes—refined or blunted according to surroundings or other circumstances.

That there is a satisfaction in gazing on such equipages is evidenced by the crowds of critics and sightseers who throng St. James's Park on drawing-room and levée days. Were the elegant ladies, gallant officers, stately nobles, and great statesmen who attend such Court ceremonies conveyed thither in omnibuses or London four-wheel cabs, it is probable that many sightseers would stay away. And what shall we say about the Lord Mayor's procession on each ninth day of November? His state coach is eagerly looked for as the outward and visible sign of his rank and dignity as chief magistrate of the City of London. The eye of the public has to be pleased and satisfied; it wants sentiment and glitter to enable it to realise the rank and station of the occupants, for what the handsome uniform is to the officer and soldier, the state carriage is to others who have to take prominent positions in the eyes of their fellow-men.

Last, but not least, is the mail-coach, or four-in-hand coach, however now best known as a 'drag,' a small coach body with large and deep boots, carrying four persons inside, hung on a wooden perch under-carriage, with mail-coach springs, frequently with mail-coach axles. Each boot has a high seat, the front one carrying two persons, the driver being on the right or off side, seated on a deep wedge-shape driving cushion. The hind seat is elevated on curved irons, and carries two or three persons; two seats on the roof, one at each end, carry three or four persons according to the taste or requirements of the owner; a break, actuated by a long lever handle to the right of the driver's seat, and having two arms provided with wood or India-rubber blocks which are pressed on the tires of the hind wheels to retard the speed of the carriage when descending hills. Such carriages are (or should be always) provided with a strong pole made of the finest and toughest ash from young and well-grown trees, five splintrees for the leaders (three for use, and two spare ones in reserve in case one of the three becomes disabled from any cause).

Many of these carriages, especially those sent to foreign countries, are provided with numerous additional fittings to carry luncheons and picnic arrangements, but so contrived as to be little observed when in use.

This list and description might be much extended by describing carriages occasionally made for special purposes, and may be closed with a description of a few carriages used as public conveyances and plying for hire on the streets of London and large provincial towns.

The hansom cab, as a private carriage, has been already noticed. Those used on the streets much resemble them, and, although of somewhat rougher build, these new vehicles may be favourably compared with those of any other great city. And with improved cabs have come an improved class of drivers, greatly encouraged by the managers of the Cab-Drivers' Benevolent Association and those other benevolent ladies and gentlemen who have latterly provided the cabmen with comfortable shelters, where they are protected from the rain and storms, and obtain wholesome refreshments at moderate rates.

The four-wheel cabs are small closed carriages holding four persons inside and with a low driving-seat on the boot for the driver, with space for another person at his side, seldom, however, used. They are hung low, are entered with a single step from the ground, and are provided with an iron rail round the roof and a chain to prevent luggage from falling off, or being removed by unauthorised persons. When carrying a full load of luggage on the roof and full complement of passengers, it is a marvel how easily a cab-horse can draw it and take it to a distant destination.

These vehicles cannot, however, be compared with the hansoms for style, comfort, and finish. A large proportion of them are still coarse, noisy, odoriferous, and jumpy as regards the springs. When, however, it is considered to what uses they are put, some excuse may be offered for their shortcomings. For they take Jack and his mates on their arrival from Sheerness

or Portsmouth ; Tommy Atkins and his friends, perhaps fresh from camp life at Aldershot or Colchester ; or Mary Jane and her boxes to her new place in a distant suburb; and as it is often cheaper to hire a cab than a cart to remove goods (other than personal luggage), it is hardly to be wondered at that the varnish is not as brilliant as on the duke's brougham or the countess's victoria.

The omnibuses of London, whether used with two or three horses, are compact, useful, and handy carriages, carrying from twelve to sixteen persons inside and twelve to sixteen outside. It is probable that, comparing weight of passengers carried with weight of vehicle, there are no carriages used in any part of the world superior to them. They have been greatly improved as regards ventilation, and ease of access, specially to the roof seats ; and many being now provided with lever breaks pressing on the two hind wheels, and actuated by the driver's foot, he is able to ease the horses of much strain otherwise inevitable from the frequent stoppages in taking up and setting down passengers.

A few words may be added regarding second-hand carriages, for the guidance of persons of moderate means or of economical inclination.

There are not many articles of manufacture that vary so much in quality, durability, and style as carriages ; for by the judicious use of putty, paint, and varnish, much that is not strictly good, sound, or honest may be made to shine and look attractive to innocent eyes. It is therefore necessary to be cautious in buying smart-looking second-hand carriages. On the other hand, some of the best London carriages are so soundly made that it is difficult to thoroughly wear them out. There are, however, reasons that cause them to change hands from time to time, such as death of owners ; diminution of income through various causes ; departure of temporary residents to colonies or foreign lands ; changes of fashion; and, in addition, the effect of the carriage taxes in England is to keep down carriage establishments, in order to minimise expenditure

on carriage licences. Thus, year by year, there is a constant flow of a number of first-rate carriages into the hands of the best London carriage-builders; and by applying to respectable firms, reliable second-hand carriages can be had on contract, or purchased by those who from choice or necessity desire to limit their yearly expenditure.

There is only one rule for the guidance of would-be purchasers of second hand carriages even when a reliable builder's name is plainly seen on the axle-caps. The rule is a negative one, but still is valuable: 'Do not purchase any second-hand carriage unless you have *implicit faith* in the *vendor*.'

Changes of fashion have this effect—that, however good a second-hand carriage may be, if it is even a little out of the fashion, people are unwilling to buy it; such carriages the coach-builders are generally anxious to sell at almost nominal prices, and to those persons who do not object to what may be a little out of fashion, such carriages offer an excellent investment; for many years' use may be had out of them with a very small outlay for repairs.

We should weary our readers were we to attempt to give descriptions of the various improvements that have been taking place from year to year. The use of concealed hinges, whereby the neatness of the suspension and wider opening of the doors is secured; spring door locks and improved inside handles, rendering shutting and opening easier; and the saving of many nice dresses and lace by suppressing the projecting inside lever handles, are among minor improvements.

Landaus have during the last thirty years had more ingenuity bestowed on them than any other carriage: in extreme reduction of weight and size, and by contrivances to provide available sitting accommodation in bodies of small external dimensions; in improved arrangements of the folding heads to enable them to fall flatter, and afford more view and air to the occupants of the carriage; in the concealed and ingenious mechanism which facilitates the closing and opening of the heads, almost as simple in action as the opening and closing of

an umbrella or parasol ; in the application of single steps, with covers to open with the doors ; in improved weather plates to effectually prevent rain entering through the joint of the roof ; in the use of mild steel in place of iron plates, increasing the stiffness and reducing the weight of the body ; in securing the standing pillars on the sides of the solid rockers, instead of framing them into the bottom sides, whereby doorways are rendered much stiffer, and the doors and glasses more easy and certain in action.

The interiors of carriages have also been much improved by spiral springs of thin steel wire in the cushions and backs, morocco-covered trays, card-case pockets, portable mirrors, whistles and bells to communicate with the coachman ; the lace is better woven, and the interiors have an air of greater comfort, neatness, and high finish. It is singular to what an extent silk linings for carriages have been abandoned during the last twenty years, in favour of morocco leather with a dull grained surface ; it may be on the score of the greater durability of leather.

Lever breaks to retard the speed of carriages descending hills, by pressing a block of iron, wood, or India-rubber on the tires of the hind wheels, were introduced about thirty years ago. Screw breaks had been used on the continent of Europe for some time before, probably necessitated by the requirements of travelling on the steep gradients of the Alpine ranges of Switzerland and Italy ; their action, at first weak and uncertain, has been greatly improved, but the lever is almost invariably preferred in this country. Some coachmakers cleverly conceal most of the working parts, and thereby prevent disfigurement to the outlines of good carriages. The late Prince Consort had a screw break applied to one of his *fourgons*, in which the screw had so rapid a pitch that one or one and a half turns applied the pressure on the wheels.

Here it may be not inappropriate to refer to the increasing use of India-rubber tires. Applied to the wheels of the best London carriages (although expensive), they afford ease and

comfort, and moreover suppress noise, a great consideration to very many persons in delicate health or of nervous temperament; also, by reducing the concussions on the carriage and springs, these tires tend to curtail the cost of repairs, and to prolong the working life of the carriages to which they are applied. As one improvement often leads to others, this one would only be feasible on roadways with wood or asphalte surfaces such as London now possesses. With hard and rough stones India-rubber tires would fare badly; but, in view of their extended use in other towns and countries where roads may be expected to be improved, merchants will do well to encourage the growth and import to this country of large and regular supplies of the raw material. Already there is a great demand for India-rubber mats, which are a modern introduction, and have recently been greatly improved in neatness of pattern and appearance, almost superseding those of cocoa-nut fibre, wool, &c.

International and home exhibitions have exerted a considerable influence in stimulating changes and improvements, the former much more numerous than the latter. They have, however, to be entered on with caution by carriage-builders; for it sometimes happens that the inviting country retains the best positions for its own manufacturers, and politely places foreign competitors in such a remote position, and with such incongruous surroundings as ploughs, harrows, and farm carts, as to disgust visitors, and lead them to infer that the carriages are in company suited to their deservings. Even a gold medal will not compensate for an unfavourable impression on possible buyers; and with the pattern and measurements neatly and accurately taken by one or more manufacturers of the country that invites others to send their carriages in competition, and with the customs tariff arranged at a sufficiently high rate, the foreign exhibitor undergoes the process of 'easy shaving,' with little chance of business resulting after all his trouble, expenditure, and enterprise.

One outcome of international exhibitions was probably little

anticipated on their first being held. The frequent meetings of exhibitors at one of the great international exhibitions led to the establishment of the Master Coachbuilders' Benevolent Institution, which has already collected upwards of 27,000*l.*, chiefly from those engaged in the manufacture. It maintains thirty-five pensioners, has an annual income of 800*l.*, and at its monthly committee meetings unfortunate coach-makers, their managers and clerks, are helped in times of trouble and distress.

Technical schools have been established in London, Manchester, New York, and Sydney; and with a little more encouragement from some of the now worse than wasted old endowments, would rapidly rise in efficiency and importance. Annual examinations in the technology of carriage-building are held under the auspices of the City and Guilds of London Institute; and it may here be mentioned that when proposed and founded about fourteen years ago by the Council of the Society of Arts, General Donnelly, R.E., was directed to consult the writer with the view of including the art of carriage-building in the five subjects (or industries) on which the plan should be tried. After many consultations, a scheme was worked out and organised, and of the total number of candidates for the first five examinations, one-half were coach-builders. After holding the office of examiner some seven or eight years, the writer resigned in consequence of impaired health and pressure of other duties.

These technical classes, and annual examinations of the pupils to test the results of the teaching of carriage drawing and designing, and technology of construction and finish, are exerting a very favourable influence on the industry both in London and in the provinces, inducing a friendly rivalry among the competitors, exciting them to renewed exertions, improving them professionally, morally, and socially, so that they are able to better their position both from a monetary and social point of view—a move forward highly to be valued now that so large a proportion of working men are entrusted

with the government of the country through the votes they exercise at elections.

The result of the technical classes has been to turn out some hundreds of more or less skilful carriage draughtsmen, who, being able to make full-sized working drawings of carriages, greatly facilitate the production of more elegant and better proportioned vehicles, and are likely in the near future to exert a favourable influence on the whole trade. But instead of passing the apprentices and young workmen through the classes by hundreds, it is to be hoped that at no distant time they will be passed through by thousands, to the benefit of themselves and their country. Some have been instructed in the art of perspective drawing, and a few can produce drawings of carriages in perspective with facility. Already lithographers and printers are able to supply illustrations of carriages in perspective very fairly, an accomplishment that an older generation of coachmakers said was not only difficult but impossible, and never would be done. It has, however, been done in our time, notwithstanding.

Associations of carriage-builders have existed in England, France, and in the United States for some years, the American being the most active and enterprising, holding its meetings in a different town each year, and numbering about four hundred members at each meeting, some travelling one or two thousand miles to be present and take part in the proceedings, for mutual aid, support, and protection. The French one consists solely of Paris coachmakers. It has exercised a great influence in the development of the carriage industry in France, and has been carried on with very considerable skill, intelligence, and patriotism.

The London Coachmakers' Company holds its charter of incorporation from King Charles II., and in its day has done good service to the industry it was founded to foster and encourage. From a state of almost entire torpor about twenty years ago, it has been urged and pushed on to a condition of greater influence and usefulness; but its pace was too slow for

the times we live and move in, and another establishment, the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers, had to be founded about six years ago on a popular basis, where all the officers have to undergo an election every year at the annual meeting. It has already done a large amount of work that ought to have been done by the chartered company, which holds ample funds for trade purposes.

It may here be mentioned that in one of the rooms of the offices of the royal mews at Berlin formerly occupied by General Willison, Master of the Horse to the late Emperor Frederick William, there was a first-rate collection of about eighty oil paintings of royal carriages of various countries, with their horses and harness, &c. The collection is, in many respects, a valuable one, and it is to be hoped it may be long preserved, where it may be seen and admired by Englishmen visiting the now important capital of the German Empire.

About fifteen years ago the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, through the British Foreign Office and British ambassadors in foreign capitals, made an excellent collection of photographs of the ancient state carriages of the sovereigns of Europe. The photographs are now the property of the Coachmakers' Company of London. They were shown at South Kensington in 1873, at Liverpool in 1886, and at Newcastle in 1887. The Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers (having its head-quarters at the New Town Hall, Westminster) possesses a unique collection of illustrations of ancient carriages, including working designs prepared, some 200 years ago, for a former Duke of Saxe-Coburg, an ancestor of the late Prince Consort.

In relation to carriages, heraldry plays a somewhat important part in indicating ownership, pictorially and by signs and emblems, sometimes historical, and often otherwise interesting. But its use is much diminished with the reduction of the number of dress and state carriages now kept. At the present day the art of monogram designing and painting gives almost as much employment as heraldic drawing and painting.

In London there has long existed a system of contracts for the supply of new and second hand carriages by coachmakers, whereby for a certain yearly payment one or more carriages are supplied, and kept in sound repair and nice order with little or no trouble to the lessee or person hiring. The system would not be so extensively developed had it not many advantages to recommend it to those who keep carriages.

It is specially convenient to persons enjoying fixed incomes, and who are disinclined to pay a large lump sum to purchase a new carriage: to ladies who prefer a definite annual payment rather than the uncertainty of bills for repairs: to persons who have not paid much attention to the selection of carriages, there is considerable relief of trouble and anxiety: there is also the satisfaction of using a carriage always kept in nice order, as the coachmakers provide a good substitute for temporary use, while repairs are being effected, free of charge.

Of course the charge varies according to the value of the carriage (whether new or second hand), and the term for which the contract is agreed to run. These contracts are made for one, three, five, seven, and ten years; the yearly rate of hire being proportionately reduced as the term becomes longer; printed and stamped agreements are generally signed by both parties.

It is perhaps little known to strangers that many of the best carriages in the London parks are contract carriages, and that many persons of wealth and station, whose carriages are all that can be desired in style and finish, simply pay an annual fixed sum to the family coachbuilder.

It may be said, this is easy enough for persons living in London all the year round, but not to those who spend the greater part of their time in the country. But to any large London firm it is very rarely difficult to make arrangements with respectable persons in the provincial towns to do such small repairs as are from time to time necessary, whilst for thorough restorations the carriages come to London for a few weeks.

Thus trade adapts itself to changing circumstances and to the wants and tastes of buyers; if a reasonable want be made known, and a fair return be in prospect, English carriage manufacturers, studying the course of fashion and trade, still maintain the reputation that they and their predecessors have already acquired.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DRIVING.

On subjects dealing with, or connected with, the horse between four and five thousand books have been written since, *circa* B.C. 430, Kimon of Athens composed his Ἱπποϊατρικόν and Ἱπποσκοπικόν, supposed to be portions of a work περὶ ἱππικῆς. Xenophon's Ἱππαρχικόν and Ἱππική followed, *circa* 380, and were first printed in 1516 at Florence. Aristoteles, B.C. 330; Mago of Carthagena; Varro, B.C. 37; Columella, *circa* A.D. 20; Plinius Secundus, *circa* A.D. 50; the Emperor Adrian, A.D. 120; Sextus Julius Africanus, *circa* A.D. 220; Hippocrates, and others continued the list of treatises on horse lore. The laborious task of collecting the names of books on the horse, together with their authors, the date and place of publication, and so on, was undertaken by Mr. F. H. Huth; and a large volume containing the result of this gentleman's researches was issued in 1887. The names of nearly 800 authors are tabulated, and there are 314 large pages, containing on an average descriptions of well over a dozen separate volumes. In comparison with the books on riding, racing, breeding, cavalry and veterinary treatment, the proportion of works on driving is somewhat small. The following list omits few, if any, which are of importance. For information as to some of the foreign treatises the compiler of this bibliography is indebted to Mr. Huth's book.

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